THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

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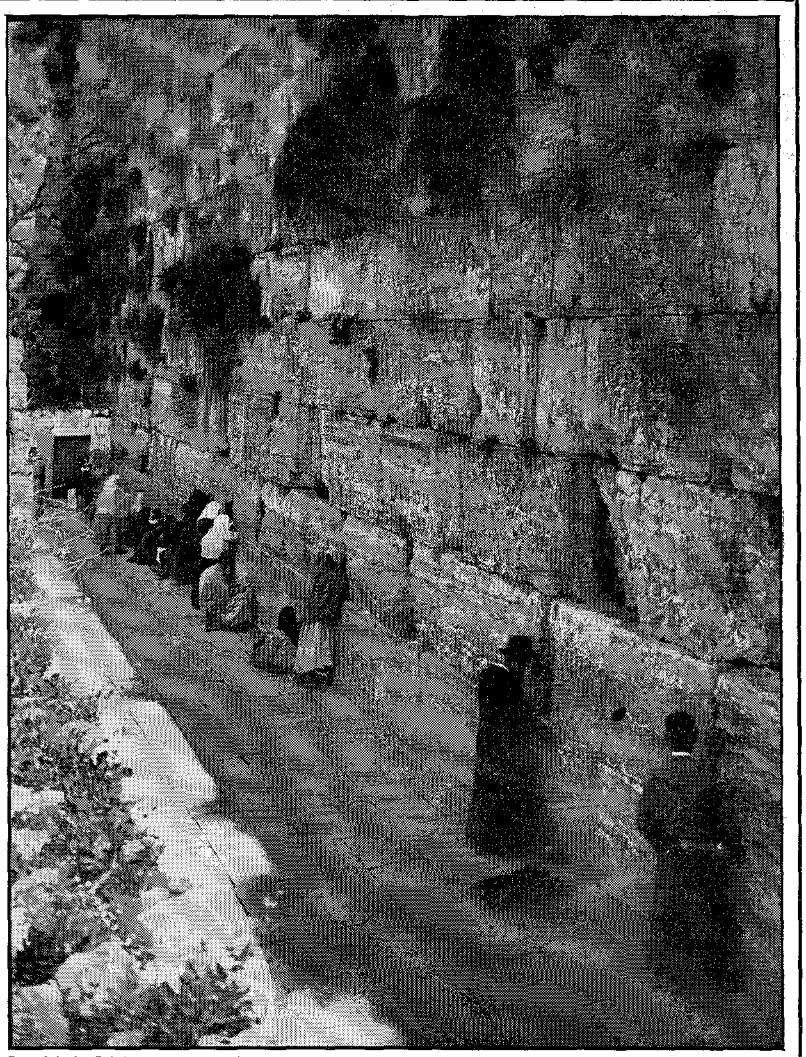
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE WAR OF THE "WAILING WALL"

UNDER THE GREAT GRAY STONES of the Wailing Wall, here rubbed smooth by the lips of pilgrims, and there hung with masses of crevice-grown vines, began those riots which developed last month into Moslem war upon Jews throughout Jerusalem and all Palestine, brought war-ships laden with troops from Britain, and raised before the astonished world the possibility of a Moslem uprising throughout all the Near East. Such dire consequences might result from this clash of races and religions that one of our editors even inclines to regret that the legions of Titus did not make final their work of destruction of the City of David. No other place in the world is like Jerusalem, notes the Syracuse *Post-Standard;* "no other place is a center of such religious rivalries." It is a holy city of three religions, the Boston *Globe* reminds us. To Christians, of course, it is the city of the Crucifixion and the Sepulcher; "to Jews the ancient seat of their religion and the site of Solomon's Temple"; and the Mohammedans, who recognize Moses and Christ as minor prophets, hold Jerusalem second only to Mekka and Medina in holiness, containing, as it does, the very rock from which they believe Mohammed sprang to heaven. But the religious strife symbolized by the adjacent Wailing Wall and Mosque of Omar is only part of the story. The political side involves a clash of nationalities and racial ambitions. It has its basis in the fact that the British encouraged Arabian aspirations for independence, and then turned around to promise the Jews a homeland in Palestine.



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THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM

Where for centuries Jews from all the world have come to mourn departed glories and kiss the stones which tradition says were once part of Solomon's Temple. Here began the riots which have spread through Palestine.

As a result of these two sets of enmities, to-day in this country citizens of Jewish origin are mourning the death of sons killed by Arabs in the streets of Hebron; Jewish organizations call upon the United States Government in behalf of terror-stricken Jews in Palestine; our Secretary of State reminds the British as holders of the Palestine mandate that American lives and property in the Holy Land must be protected.

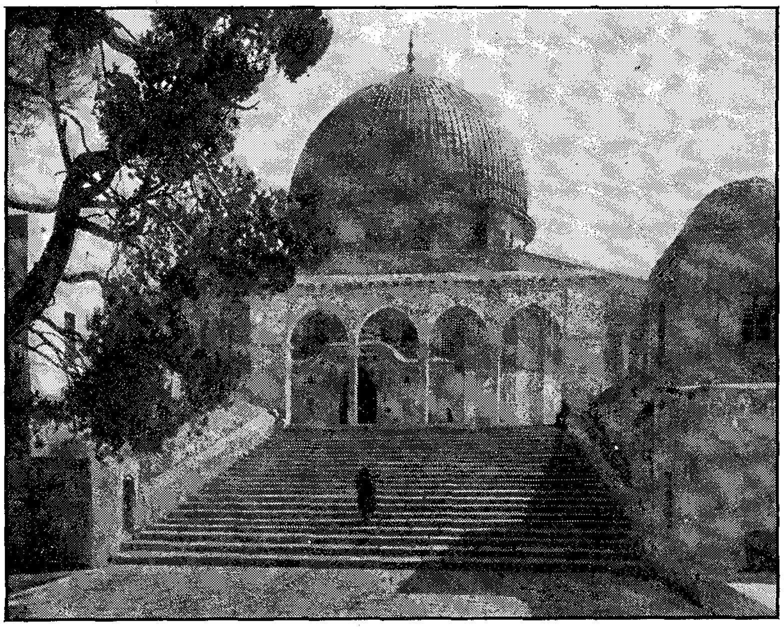
While some of our editors feel that Britain might have been better prepared for the outbreak, none of them envy her the task of administering a land which is such a "maelstrom of forces at war with each other." "The United States may be glad that the responsibility for keeping the peace in Palestine has not fallen to our lot," declares the New York *Journal of Commerce*, while the Brooklyn *Eagle* feels quite differently, believing that Palestine should be internationally controlled, that "the United States, instead of protesting to Great Britain because Americans had been killed in Palestine, should be bearing a part of the responsibility for the protection of Jews, Christians, and Arabs there."

Difficult as it is to weigh the causes and motives back of the war in Palestine, it seems to the New York *World* that nationalism is the most important:

"For a good many years, under Turkish rule, Arab and Jew managed to live side by side in peace, not often broken. A new situation was suddenly presented when Turkish rule was ended on this seacoast by General Allenby's victories during the war, and the British Government announced in the Balfour Declaration its support of a policy of establishing in Palestine 'a national home for the Jewish people,' without prejudice to 'the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities' in that country.

"To the Arabs in Palestine this assurance of respect for the rights of non-Jewish communities was unsatisfactory. The Arabs had wanted much more than such an assurance. They had wanted the creation of a new Arab State, including not only the Arabian Peninsula but Syria and Mesopotamia, which are both predominantly Arab, and also Palestine, in which Arabs outnumbered Jews approximately six to one at the end of the war. Moreover, they believed that in return for their efforts in the war the Allied Governments had promised to favor the creation of such a State, by declaring their purposes to be 'the final liberation of the peoples so long opprest by the Turks and the establishment of national governments and administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native populations.'

"In these circumstances the announcement of the Balfour Declaration, indicating a separate British mandate for Palestine and British support for the Zionist experiment, is said to have caused dissatisfaction which no subsequent assurances have been able to dissipate.



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A MOHAMMEDAN HOLY PLACE IN JERUSALEM

The Mosque of Omar, on the site of Solomon's Temple, and also marking the spot whence, according to Moslem tradition, Mohammed ascended to Paradise.

"This is the situation with which the British Government is now called upon to deal. However difficult it may be in its larger phases, there is at least the assurance of enough British military strength in the Mediterranean to restore order at an early date. And back of this military strength is an intelligent and far-sighted government in London."

An attempt to explain the bitter feeling among the Arabs of Palestine is made by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"To the Arab, 'Palestine' is merely a historical accident. It has no natural frontiers; it is not peopled by different men from those who live to the north or to the east of it. Its soil is not different from the hard soil of Syria. It is to them merely a part of the Arabian motherland, and the nomad hordes which acknowledge allegiance to Ibn Saud in the wastes of the Arabian Peninsula, like the city dwellers of Damascus and Aleppo, join with the Arabs in Palestine in believing that some day it will be of right a part of an Arab empire. The Turks stood in the way of realization of that dream before the war; the French and the British and the Jews stand in its way to-day.

"Overwhelmingly the population of Palestine is Arab. It totals, according to the official figures, some 890,000 persons, of whom 110,000 are Bedouins. When Balfour, in 1917, speaking in the name of the British Empire, pledged British aid to the millennial hope of a Jewish national home, there were some 55,000 Jews in Palestine, less than a twelfth of the total population. To-day there are nearly 150,000, hardly a sixth of the total. And while some of the Arabs are Christians and some are Moslems, all are fanatically nationalist Arabs.

"The Arab has seen in these Jews, so close to him ethnologically, only strangers in his land. There were anti-Jewish riots in Palestine in 1920 and in 1922, and a general strike in 1925, when Balfour went to Jerusalem to dedicate the Hebrew University. There have been protesting Arab delegations at every session of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. And to-day, following the long dispute over religious observances at the Wailing Wall, which is believed to be a relic of Solomon's Temple, Arab bitterness has broken out in open murder and bloodshed, in mass uprisings, which recall the bitterness of the Crusades and the horror of Czarist pogroms."

After the Dome of the Rock, or Mosque of Omar, was built on Mount Moriah some 1,200 years ago, Jews were excluded from the site of their old temple, and were only allowed to approach the old wall on the outside, the wall itself being Moslem property, as it is to-day. And here they came, century after century, from all over the world, to pour forth their lamentations over the destruction of the Temple and the dispersion of the Chosen People. The symbolic character of the Wall has been built up through these centuries. The greatest crowds come on such holy days as Yom Kippur, and on the Sabbath. There are even professional wailers, who take the place of Jews unable to come to Jerusalem and who join in the mournful chant with its refrain: "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Press reports about the immediate occasion of the latest riots are obscure and conflicting. It would seem that there has been repeated trouble over a screen which Jews worshiping by the Wall put up to separate men and women, according to their tradition. Moslems claim this obstructed traffic; and more than once it was torn down. They also claim that young Nationalist Zionist Jews had made obnoxious demonstrations in the city. At any rate, on August 16 an Arab mob came down through the new gate and rushed the worshiping Jews. There were arrests, but the rioting continued, and on the following day a Jewish boy was killed in an encounter with Arab boys. On the 21st there was an elaborate funeral, which was made the occasion of a great Jewish demonstration. The next day the real rioting began. Armed Arabs attacked Jews throughout the city, and inside of two or three days some thirty Jews and seventeen Arabs were killed and 200 people were injured. As the fighting died down in Jerusalem it spread to the suburbs and to other cities, particularly to the colonies of Jewish Zionists. One of the most bloody of these encounters was at Hebron, twenty miles south of Jerusalem, where a mass attack was made upon the Slovodka Talmud School, resulting in the death of fifty-eight Jews and the wounding of sixty-six more. Thirty of those killed were students in the college, and eight of them were Americans.

In this country Jewish editors and publicists have been holding the British Government responsible. In all the confusion, this, says *The Jewish Tribune* (New York), stands out in vivid prominence:

"Jews have been killed in Arab attacks; Jewish blood has been spilled near the sacred soil of the Wailing Wall; Jews have been massacred in the environs of a Holy City over which the British Government was to have spread its benevolent, protecting arm."

Britain to-day does bear a grave responsibility in Palestine, but, concludes the New York *Sun*, "under the circumstances, men of good disposition will refrain from uninformed criticism of methods adopted and measures executed, and will repose their confidence in the justified belief that Great Britain will fulfil its obligations with wisdom and firmness."

SNOWDEN'S VICTORY AT THE HAGUE

A BONFIRE LIGHTED AT 2 A. M. by press correspondents at The Hague spontaneously celebrated the word that the conference of Germany's creditors had reached an agreement which gives Great Britain at least three-quarters of the increased reparations payments persistently demanded by Mr. Snowden. As the winner came out from the nine-hour bargaining session, cables the New York *Times* correspondent, he was asked if everything was all right. "In a strangely angelic voice, with the softness of a girl, Mr. Snowden answered, 'Yes, I believe so,' and he rode away whistling." Yet Dr. Stresemann, for Germany, refused at first the further sacrifices required by the creditor nations' agreement, and sub-commissions faced the task of working out further financial, economic, and political details. The substantial news is, according to Arno Dosch-Fleurot in the New York *World*, that—

> "France, Italy, Belgium, Japan, and Germany have agreed to give Snowden $9,528,000 of the $11,433,000 increase he demanded in Great Britain's annual receipts. Great Britain's share of the unconditional annuities is to be increased by $8,575,200—from $14,292,000 to $22,867,200. The British Chancellor has insisted that his country's share of the unconditional annuities, if the Spa percentages had been adhered to in the Young plan, would have been $28,584,000."

It is reported that the principal sum needed to make up the increase for Great Britain is to come from the surplus created by the overlapping of the Dawes plan and the Young plan.

Whether good or bad bonfires are to follow the Snowden victory throughout Europe is a moot question of the moment in the American press. "Snowden Conquers for Labor" is the title under which the New York *Telegram*, of the Scripps-Howard chain, pictures "a lame little man, looking more fit for the grave than for empire, who conquered a good part of the world":

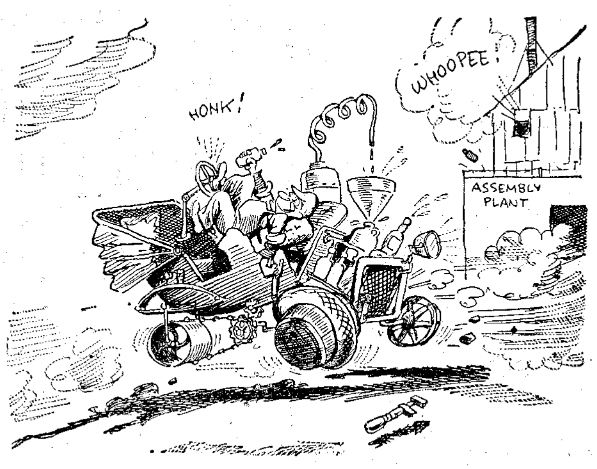
> "The annual sum he finally won, when compared to the billions which the war cost, seems a trifling figure, tho when multiplied by forty years assumes more imposing proportions.
>
> "But the underlying victory for Snowden, the victory which perhaps means most to him, was a vindication of the Labor Government and of himself as representatives of the social ideals for which he has fought during a long public life."

In the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, "Mr. Snowden carried his point up to and over the last ditch, except the trench occupied by Germany." But—

> "His everlasting haggling detracted from the dignity of his anti-French protest and of his stirring appeal to British nationalism. At the end, from the standpoint of prestige, he left the other nations in the position of dignity and public spirit, while Britain, for the first time in modern history, was made to appear as a country more interested in pennies than in the peace of Europe. And the pennies were so pitifully few for a financial power once so strong!
>
> "Mr. Snowden may win cash, but the other Powers may win the Young plan and the peace of Europe. The demands were met, too, without letting him force the changes in the plan which he asked for 'on principle.' We do not grudge him his assertion of England's refusal to act longer as the tail to the French kite. But we fear the injection of his harsh, selfish, fighting personality into the future affairs of the world. He is as unsettling as a spoiled child. He is an *enfant terrible* of nationalism."

FORD AND BOOZE WON'T MIX

WITH RIDICULE AND OTHER HAMMERS out, wet papers go for Henry Ford when he says: "If booze ever comes back to the United States, I am through with manufacturing," and "gasoline and booze don't mix; that's all." Let no reader assume that Mr. Ford fails to rally defenders. But, first come the knockers. For example, "Applesauce, Henry!" exclaims the Montgomery *Advertiser;* Mr. Ford "talks nonsense, Detroit is almost as full of speak-easies to-day as New York," according to the Brooklyn *Times*. The Baltimore *Evening Sun* finds Mr. Ford, in another interview, telling of his success in transferring all his tractor-making to Ireland, whereupon *The Sun* observes: "But Ireland, unless we are mistaken, has never gone dry." The Buffalo *Courier-Express* thus consolidates the chief substance of many editorial knocks:



MODEL D. T.

"Ford to quit making cars if rum returns—drinking workers can't make perfect machines."—News Item.

—Johnstone in the New York *World*.

> "It will be time enough to consider Mr. Ford's interview when liquor goes, and so creates the possibility of its return, and when Ford cars get out of Europe because they refuse to run for any-one who is not a Prohibitionist."

The criticized interview appears in *The Pictorial Review* for September, under the title "Let Prohibition Begin at Home," and Mr. Ford appeals at length to the "remaining one per cent." minority of women to stand by their sister Americans and complete the beneficent régime of Prohibition which "began at home with women who wanted better home conditions." He continues:

> "For myself, if booze ever comes back to the United States, I am through with manufacturing. I would not be bothered with the problem of handling over two hundred thousand men and trying to pay them wages which the saloons would take away from them. I wouldn't be interested in putting automobiles into the hands of a generation soggy with drink. With booze in control, we can count on only two or three effective days' work a week in the factory—and that would destroy the short day and the five-day week which sober industry has introduced.
>
> "Gasoline and booze don't mix; that's all. Booze doesn't go with industry. No one is as good with a brain half fogged. I would not be able to build a car that will run two hundred thousand miles if booze were around, because I wouldn't have accurate workmen, and without accurate workmen I could not get the necessary precision in work, even with machinery, because more people are making the machinery to make the car to-day than make the car itself."

"Mr. Ford has shot the bull's-eye," declares the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, for, "granting the force of the moral issue, the winning issue is economic":

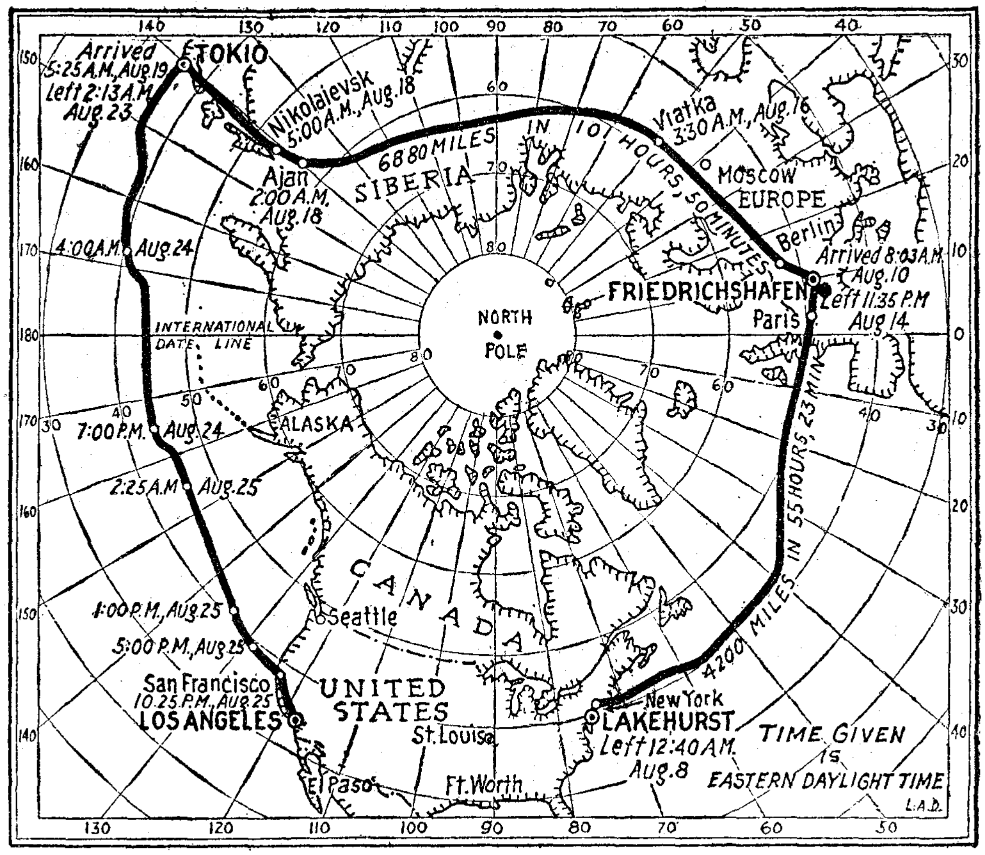
> "He could quit. But what of the workers and the eight-hour day and Mr. Ford's outlook toward the five-day week for workers? Who is most of all interested in the suppression of the liquor traffic, legal or illegal, Mr. Ford or those who gain a good living and leisure unknown before Prohibition 'came in'?"

"With a few more witnesses of this sort, even the militant wets will begin to think that perhaps Prohibition is here because the people want it," remarks the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. From Mr. Ford's experience as manufacturer and employer in pre-Prohibition days and now, the Utica *Press* is convinced he will be accepted as a better authority than his editorial critics.

Imagination is necessary to understand Mr. Ford's view, suggests the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, which thinks he "isn't far from the simple truth when he implies that we must choose between our modern machines and strong liquor."

THE *GRAF* "ZEPPS" AROUND THE WORLD

SOARING THROUGH UNCHARTED SKIES, over the mountainous waves of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, above the jagged backbone of the North American continent and the Urals of Siberia, the *Graf Zeppelin* not only arrives safely at the end of her journey around the world, but establishes a new record of roughly twenty-one days for the trip. Moreover, thinks the New York *World*, she "has blazed a trail which may some day become a great highway of the air, connecting Europe, Asia, and America." As ambassadors of good-will, the Albany *News* places Dr. Eckener, commander of the dirigible, and the ship herself in the same class with Colonel Lindbergh and his transatlantic monoplane.



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130
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Arrived 5:25 A.M. Aug. 19
Left 2:13 A.M. Aug. 23
TOKIO
Nikolaievsk 5:00 A.M., Aug. 18
6880 MILES IN 101 HOURS 50 MINUTES
SIBERIA
Viatka 3:30 A.M., Aug. 16
MOSCOW
EUROPE
Berlin
Arrived 8:03 A.M. Aug. 10
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN
Left 11:35 P.M. Aug. 14
Paris
Ajan 2:00 A.M. Aug. 18
4:00 A.M. Aug. 24
INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE
NORTH POLE
ALASKA
7:00 P.M. Aug. 24
2:25 A.M. Aug. 25
1:00 P.M. Aug. 25
5:00 P.M. Aug. 25
C A N A D A
Seattle
San Francisco 10:25 P.M. Aug. 25
LOS ANGELES
UNITED STATES
St. Louis
El Paso
Ft. Worth
New York
LAKEHURST
Left 12:40 A.M. Aug. 8
IN 55 HOURS, 23 MIN. 4200 MILES
TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME
L.A.D.

Courtesy of the New York *Times*

THE *GRAF ZEPPELIN'S* COURSE FROM LAKEHURST TO LOS ANGELES

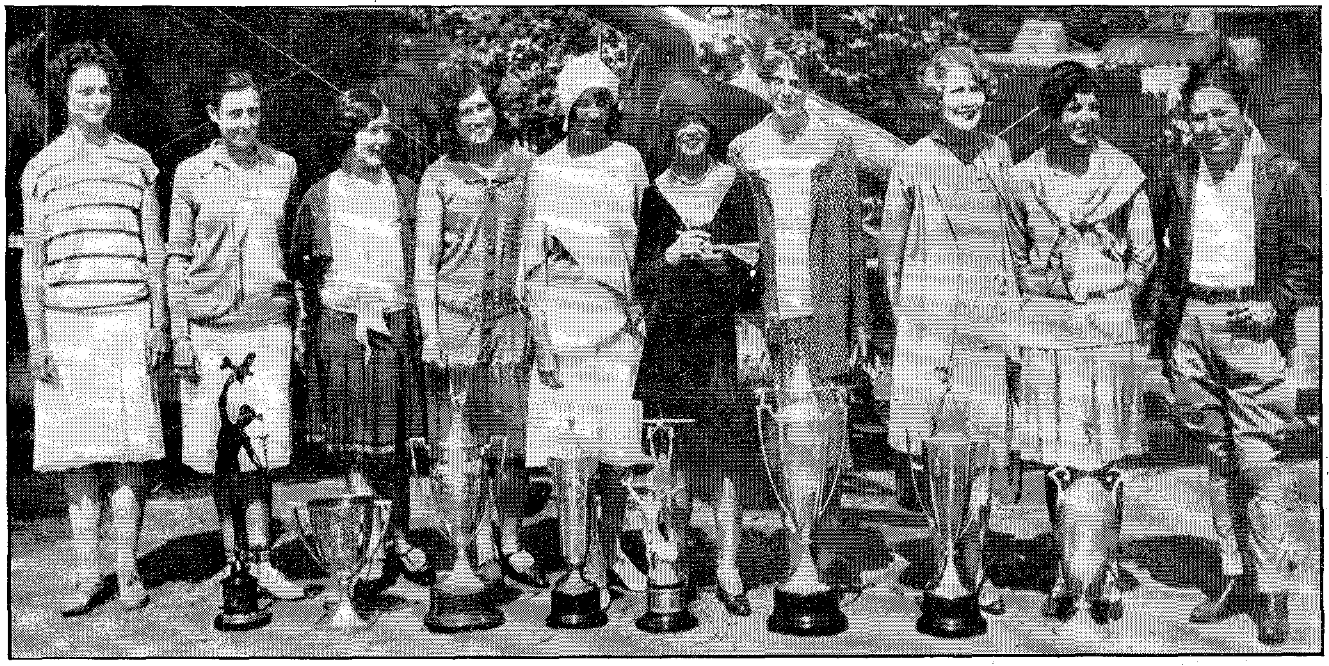
Carrying a passenger list of nineteen or twenty on her various "hops"—Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen; Friedrichshafen to Tokyo; Tokyo to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles to Lakehurst—and a crew of forty, the huge dirigible, observes the New York *Times*, has earned for Germany "a place in the air, instead of the 'place in the sun' demanded by her political leaders." She "has put Japan on the world's airways," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. As the New York *Herald Tribune* figures it out, Tokyo is no farther from New York (by Zeppelin) than Chicago was a century ago.

In her voyage around the world, from Lakehurst to Lakehurst, the *Graf Zeppelin* not only was the first dirigible to accomplish such a journey, but she made the longest "hop" in the history of aeronautics—from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo—and the fastest journey around the world ever accomplished by man. The Mears-Collyer journey by airplane, train, automobile, and ocean-liner, it will be recalled, required 23 days, 15 hours, and 21 minutes. To the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the voyage of the *Graf Zeppelin* "was the greatest adventure in history." There were no mooring-masts in Siberia, points out the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, and it was over this stretch, largely uninhabited, we are told, that the greatest hazards were anticipated. It was not until the dirigible was being brought out of the Tokyo hangar, however, that a slight mishap occurred—the breaking of two rear gondola supports. "The only other mishap," says Rupert Hughes in a Universal Service article, "a serious one that can never be repaired, was the loss, somewhere in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, of an entire day." Since all steamships which cross the international date-line, however, suffer this loss, the *Graf Zeppelin* is not entitled to a great amount of sympathy. It is Mr. Hughes, by the way, who furnishes the word "zepps," in the title.

Always in touch with Europe, Asia, or America by wireless, the huge German dirigible sailed along, so favored by the winds that much of the time she used only three of her five motors. This seems to confirm the theory that circling the globe from west to east has its advantages. She required little more time in port than a big steamer, remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. In fact, her fine showing indicates to the St. Louis *Star* that the day of scheduled aerial transportation is not far distant. One of the things that may come out of the *Graf Zeppelin's* successful voyage, observes W. Irving Glover, Second Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of air mail, is 'round-the-world air-mail in fifteen days. Military and naval officials, on the other hand, are brought face to face with the fact that dirigibles and airplanes are shrinking the world, and that a fleet of airships, as well as a Navy, is now needed as a "first line" of defense. "The fact that two dirigibles larger than the German leviathan are now under construction for our Navy at Akron, Ohio," notes the Chicago *Daily News*, "should serve to intensify the interest of the American people in this type of airship." Another thing which we should remember in connection with the world flight of the *Graf Zeppelin*, says the New York *Times*, "is that newspaper enterprise and public spirit made possible the great voyage. For it was William Randolph Hearst's group of daily newspapers which provided the large sum necessary to finance the flight."

Whether the dirigible has commercial possibilities, however, is a question in the minds of a few editors. "The gas which an airship uses is enormously expensive," points out the Macon *Telegraph*. Moreover, "a crew of about 400 is needed to berth the ship; huge hangars must be erected and maintained." A ship of this sort may be able to circle the globe, admits the Utica *Press*, "but can it pay dividends? When the novelty has worn off, will there be enough passengers to make such a voyage profitable?" The cost of building and operating "one of these monster gas-bags," agrees the Sacramento *Bee*, "is enormous in proportion to its useful load."

No less an authority on airplanes than Colonel Lindbergh, however, says that "the dirigible, as now developed, is superior to the airplane for transoceanic flying," and is quoted in an Associated Press dispatch from Cleveland as expressing the opinion that "there is no conflict between airplanes and lighter-than-air craft. Increased use of one would benefit the other."



P. & A. photograph

THE WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S AIR DERBY (AT THE LEFT) AND SOME OF THE OTHER ENTRANTS

Mrs. Louise McPhetridge Thaden, of Pittsburgh, wife of a former Army flyer, at the extreme left, won the women's race from Santa Monica to Cleveland in the heavier planes class, in 20 hours, 19 minutes. Mrs. Phoebe Omlie, of Memphis (not in the picture) came in first in the lighter planes event; her time for the 2,350 miles was 24 hours, 12 minutes. Miss Marvel Crosson, who leapt from her plane near Wellton, Arizona, and was killed when her parachute failed to open, is the fourth from the left. Ten of the entrants are shown above. From left to right, they are: Mrs. Thaden, Bobby Trout, Patty Willis, Marvel Crosson, Blanche W. Noyes, Vera Walker, Amelia Earhart, Marjorie Crawford, Ruth Elder, and Florence Barnes.

THE WOMEN'S AIR DERBY

IF ANYTHING MORE WAS NEEDED to startle those old-fashioned people who still think that young women have to be helped across street crossings, the Santa Monica-Cleveland air derby, in which a handful of daring airwomen were the participants, should be enough, thinks the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*. Of nineteen contestants, sixteen finished the entire course of 2,350 miles, over the Rockies, across the deserts of the Southwest, and above the waving wheat-fields of Kansas, to the scene of the National Air Races for 1929. One participant is a native of Australia; another of Germany. A motion-picture actress, a transport pilot, a Junior League member, and the first woman to fly the Atlantic lined up at the start with the holder of the altitude record for women, a mother of two children, the wife of a famous gem expert, and the holder of the women's speed record. In the first cross-country contest of its kind, "the women flyers," says Brigadier-General Foulois, of the Army Air Corps, "acquitted themselves as well as the men who entered the transcontinental derby last year."

On the other hand, a number of editorial observers point out, the tragic death of Miss Marvel Crosson, holder of the women's altitude record, early in the contest, brings up the question of the participation of women in the flying game. "Ironically enough," says the Washington *News*, "Miss Crosson was perhaps the best flyer of the nineteen who left the California city on August 18. She had been in aviation since 1922. She flew with her brother in Alaska, and passed her tests there. She understood flying." To the Knoxville *Journal*, "youth and charm like hers seems a sacrifice too great for any honors or prizes that could be gained."

Miss Crosson, says a United Press dispatch from Wellton, Arizona, apparently tried to save her life by jumping just before the plane crashed, but this desperate expedient failed. The finding of her body near the Gila River, in southern Arizona, covered by a parachute not fully opened, recalls to the editor of the Jersey City *Journal* the fatal results of the Pacific (Dole) Air Derby, which was also marked by the death of a girl flyer. "These two fatalities in themselves are enough to put an end to any more such contests," maintains the New Jersey paper. "The trouble with such ventures is the tendency to take chances," points out the Troy *Record*.

Until some safeguards are available, the New York *American* and other widely read dailies are of the opinion that "this should be the last contest of its kind." Continues this Hearst paper:

> "It was appalling to learn of the tragic death of Miss Crosson. A fine young woman, who by her skill as well as courage seemed destined to many honors as a pioneer woman pilot, has been called as a sacrifice on the altar of a premature competition.
>
> "The air is becoming safer every day, but it is not yet safe for competitive group racing, by either men or women. Furthermore, public confidence in aviation is undermined when human life is needlessly sacrificed in such ill-advised contests."

The New York *Telegram*, however, is convinced that "Miss Crosson would not want her death to influence public opinion against trained women flyers." As the Tulsa *Tribune* explains:

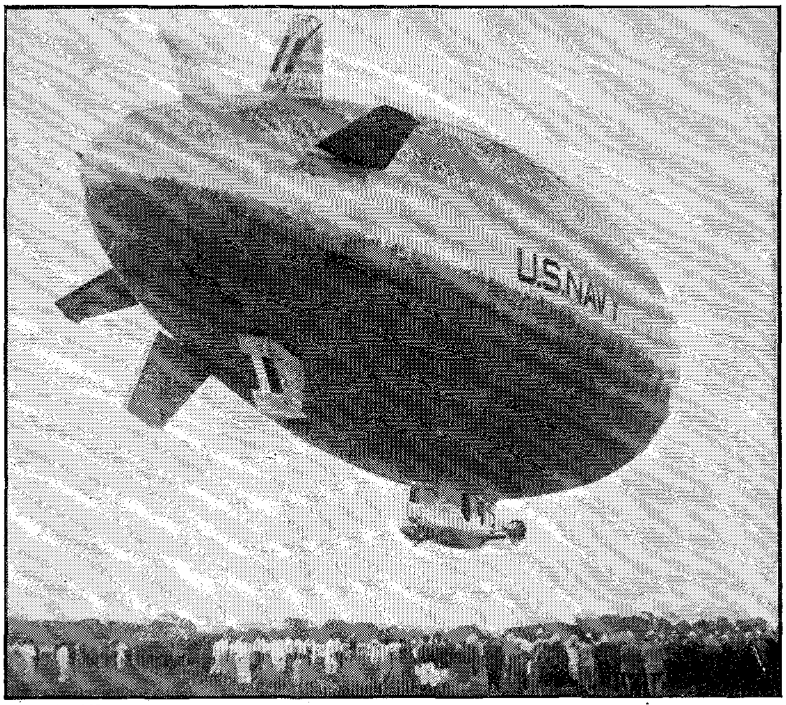
> "Miss Crosson's participation in the air derby was strictly a matching of her flying skill with the proficiency of other capable women flyers. It was a legitimate contest, such as men have engaged in, in one line or another, for many centuries. She knew the game she was playing, and she asked no odds.
>
> "Miss Crosson's plane failed, as any pilot's plane developing mechanical defects might have failed. Her parachute also failed, as parachutes do, perhaps, one time out of a million. But she went to her death doing exactly what any veteran of the Caterpillar Club would have done. She played the game as it should have been played. She played it bravely."

In the opinion of the Savannah *News*, "Miss Crosson's death does not prove that women have no place at the controls of airplanes. Women will not be denied whatever fame and fortune may be found in doing the hazardous things men do. They will keep right on taking chances, just as men will."

The Georgia daily also reminds us that the other contestants in the women's air derby, with the exception of one who voluntarily dropt out of the race, believing that her plane had been tampered with; and another who contracted typhoid fever during the contest, finished the course. Charges of sabotage, which flew thick and fast during the first few days of the derby, are said in Los Angeles dispatches to have been without foundation.

DETROIT'S ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE

DETROIT, WHICH PRODUCED THE "TIN LIZZIE," now brings forth what a number of facetious editorial writers dub the "flying tin can"—an all-metal dirigible. But the scoffers were put to rout when this metal airship, the first of its kind, successfully completed the first test, and later was flown to the Cleveland air races. In fact, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* looks upon the designing and construction of this large "blimp" as "the greatest single step in the development of the airship since Count Zeppelin began experimenting with them thirty years ago." Up to this time, we are reminded, dirigibles have been covered with cloth and rubber fabric, stretched over metal frames; the metal covering is said to be more durable and less subject to the fire hazard. Heretofore, the trend in dirigible construction has been toward larger and longer ships; the egg-shaped *ZMC-2*, a Navy craft built from Navy design, can withstand the buffeting of the winds much better than her larger and more unwieldy sister ships, believes the Marion *Star*. It is even possible, thinks this daily, that the new metal dirigible "could have withstood the storm that broke the *Shenandoah* in two." We read on:



International Newsreel photograph

THE WORLD'S FIRST ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE

The *ZMC-2*, which is said to have cost a million dollars, confounds the skeptics by carrying a pilot, mechanic, and three passengers into the air at Detroit on August 19, and later flying to the Cleveland air races. She is built of hundreds of strips of paper-thin metal running around the circumference of the ship, and riveted together with a "sewing-machine" which operates with very thin wire. The *ZMC-2* is equipped with two Wright "Whirlwind" air-cooled engines of 200 horse-power each.

> "The chief differences between the new craft and those in use are three.
>
> "The first of these is the covering of its rigid framework. A thin skin of 'alclad,' an alloy of copper and aluminum, has been substituted for the customary cloth fabric. The alloy is almost as strong as steel, yet sufficiently light not to offer a handicap to the ship's buoyancy, which is afforded by the use of 200,000 cubic feet of helium gas.
>
> "A second marked departure is its method of control, which differs radically from any in use. Its elevators and rudders, which regulate its maneuvers up, down, and sideways, instead of being at the rear end, are in the form of eight fins projecting from the hull about thirty feet forward of the stern.
>
> "The third divergence from the Zeppelin type of rigid airship is referred to by experts as its unusually low 'fineness,' which may affect its speed capabilities in comparatively good weather, but assures greater rigidity in bad. Unlike the Zeppelins, the lengths of which are from eight to twelve times their diameter, the new craft is in the ratio of three to one. Its length is 149 feet and five inches, and its diameter fifty-two feet and eight inches.
>
> "Weaknesses now unforeseen may develop, but, barring the unexpected, the United States has in the Detroit ship a model which will lead to a great advance over any lighter-than-air craft in present operation."

The *ZMC-2*, we are told, was built for the Navy by the Aircraft Development Corporation, of Detroit. If she is easier to maneuver than her fabric-covered sisters, as her builders claim, she may, thinks the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "modify considerably the ultimate design and construction of airships." Of course, admits the Detroit *News*: "only expert judgment can pronounce finally on her advantages or disadvantages."

FIFTY MILLIONS FOR FRUIT-SELLING

IS THE NEW $50,000,000 FRUIT and vegetable cooperative marketing association a "food trust"? This is the question raised in the minds of the ultimate consumer, declares the Brooklyn *Eagle*, by the recent incorporation of some sixty fruit and vegetable cooperatives in twenty-five States as the United Growers of America. The organizers of this new giant farm combine say it is not a "trust"; that the Government has the power to prevent and control "any attempt to fix prices on an unfair basis." Nevertheless, *The Eagle* fears that "manifestly it is the intention to fix prices in some way." Neither the opinion of the Farm Board nor its indorsement was requested by the backers of the project, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, altho the Board's chairman wishes it to be understood that this should in no way reflect upon the character of the new organization.

The incorporation of the United Growers, we are reminded, is the fourth major step in the combination of agricultural cooperatives since the Farm Board began to function. First came the Grain Corporation, with a capitalization of $20,000,000; to be followed within a week by the organization of agricultural cooperatives having a membership of more than two million farmers and stock-raisers. The third step in the farm-relief program was the Farm Board's plan for a wool-growers' cooperative selling agency, and now we have a huge combine of cooperatives set up by private interests to direct a national and international sales service for its members. Mention might also be made of the $9,000,000 credit extended by the Farm Board to California grape producers and the $5,000,000 made available to Southern cotton cooperatives for handling this year's crop.

Fruit and vegetables, says the Washington *Star*, are second in value only to the corn crop. According to William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture under President Coolidge, and a member of the Board of United Growers, efforts will be made for a more even distribution of fruit and vegetables over the country "to prevent a shortage in one section while another has a surplus." Continues Mr. Jardine:

> "Through the United Growers, which is farmer-owned and controlled, farmers will retain possession of their produce from point of production to retailer. Handling a large volume, it will give them increased bargaining power, facilitate orderly marketing, reduce wasteful duplication, and insure a reliable supply of ripe fruits and vegetables, returning to the farmer a larger percentage of the price paid by the consumer without increasing the price to the consumer."

The new organization proposes to pay not more than 8 per cent. to its preferred stockholders, and to distribute surplus earnings among its cooperative units.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. What is the "Wailing Wall"? (p. 5).
2. How do starchy foods produce deafness? (p. 20).
3. What plays of Shakespeare have been presented here and in London in "plain clothes"? (p. 23).
4. What European Prime Minister has a plan for the United States of Europe? (p. 13).
5. How much does the United States spend a year for pleasure? (p. 70).
6. What part of itself is Los Angeles about to lose? (p. 19).
7. What is a *katsuben?* (p. 51).
8. How many people in this country carry life insurance? (p. 66).
9. How many books are recorded as destroyed in the Northern Zone of the World War? (p. 22).
10. What is the G. P. U.? (p. 15).
11. What city is called the Gibraltar of the East? (p. 16).
12. Of what nation is it said that it must have a hero every year? (p. 41).
13. What, according to a member of the French Institute, has produced the "American type"? (p. 19).
14. What has recently occurred to remind us of the phrase, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," and when was it uttered? (p. 42).
15. Who first analyzed the art of the insane? (p. 22).
16. From what two other British dominions did Canada take $8,000,000 worth of butter imports last year? (p. 15).
17. How often do sun-spots reach a maximum number? (p. 17).
18. What woman tennis player is called a "killer"? (p. 56).
19. What possible physical basis for telepathy has been discovered? (p. 18).
20. What is likely to trouble the radio in October? (p. 17).

LABOR FEARS "EXPATRIATED" INDUSTRIES

THE "HORNETS' NEST" stirred up by Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, moves many press spokesmen for business and politics to attack or indorse his warning of perils in the rapid increase of American investment in the productive industries of foreign countries. Such investment amounts to at least $3,500,000,000, representing "the greatest era of industrial migration ever known," already including some 2,000 branch or independent factories abroad, led by some 150 of our largest and most important corporations, according to Mr. Woll. The peril to labor Mr. Woll illustrates concretely by citing the results of Henry Ford's transfer of tractor-making to Ireland: American workmen lose their factory jobs, Irish workmen get the entire wage pay-roll, Ireland gets Mr. Ford's factory taxes, and the tractors, protected by American patents, can be shipped back to the United States free of duty as agricultural implements, to be sold to Americans at prices based on the higher American wage scale. Mr. Woll contends that bankers and industrialists seeking merely larger financial returns have no moral right to use the surplus national savings to so increase American unemployment and underemployment, decrease the purchasing power of our high-wage home market, and flood it with products of foreign "sweated-labor" competitive plants.

"But you do not diminish the chances of varied American employment by giving the Irish greater opportunity to eat American bacon," answers Professor Gregory of the London School of Economics; in the long run freedom of trade and competition between specialized industries stimulates the entire aggregate production and demand for goods. Others dismiss the Woll argument as belonging to the seventeenth century, and maintain that industrial investment in mass production abroad will inevitably increase wages and purchasing power there as it has done here. Yet George Young, British Labor member of Parliament, and Royal Meeker of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, insist that Mr. Woll has said something. Mr. Young looks forward to the time when there may be "the same restriction on the export of money as on the export of armed men. Mr. Meeker recognizes familiar high-tariff nationalism in the labor-union attitude, but since under the "long run" of free-trade theory in economics the Irish tractor factory doesn't give immediate employment to the men laid off in Detroit, he thinks Mr. Woll has some economists "where the hair is short."

Many stings appear in press comment on the Williamstown "hornets' nest," and the fact that the Senate Finance Committee has added to its new tariff bill an import ban on patented articles made for Americans abroad indicates that some politicians may be "labor minded."

Turning to critics first, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) calls the Woll thesis "a bugaboo"; no nation "under modern conditions can hope to realize its wealth-producing potentialities by a policy of financial isolation":

> "'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' runs the old Biblical quotation; 'for thou shalt find it after many days.' The same law holds true of capital."

The Wall Street Journal declares that the distinction which Mr. Woll drew between unobjectionable foreign loans to governments and objectionable loans or investments in industrial plants is the impossible one of a "narrow nationalism":

> "Mr. Woll's theory, apparently, would have required America to keep its capital and its factories at home and from behind the double ramparts of the tariff and a drastic immigration exclusion act compel the rest of the world to buy enough goods from us to keep our expanding factories perpetually busy, regardless of costs and prices. That is a program that the world would never have consented to if it could possibly help itself. Doubtless, Europe's industrial rehabilitation or Canada's development of its natural resources might have been held more or less in check; it is impossible to believe that either could have been permanently defeated.
>
> "Thus the alternative was between taking part in the world's industrial progress or blocking it by putting our redundant capital into some unimaginable form of cold storage. As it is, we shall have to cope with a competition which American foreign investment has in some degree assisted to regain its foothold. Mr. Woll would have us try to run away from it."

The Daily Oklahoman (Dem.) sees reciprocal trade benefits with a certain amount of home labor loss in this "expatriation of industry," perhaps a real danger, but probably "far less dangerous than it seems." The Buffalo *Courier-Express* (Ind.) wonders "how, if at all, our tariff habits can survive against the tendency to think internationally which capital abroad and factories abroad naturally will develop."

The Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.) suggests that "Moving the Labor Market Abroad" is another phase of our "humbug" tariff "protection" of the American laborer. The old system was to keep on the tariff and import cheap labor, a scheme we licked by curbing immigration, "didn't we"? Yes, until the new system appeared, answers *The Journal.*

Mr. Woll's warning is heartily commended by the Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), which says Congress should heed it:

> "American business should be encouraged, of course, when it goes legitimately into the foreign field to get foreign trade, but it should not be either encouraged or protected when, unpatriotically and selfishly, it extends activities in a way that injures the home market, home labor, and the home land. Then it should be treated like any other alien enterprise."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

On reparations the British are Scotch.—*Dallas News.*

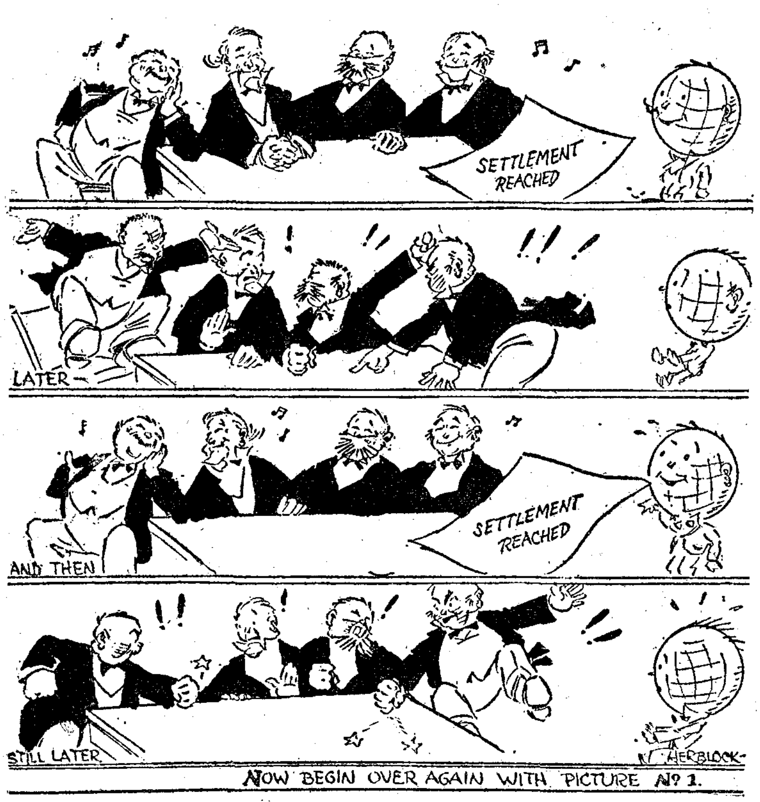
The manufacturers of invisible hairnets seem to have gone into the making of hosiery.—*American Lumberman.*

A famous philosopher says he can think better if there are people whispering in the room. A triumph of mind over mutter. —*Punch.*

What is probably the most unromantic remark of the month is a Chicago chemist's report that the watermelon is 92 per cent. water.—*Detroit News.*

The proposed new calendar would have an extra Sunday, and we are against that. There are far too many automobile accidents as matters stand.—*Nashville Banner.*

If you left it up to them and didn't use any persuasion one way or the other, fruit juices would rather ferment than jell.—*Kay Features.*



THE WAR-DEBT SITUATION

—Herblock in the Chicago *Daily News.*

A necessity is a luxury the Joneses have.—*Brooklyn Times.*

An optimist is a man who shows his girl how to use a revolver.—*Dayton Journal.*

What we seem to need is more dry agents trying cases and fewer sampling them.—*American Lumberman.*

We'd like to see the man who invented the budget system taking a vacation. — *Winston-Salem Journal.*

English peer is knocked out in amateur prize-fight. Now we know what is meant by a belted Earl. — *Dallas News.*

The reparations difficulties at The Hague suggest that there is imminent need for somebody "to teach the Young idea how to suit." —*Virginian-Pilot.*

A girl who was Miss America a few summers ago is reported to have put on forty pounds. We shall bear her in mind, in case of selecting a Miss Western Hemisphere.—*Detroit News.*

Once they read the fashion hints to see what was going on, but now they read the fashion hints to see what is being pulled off.—*Kay Features.*

There will be no room for stowaways on that new $200 mail-order automobile to be on the market soon.—*Russellville (Ark.) Courier-Democrat.*

The wets say Prohibition is a failure and the drys insist that it is a success, so why in the world don't both sides shut up?—*Louisville Times.*

A driverless motor-car has been invented. In future the way to enjoy motoring at week-ends will be to stay at home and let the car go for a drive on its own.—*Punch.*

Two persons, weighing 563 and 549 pounds, were married at Huntington, and this may be taken as an indication that they do not regard marriage lightly.—*Indianapolis News.*

"United States Radio Fans to Hear German Programs Soon. Reichfunkgesellschaft Koenigwusterhausen to Go on Air."—*Post* head-line. "So that's the German for "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover!"—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Australia complains that it has a serious used-car problem. So have most of the rest of us car owners.—*Dallas News.*

Still, the ladies in cool garments might be arrested if they looked as awful as men do in pajamas.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

We supposed these Pan-American meetings they talk about were when the European Powers got together.—*American Lumberman.*

Two burglars were surprized in a London warehouse by a plumber who arrived at 5 A. M. to do some repairs. It was enough to surprize anybody.—*Punch.*

The commander of Russia's "special Far East Army" is a General Blucher. It remains to be seen whether he will have a Chinese Napoleon to meet.—*Springfield Republican.*

Mrs. Willebrandt says that there is a terrible lot of drinking in the National Capitol. This makes the flood of oratory wetter.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Both Russia and China seem determined on a war of self-defense. — *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

As a last desperate effort to foil the rum runners, Detroit and Chicago might be ceded to Canada.—*Brooklyn Times.*

What we wonder when we read about these here horseshoe-pitching contests is where they get the horseshoes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

According to those who criticize President Hoover for holding up cruiser construction, parity begins at home.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A reparations conference might well be opened with the familiar prayer, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." — *American Lumberman.*

The successful launching of the all-metal dirigible is hailed with great enthusiasm. What everybody dreads is when some head-line writer condenses it to "Tin Bag."—*Detroit News.*

The difference between a dry and a wet is that one wants to put up the legal bars and the other to restore them.—*American Lumberman.*

If it were not for man's faith in his fellow man, it would be comparatively easy for a fellow to live within his income.—*Louisville Times.*

King George's Dog Flees Palace.—Head-line. But there could be one thing worse: King George's Dog Fleas Palace.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Wilhelm the Late, speaking of Germany, says, "If I go back, I'll go back as Kaiser." That seems to settle the matter.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

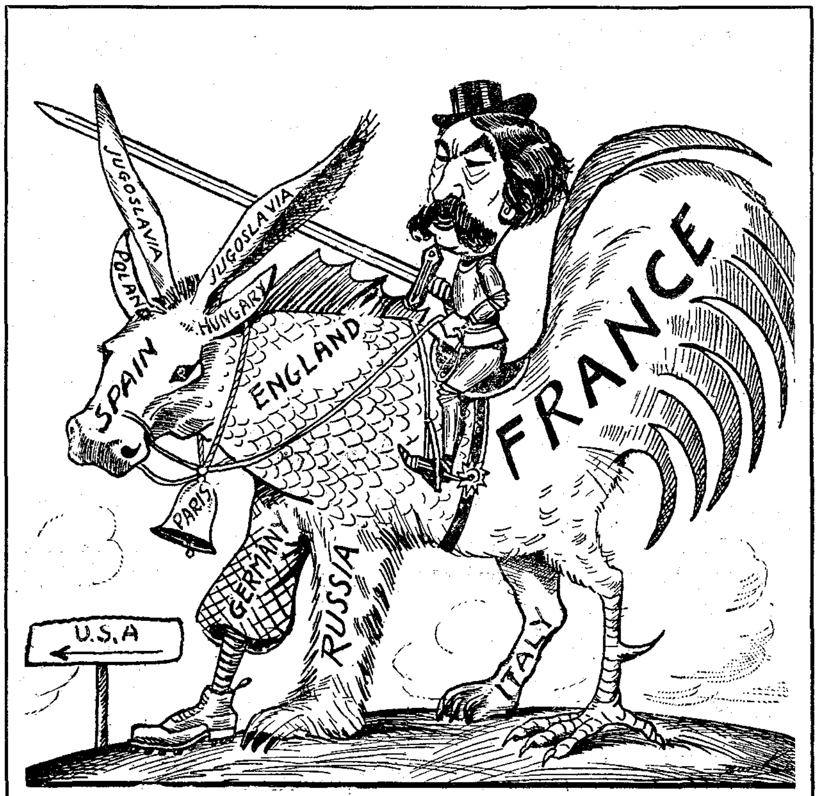
Henry Ford himself raises the question, "What will we do with the old Fords?" We know; mix 'em with the old razor blades.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Possibly nothing since the second Einstein theory has seemed so involved at first sight as a remark overheard by a Boston *Globe* writer: "What did you choose that book for me to read out of to from for?"—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE PROMISED LAND OF UNITED EUROPE

WANDERERS IN THE WILDERNESS of European economic and political conflict give ear every so often to voices that proclaim hope of reaching the promised land of a united Europe. The latest they harken to is that of Premier Briand, who is reported to have the intention of proposing to the League of Nations that a European conference should be called to consider the possibility of a "United States of Europe." The prospect kindles new expectations among those who feel that only through such a development can real peace and prosperity be attained in Europe, and Europe thus cease to be at the economic mercy of the United States. What is more, French observers who feel that the Entente Cordiale has been seriously weakened by the course of events at The Hague, are said to have a vision of a United States of Europe replacing the Anglo-French understanding. It is not that they do not gravely regard the impairment of the Entente Cordiale, it appears, but rather that the "Snowden incident" at the Hague conference on the Young plan is believed to be "the beginning of a new British policy with which France is bound to clash at frequent intervals." The announcement of Mr. Briand's intention came through the Paris *Oeuvre*, which contains the report of a conversation between Henry Barde of that newspaper and Mr. Briand. According to this informant—



AN ITALIAN JAB

"What a lovely beast is Briand's dream!"

—*Il 420* (Florence).

"Mr. Briand's plans were already formed when he told Austria that she should unite not with Germany but with all Europe.

"They are logical and spring naturally from the Locarno treaties and from the example—to say no more—which the United States has given us; from the economic needs of this Continent as from the economic policy of the United States; lastly and above all, from the desire of the peoples. To federate Europe, perhaps economically at first, politically afterward, to impel it to become conscious of itself, for itself and not against anybody, is the dream, already an old one, which Mr. Briand is setting himself to realize.

"Ripened in meditation, the great scheme—which would at once eliminate many immediate problems, notably Austro-German union and the minorities question, and many remote problems—has been submitted to the test first of conversations and then of consultations.

"To-day Mr. Briand has received a sufficient number of favorable opinions from Powers represented on the League of Nations—for it is very evident that this structure would be inspired by the architecture of Geneva—to hope to be able to sketch the main lines of the edifice in September, at the Assembly of the League, and, at the end of the year, to assemble a conference which would lay the first foundations of a European organization."

But a sharp slap at Mr. Briand is delivered in the *Echo de Paris*, by that journal's political expert, "Pertinax," who credits the French Prime Minister with "the initiative in the formation of a United States of Europe," which he describes as a policy "appropriating the program of the Second International, which is also the program of German revenge." Another French journalist of wide repute, Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of the Paris *Matin*, gives an account in the New York *Times* of conversations held by him with Mr. Briand, whom he quotes:

"Europe is not organized at all. It is in a chaotic state which, when we examine it attentively, is at once shocking and disquieting. In one country there are 1,200,000 unemployed who live upon the charity of the State. In another the farmers, who get scarcely 6 or 7 per cent. return for their labor, must pay 12 to 15 per cent. for loans when they need them. You see small countries which could sell their agricultural produce at a good profit straining themselves to create national industries, while almost impassable tariff barriers rise between them and their neighbors.

"You see regions, like Austria, which ought to be prosperous, but are living in misery which is absolutely paradoxical. Austria is admirably situated for serving as a point of transit for merchandise crossing Europe from north to south, and from east to west, which passes normally through Vienna.

"Moreover, it possesses a banking and commercial machinery that is first-class and reliable and experienced specialists in commerce.

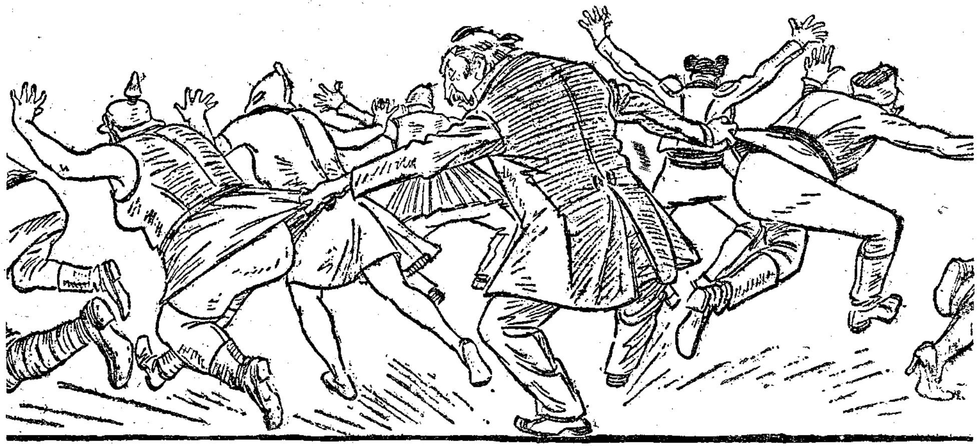
"If Europe were not cut up into a series of separate compartments, if the goods which are exported and imported were not heavily taxed, if there were a European treasury to supervise money and keep it at a judicious and reasonable rate, do you think the city of Vienna and its 2,000,000 inhabitants would not be able to prosper?

"On the other hand, consider a country like Italy, which lacks raw materials.

"In a Europe federated and organized on reasonable principles, Italy would be assured of getting the raw materials she needs without difficulty.

"In the east of Europe live 140,000,000 persons who produce very little and, in consequence, consume very little. The day when Europe, solidly organized, resumes relations with Soviet Russia, on certain conditions—do you think that then, in spite of doctrinal differences, ineluctable natural necessities will not force that market to open?

"But the bringing of prosperity would not be the only result of a European federation. If, on the one hand, we could assure social well-being by manufacturing on the basis of mass production and by increasing the purchasing power of the consumer, while on the other hand, through close economic relations among the different States of our Continent, we could create an entente cordiale, and such an intermingling of vital interests that war became impossible—in that case disarmament would become possible. For States so intimately linked could easily come to an agreement for the creation of a common police force, which would be the best means of reducing national armed forces."



"SEE HOW THEY RUN!"

An Italian view of the way the European States welcome Briand's proposal.

—*Guerin Meschino* (Milan).

Opponents to Mr. Briand's project of the United States of Europe, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, see in it "a tardy attempt to cover up the essential failure of his Locarno policy of universal brotherhood by a cloud of still vaguer notions." Says the Manchester *Guardian:*

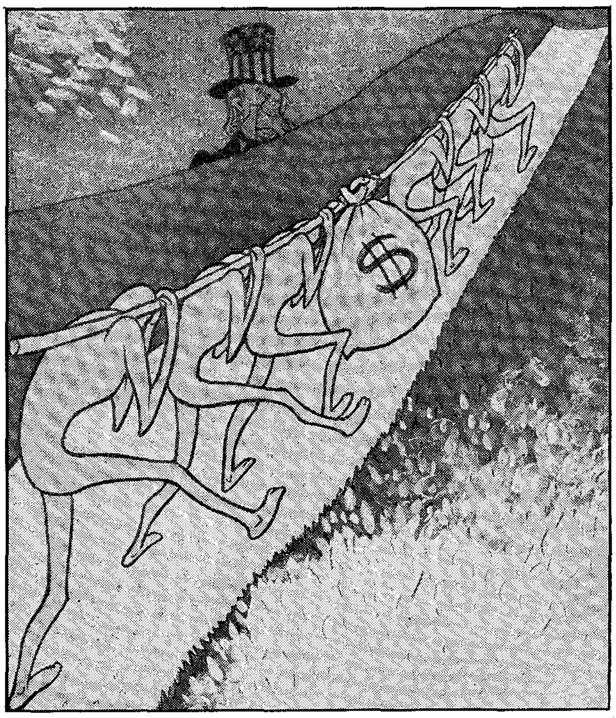
"The United States of Europe can only come by the primacy of civilization. Without this primacy there never has been, and never can be, any lasting unity among the nations. It may appear invidious to consider one nation more civilized than another. Nevertheless one nation is more civilized than another, and without awareness of this fact and all it implies, there can be no clear political thinking. There is, in our own day, one thing above all others that marks the more from the less civilized of the European nations—the Greco-Roman heritage. In terms of practical politics the primacy of European civilization resolves itself largely into the primacy of three Great Powers, England, France, and Germany. But this primacy can not become effective as long as they are divided. Once they are united, then all Europe will be united, then we shall have the United States of Europe. Not that they would or could impose their collective will, not that they would be a super-State, or even an alliance. Their will would be law not in the sense that it would be enforced so much as in the sense that it could not manifest itself without meeting with natural and almost inevitable acquiescence.

"There are many immediate obstacles to the United States of Europe—nationalism, for example, than which nothing is more alien to the Greco-Roman heritage—but ultimately there is only one obstacle, the antagonism between France and Germany. These two Powers have not, it seems, enough inner strength to overcome this obstacle. But with the help of England, who is free from any such antagonism, they can overcome it. There is only one way this help can be given, but it is a very simple way—by being a friend to each alike, and not more to one than to the other. This, of itself, should end the antagonism between them; for the one, with England as a friend, will not fear the other, and the other will not dare to assault the one with England as a friend. The United States of Europe will come at England's hands or they will not come at all."

In Germany, it seems, Mr. Briand's plan impresses adverse critics as "a political chimera," and the *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten* declares that his idea "suggests an attempt to restore a badly smashed head by covering it with a top hat." *Germania* believes that a Franco-German understanding is the pivotal point in the political and economic pacification of Europe, while the Leipzig *Neueste Nachrichten* avers that the first step toward a consolidated Europe is a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. Caustic comments are found in some Italian newspapers, among which is the Rome *Tevere*, which remarks that "while Mr. Briand is conceiving his Pan-European ideas, the French Government is planting more deeply the bayonets of black soldiers in the Rhineland," and, it is further charged:

"It simultaneously destroys by gun-fire not only the architecture of Damascus, but all semblance of autonomous government of the Syrian population. It persecutes Annamite patriots. It increases its air forces. It forms a plan of mobilization that provides for the using of children and of women. It seeks, it concludes, and it loses secret alliances both naval and air. It builds fortifications on the Italian frontier as we can show through French witnesses. It resists by all means, both diplomatic and non-diplomatic, a fair adjustment of a Franco-Italian peace which is equally useful to civilization as is Pan-European peace."

Similarly bitter is another Italian journal, the Rome *Popolo d'Italia*. To the European internationalism of Briand, it declares, the workers prefer pure and simple internationalism without bounds of continents, and, what is more, they allege that through the very fact of the organization of the British Empire, England would become the supreme director of the new federation.



A GERMAN THRUST

The actual United States of Europe bound miserably together in debt to Uncle Sam.

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

A RUSSIAN-GERMAN MYSTERY

THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL in Berlin of two Russians, refugees from their country, N. Orlov and M. Pavlonovsky-Sumazokov, on charges of forging a series of documents designed to discredit the Soviet Government as well as some prominent non-Russian political personalities, like Senator Borah, flared up in the press of both Europe and this country as a first-class international *cause célèbre.* But somehow it seemed to flash in the pan amid other more important news, especially when the accused Russians received the light sentence of only four months in jail. Yet the termination of the trial did not end the interest of Russian editors in Germany and of some German editors in the case and in the two chief figures of it. Both Orlov and Pavlonovsky, it seems, in former days were minor officials of the Czarist régime. With the ascendency of Bolshevik power they turned Red, and served in the Cheka, the infamous Soviet secret police which is now known as the GPU. They again turned coat when they arrived in Berlin, and began to work against the Soviet Government, through the means of forged documents. Many unpleasant and mystifying suggestions were raised by the trial, declares a conservative Russian daily, *Vozrozhdienye* (Paris), which advises us that a Berlin newspaper, *Die Wahrheit*, has alleged that there are known cases where men undesirable to the Soviet Government were lured into the Soviet Embassy in Berlin, and never came out of it. According to this Russian daily—

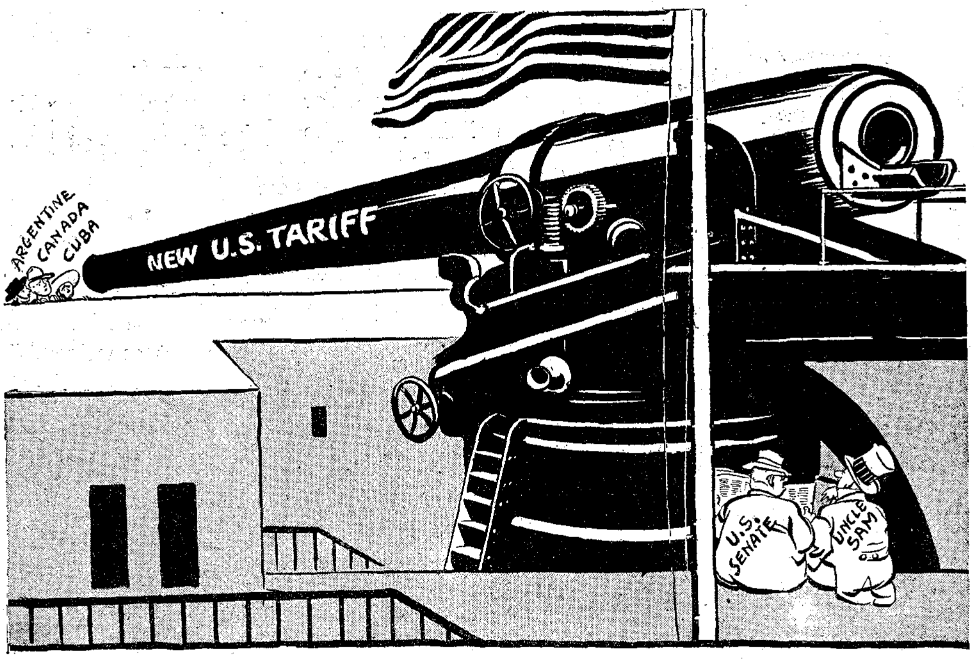
> "The so-called trial of Orlov turned out to be the trial of the German police on the one hand, and on the other the trial of the Soviet diplomatic corps in Berlin. Whenever the witnesses or their lawyers approached the subject of the alleged forgeries, the court saw itself obliged to interrupt the cross-examination and to forbid the witnesses to answer certain questions.
>
> "It was apparent that either the Germany Ministry for Home Affairs or the Soviet Embassy in Berlin were becoming involved.
>
> "This trial has revealed that, for ten years, there have existed in Germany certain secret organizations which received large sums of money from somewhere. These organizations were constantly in contact with the German police, and German Cabinet Ministers knew very well of their existence.
>
> "At the same time, the agents of the Soviet Embassy were watching these organizations closely, and tried to smuggle into them their own spies. Men like Pavlonovsky lived in dread, and never went near the Soviet Embassy in Berlin, for fear of being seized, thrown into the cellars of that Embassy, and secretly shot there."

As to Orlov and Pavlonovsky, a democratic Russian anti-Bolshevik daily, *Posliednya Novosti* (Paris), points out that:

> "The Soviet Government commits so many forgeries, and so often are genuine documents found that reveal its attempts to violate international peace that these two forgers easily found a market for their concoctions. The German Republic in particular is often obliged to counteract blows directed at it from Moscow. At the same time Soviet diplomats have brought in their train to Germany a whole crowd of scoundrels well schooled in GPU morals and ways of doing things. No wonder that among such a crew two should be discovered who turned traitor to their masters."

CANADIAN TARIFF MEDITATIONS

"HOT GOSPELLERS" for the higher tariff in the United States, and also elsewhere, can see only possible gains through its operation, it is said, and that there will be losses to offset the gains never occurs to them. As a case in point, the Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press* tells us that it is being pointed out to the farmers of the United States that the purchases of farm products by workmen who are employed because their products can be sold in Canada constitute a valuable market which will be lost if Canada shifts her purchases elsewhere as the result of resentment created by increases in the United States tariff. The farmers might lose a much larger market, we are told, through a decrease in the purchasing power of United States workmen because of the loss of Canadian markets. *The Free Press* maintains that this argument is not a fanciful one, tho it will doubtless seem so to rabid high-tariff campaigners, and turning the argument home, it proceeds:



BRITISH SATIRE

"I jest can't understand, Big Boy, why them folks in Europe can't live peaceable among themselves like us Amurricans!" —*The Evening Standard* (London).

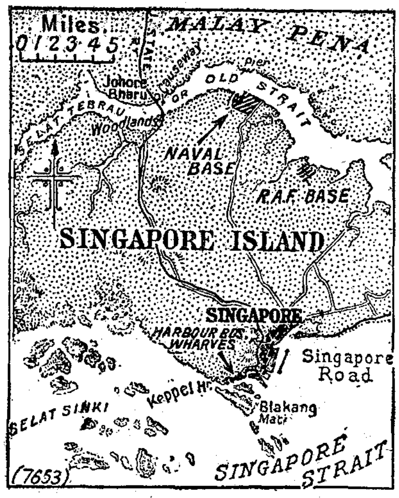
> "Canadian farmers who are determined to shut out butter from Australia and New Zealand might well give some thought to the same argument. All they can see is that a certain amount of butter comes in from those countries; shut it out, and will they not get this market for their own butter? It looks quite simple.
>
> "But let us look a little closer. The automobile that goes to the Antipodes is made by Canadian mechanics; and Canadian mechanics eat butter. The Canadian newsprint that goes to Australia and New Zealand is likewise the product of an army of workers who also eat butter. So with our lumber exports, our canned-salmon exports and all the other shipments which go to make up the 30 million dollars' worth of exports which we send to Australia and New Zealand—back of them are Canadian workers who consume the products of the Canadian farms."

Well, then, *The Free Press* goes on to say, let us suppose that Canadians embargo butter imports which amounted last year in value to more than $8,000,000, and also let us suppose that New Zealand and Australia in retaliation should buy their newsprint from Norway and their motor-cars from Great Britain. The farmers get an additional revenue, this Canadian daily concedes by the exclusion of the butter, but—

> "Don't they lose, on the other hand, a market not only for butter but for other products through the loss of employment by thousands of workmen who are their patrons and customers? On the balance, if the transactions could be traced, they might easily be losers."

A DOMINION CRY FOR SINGAPORE

ALARM AND ANGER are stirred among Australian and New Zealand editors at the mere suggestion that Britain's Labor Government should think of abandoning the naval-base project at Singapore, or even of modifying it drastically. To call a halt at Singapore, they say, would be to render a distinct disservice to the Dominions, and would be held as proof that the Labor Government's assertions of concern for the British Empire are not sincere. According to their means, the Auckland *Weekly News* reminds us, Australia and New Zealand and British possessions in the Far East are contributing to the realization of the project. It points out also that when Mr. MacDonald was previously in office they express their anxiety at delay in the work, and heaved an audible sigh of relief when, under the succeeding government, a contract for the floating-dock was let. This New Zealand paper goes on to say:



From the London *Times*

"GIBRALTAR OF THE EAST"

Australia and New Zealand are alarmed that Britain's Labor Government is said to be thinking of abandoning the naval-base project at Singapore.

"The dock is now in position, but adequate defenses have yet to be provided, and also oil-fuel reserves and repair facilities ashore. Without these additions the dock is of no strategic value; and the free gift of land by the Straits Settlements, together with the cash contributions of the Malay States, Hongkong, and New Zealand, and the promise made by Australia, might just as well not have been given. Apparently, the Labor Government is disposed to excuse its expected decision by saying that it does not want to throw good money after bad, but as much of the money spent was that of other people, who honestly believed it to be quite good, such an excuse would convey a reflection to be resented.

"It can not be pleaded, however, that the Government is unaware of the value of the base to some of the Dominions. When the contract for the floating-dock was let, Labor spokesmen in the Commons asked significant questions as to what part of the cost some of the Dominions were going to pay, as the expenditure was an insurance of their interests. Their criticism thus rested on an admission of the Dominion aspect of the facts. Therefore, by stopping the project, they palpably do more than try to save the pocket of the British taxpayer: they tell these Dominions that they will not be party to an insuring of their interests. After their naive admission that the full development of the base is vital to these Dominions, there is little call to emphasize this aspect. But the project affects a wider issue. The effective mobility of the Royal Navy—the fleet whose puissance is often made an argument by opponents of military training as unnecessary—depends in great measure on this project. To those whose range of thought does not extend east of Suez this idea may be difficult to grasp, but there is sober truth in it. The Empire is one. It may as fatally be struck by the severance of a remote artery as by the plunging of a sword into its heart. Viewed thus, the Orient and the Pacific are not by any means negligible regions when defense has to be considered."

The total cost of making Singapore a naval base, notes the Calgary *Herald*, has been set at $55,000,000, and this Canadian newspaper, which apparently is not very keen about the undertaking, adds:

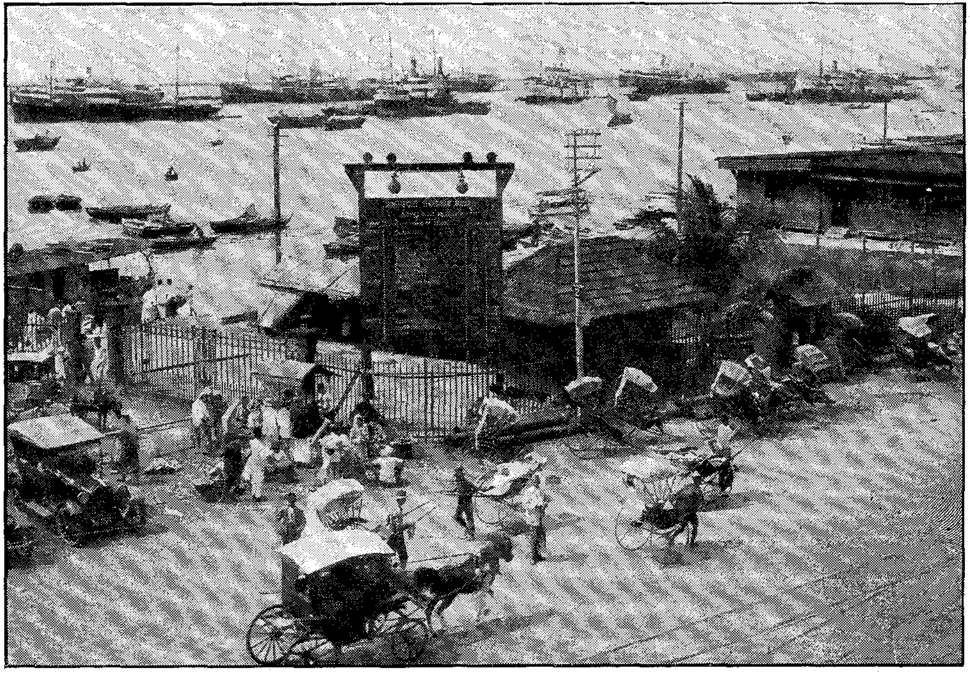
"Premier MacDonald may find a way out of a difficult dilemma by carrying the project through to completion and converting the dry dock and airport to commercial uses entirely. Even there he would require the consent of the other contributors to the cost, but if he makes distinct headway in promoting naval accord among the leading nations, including Japan, consent might be forthcoming."

But a stout champion of the Singapore base is the naval correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, who recalls that when it was first conceived, Japan suspected that it was directed against her, but this informant points out:

"She now realizes that Singapore is no more a threat to her than Gibraltar is to New York (the distances are in each case approximately the same), but is looking for danger to the North and West. She has no reason to fear and may have cause to welcome an accession of British strength at the gate of the Pacific.

"Both the United States, with her interests in the Philippines, and France in Indo-China realize that a powerful Singapore is bound to have a pacifying effect in the Pacific. Holland, as long as Britain depends so much upon the oil supplies from the Dutch Indies, regards the base at Singapore as of first importance to the safety of her colonies. But the main consideration is the safeguarding of the great volume of British trade, and for this a base at Singapore is essential, and it threatens no one.

"Singapore has been aptly called the Gibraltar of the East, but this does not mean that vast forts are being built. The days of these are past, for it has long been recognized that no base can be saved by forts unless the fleet it supports holds the command of the sea. Singapore is required to support, repair, and supply a squadron strong enough to protect the trade routes that it commands in the Far East. That squadron will normally consist of cruisers, but might have to be reenforced with capital ships in the event of trouble in the Pacific, an eventuality by no means remote."



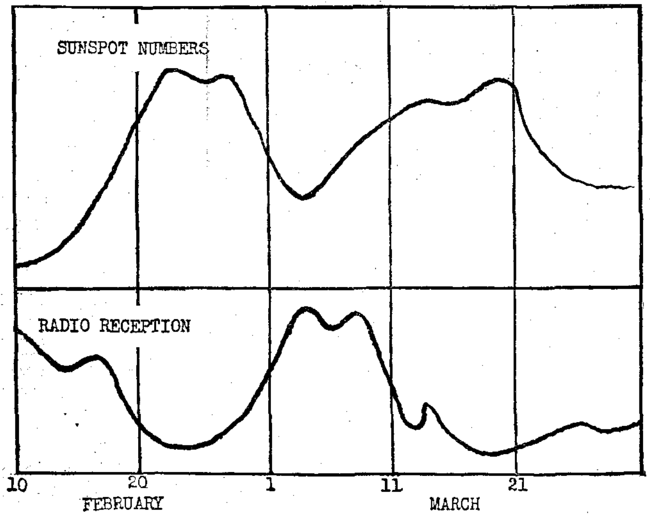
Photograph by Burton Holmes. From Ewing Galloway

THE BUSY WATER-FRONT OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PORT OF SINGAPORE

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

INFLUENCE OF SUN-SPOTS ON RADIO

RADIO RECEPTION WILL BE POOR this October. It will then get better and better until 1934. This prediction is based on researches regarding the connection between sun-spots and radio, made recently by two American experts. According to them, beams of electrons shot out from the sun affect our upper atmosphere in such a way as to increase or diminish its power to reflect radio-waves, and hence influence the intensity of what we receive in our apparatus. This autumn there will be an unusually large number of sun-spots, indicating increased solar activity, disturbing the magnetic state of the atmosphere, and weakening radio reception. This matter is elucidated further by James Stokley in an article printed in *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington). Mr. Stokley says:



Illustrations by courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C.

SUN-SPOTS VERSUS RADIO RECEPTION

This diagram, prepared by Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, shows that as the sun-spots increase, the strength of radio reception decreases, and vice versa. It records the results of experiments made in February and March, 1928.

"The present popularity of radio is largely due to the fact that there were few sun-spots in 1923!

"In general, radio reception is as good in summer as it is in winter!

"In October of this year radio reception will probably be poorer than it has been since broadcasting came into popularity. Not until the year 1934 may we expect really good radio reception, comparable with that which we enjoyed in 1923!

"These are some of the surprizing conclusions to be drawn from the researches of a Harvard astronomer and a private radio engineer, Dr. Harlan T. Stetson and Dr. Greenleaf W. Pickard of Newton Center, Massachusetts.

"In February, 1926, Dr. Pickard began the accurate measurement of radio reception in his private laboratory at Newton Center. Two years later a duplicate set of apparatus was installed at the Astronomical Laboratory of Harvard University, and the measurements carried on there under Dr. Stetson's direction. Some months before this, in July, 1927, Mr. Howell C. Brown of Pasadena, California, began making records of reception from San Francisco.

"What these scientists are doing is to find the effect of sun-spots on radio. Astronomers have found that the number of the spots waxes and wanes in a regular cycle. Once in about eleven and a half years they become particularly numerous, then they decrease again. According to some astronomers we seem to have just passed the period of maximum spottedness, but there is expected to be an unusually large number of spots this fall, which may prove to be the maximum.

"Sun-spots are great whirlpools or tornadoes, in the outer layers of the sun. The gases travel from the inside upward and to the outside of the spot in an ascending spiral of increasing diameter, just the opposite to the spiral motion of the water running out of a wash-basin.

"Gases ascend to the top of the funnel, then expand rapidly, and are cooled to a temperature from 2,000 degrees centigrade or 3,600 degrees Fahrenheit below the temperature of the surrounding surface. In the words of Prof. H. N. Russell, of Princeton, 'A sun-spot is the greatest refrigerating mechanism known to exist,' strange as it may seem to think of a temperature hotter than an arc light on the earth as 'cool.'

"The cooling of the gases accounts for the fact that the spot is darker than the surrounding part of the solar surface, but here also the effect is due to contrast, for actually the sun-spot is very bright.

"There is no question that sun-spots have some influence on the earth. Great displays of the aurora borealis, or 'northern lights,' frequently accompany the passage of a large spot across the face of the sun. When average temperatures are charted over a long period, it is found that the earth is much cooler at the time of the greatest number of spots. It is warmer than average when the spots are at a minimum.

"In a sense, the sun-spot is a cathode-ray tube. From it comes a beam of rapidly moving electrons, and sometimes the beam is so powerful that it bridges the 93,000,000 miles that separates the sun from the earth. The electrons from the sun, penetrating the rarefied gases in the upper atmosphere, ionize them and make them luminous. This effect is the aurora borealis.

"The path of the beam of electrons is determined by the magnetic field of the earth. But a stream of rapidly moving electrons is accompanied by its own magnetic field. The interaction of the two fields produces disturbances known as magnetic storms. Prof. R. A. Fessenden, pioneer radio engineer, found in 1908 that signals were weakened when the magnetism was disturbed. The work of Dr. Pickard and Dr. Stetson represents a modern continuation of the work. Dr. Stetson says:

"'Scientists differ in their ideas as to just what happens when a broadcast wave travels over the earth. Some believe that an ether wave is propagated which is reflected back to earth from an ionized layer of the earth's atmosphere some forty-three miles above the earth's surface. Others maintain that the electric wave is refracted rather than reflected from such a layer. Whatever the mechanism, the wave appears to be turned back by this layer. Any change in the intensity or degree of this electrification of the earth's upper atmosphere would have the effect of bending the ray more abruptly or less abruptly toward the earth, and would at once be noticed in the intensity of radio reception. The more rapid changes of this sort are doubtless responsible for the phenomena of 'fading,' with which every radio fan is thoroughly familiar.

"According to our theory, the sun constantly bombards the earth's atmosphere with electrons or bundles of energy of high frequency, which in turn tear apart the positive and negative charges of the atmospheric molecules. In other words, they ionize the atmosphere to a very considerable extent. If the sun is more active on occasions, as when large spots appear on its surface, the degree of ionization increases, upsetting the radio reception. When the sun is again less active, the atmosphere tends to return to its normal state if ionization and radio-broadcasting reception tends to improve as the ionized layer lifts.

"'For certain wave-lengths it is possible that the effect of a rising and falling ionized layer might actually be the reverse of that noted in the broadcasting zone, giving improved reception during greater solar activity and poorer reception during less solar activity. Curiously enough, this is just what has been observed by Dr. Pickard when working on long waves.

"'Day reception, which Dr. Austin has been measuring at Washington since 1915, is in general inversely related to night reception, so that associated with high sun-spot number and disturbances of terrestrial magnetism we find high values of day reception and low values of night reception."

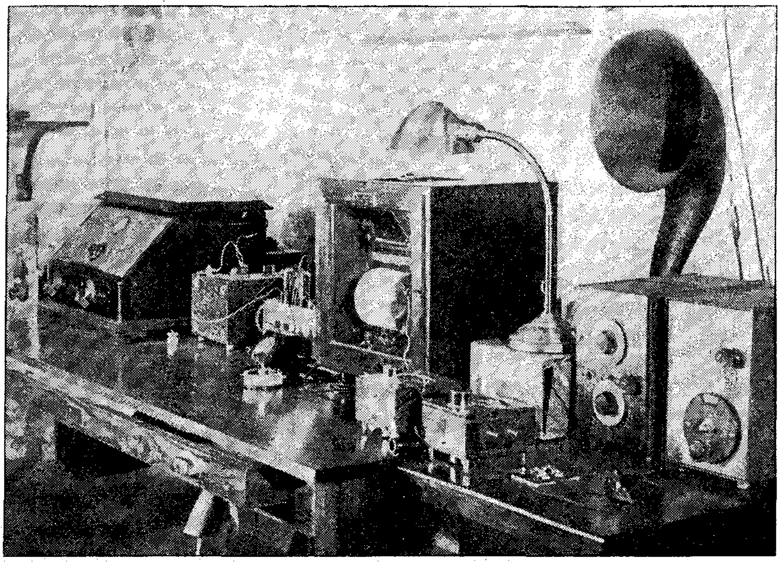
If the curve showing the number of sun-spots is charted with that for radio reception underneath it, there is a striking similarity. As the number of sun-spots goes down, the radio reception goes up, and a time of many sun-spots is closely associated with a time of poor reception. Mr. Stokley goes on:

"The times of these maxima are about fifteen months apart, and so this autumn, probably about October, there should be another maximum number of sun-spots and another time of poor reception. Dr. Stetson and Mr. Pickard both believe that the spots will be even more numerous than they have been in the past three occasions, and that reception will be even poorer. Not until 1934, when spots are again at their minimum, will our radio reception become especially good.

"A popular idea that is contradicted by Dr. Stetson's and Mr. Pickard's work is the belief in a difference between summer and winter radio reception.

"'An important result is to show how completely unfounded is the popular impression that radio reception is universally poor in summer and good in winter,' said Dr. Stetson. 'Generally speaking, reception should be better in the winter months on account of the shortened days and decreased daylight. On the other hand, the sun-spots and radio curves of 1926–28 show that the increased solar activity actually gave much poorer reception in the winter months of both 1926 and 1927 than during the summers of the same years.'

"'That the earth is in the midst of an immense electric field emanating from the sun and varying with the solar cycle may prove to be the outcome of our investigations,' said Dr. Stetson. 'For many generations scientists have recognized a recurrent cycle in solar activity, but never before now has it been possible to study the changing degree of the electrification of the earth's atmosphere with the coming and going of sun-spots across the solar disk. All this has come about by the development of radio.'"



FOR MEASURING RADIO RECEPTION

This apparatus, designed by Dr. Greenleaf W. Pickard, pioneer investigator of the relation of sun-spots to radio, is installed at the Harvard Astronomical Laboratory.

KODAK FILMS AS RAINY-DAY TINDER—Campers or vacationists who find themselves fireless on a rainy day, with dry matches, but no wood dry enough to start a fire, may take heart, writes the editor of *La Nature* (Paris), if they have kodak films which they are willing to sacrifice. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Celluloid is one of the best possible kinds of tinder. Films are made of celluloid. Even films that are actually wet can be wiped off and made to burn. Once ignited, they will burn even in the rain. A few films ignited one at a time will supply fire enough to dry out a heap of shavings or twigs, so that an ordinary camp-fire can be started. Americans do not need to be reminded of this explosive property of celluloid, so tragically exemplified by the disaster at the Cleveland Clinic."

VITAL RAYS

THAT LIVING AND GROWING TISSUES, both animal and vegetable, emit radiation, has long been believed both by physicists and biologists, and despite a large body of skeptics, the existence of such rays is now considered proved by R. Ruggles Gates, a reviewer writing in the pages of *Nature* (London) about a recent work on the subject published in Berlin by Drs. T. Reiter and D. Gábor. He rightly notes that if the claims of these and other experimenters are substantiated, results of great moment would follow. For instance, radiation of this kind might furnish a physical basis for telepathy, the lack of which has caused physicists hitherto to withhold a belief in any such phenomenon. Writes Mr. Gates:

"It is now several years since Gurwitsch claimed that growing roots emit some sort of influence which induces cell division in a neighboring root. The claim seemed improbable, but the pervasiveness of various kinds of radiation has since been shown by physicists, and the possibility that various types of radiation can arise in the tissues of organisms must now be faced. There is a considerable body of experimental work bearing on this subject, altho Gurwitsch's theory of 'mitogenetic rays' has been adversely criticized.

"Many of Gurwitsch's experiments were done with onion bulbs and their roots, but these hypothetical rays have also been found to emanate from stem tips and other tissues, yeast cells, the macerated bases of onion bulbs, the eggs of amphibians, the heads of tadpoles, living or macerated, and various other sources. Narcosis with chloral hydrate is supposed to inhibit the production of these rays, and Gurwitsch assumes that these rays arise when 'mitotin,' which is killed by heat, unites with 'mitotase,' which survives a temperature of 60 degrees.

"It has since been claimed that in full-grown animals only the blood produces these rays, and more recently that the tissues of malignant tumors emit them.

"From physical experiments it is concluded that the rays can undergo reflection, refraction, and diffraction, like the ultraviolet.

"Using experimentally produced rays of the same wavelength for comparison, it is claimed that onion roots are 250 times more sensitive to the 'mitogenetic rays' than a photographic plate.

"Reiter and Gábor attempt a detailed mathematical analysis of the normal growth zones and cell-division cycles of a root meristem before taking up the study of 'induction effects.' They consider that the term 'mitogenetic rays' takes too narrow a view of their nature and effect, and suggest that such rays when emitted by biological objects should be known as Gurwitsch rays. They confirm the conclusion of Gurwitsch that an 'induction effect' may be produced on onion roots by various biological objects, and that this is due to rays from various living or pulped tissues, while non-growing tissues do not show the effect.

"Malignant tumors produce the 'rays,' but benign tumors do not. There is some evidence that the rays affect a photographic plate, but this requires confirmation.

"Macerated onion-bulb tissue produces the radiation only in light, while onion bulbs, tadpoles, and malignant tumors produce it also in darkness. Acceleration and retardation effects are obtained with amphibian eggs and larvæ by subjection to ultraviolet light, the effects varying with the wave-length and the age of the animal.

"These and similar results, in which it appears to be possible to treat the radiations from certain active tissues as ultra-violet rays are used in experiment, opens the whole question of the production of radiations by living tissues or substances, a hypothesis which, if substantiated, would have far-reaching effects.

"Haberlandt has recently published experiments which he believes support his view that the stimulus has a chemical basis, rather than a physical one, in the supposed Gurwitsch rays. It is possible that these views are complementary, both containing some element of truth."

MAN, NOT MUSCLES

GYMNASTICS SHOULD BE DIRECTED, not to the development of the muscles, but to that of the whole man. So declares a French writer, Fortunat Strowski, member of the Institute, who contributes an article on the subject to *Comœdia* (Paris). Our readers may be somewhat surprized at the part that he believes gymnastics to play in unifying the American population and in standardizing an American type. While he may exaggerate in this respect, it is interesting to know that he strongly advocates the introduction into France of the system of gymnastic training that he found in this country, especially in Columbia University, New York. Writes Mr. Strowski, in part:

"There is no American 'race'; no American 'nation.' The population of the United States is made up of all the European 'types'—Italian, Spanish, German, Polish, Scandinavian, Greek, Jew. It is necessary to evolve from these disparate elements the 'typical' American, and make him superior to the other 'types.'

"The American gymnastics succeeds in doing this perfectly. In the reviews of the Ziegfeld Follies you see fifty, a hundred, girls absolutely alike, of the American type. The same for the young men. Individual diversity decreases and disappears. And physical exercise (not selection) creates a race, healthy, beautiful, and homogeneous.

"This exercise is overseen and disciplined according to fixt rules by the experience of professionals and the science of physicians.

"When a student reaches the gymnasium, he is measured, weighed, auscultated. If he has round shoulders, he is sent to a certain department; if he is flat-chested, to another. He is classified according to the resistance of his heart and the quality of his muscles.

"At the end of a few months, he is reduced to the normal type, at least so far as it can be done with the human organism.

"It would be premature to think of naturalizing these methods with us. We shall have to build gymnasiums, form a corps of professors and physicians, and probably change all our habits. But we can bend in that direction—under certain conditions.

"The first and most important of these conditions is to arrange the program of studies so as to fit in with the hours of gymnastics. The physical must not be added to the mental labor; the sum total of the fatigues and efforts of both kinds should remain constant.

"Formerly, educators supposed that physical exercise was a rest from brain-work. I knew a school where the pupils were worked hard during the week. Tuesdays, to rest them, the principal woke them at 5 A. M., and trained them all day by a terrible hike through the country. Pretty soon that school was decimated by typhoid, grippe, and brain-fag, while the municipal college, in an old, insanitary building, had not a single patient.

"Whenever a class has gymnasium work, the morning studies should be omitted, or those of the afternoon if the gymnasium exercise is at that time.

"I proved this in New York. We left the gymnasium at 11 A. M., somewhat tired (never tired out; the instructors saw to that). If the slightest brain-work had been added to this slight fatigue, we should have been spent. We waited until after lunch.

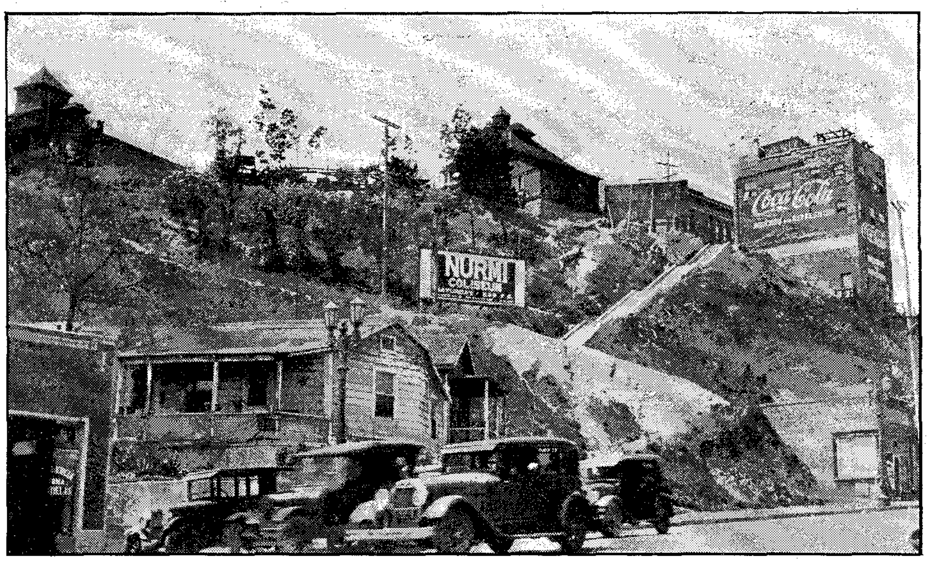
"Besides the right program, we must have the right masters. The great thing for them to remember is that they are not to develop their students' muscles; that is the business of special sports. Their duty is to form perfect types. The harmony of proportions, the purification of the blood, the ease and regularity of respiration, the suppleness of the whole organism—that is their affair. They should be hygienists, or under the direction of hygienists. They will take account of diet, fix the duration of sleep, and prescribe exercises that may sometimes interfere with life, especially the scholarly life."

GET OUT OF MY WAY, MOUNTAIN!

THUS SPAKE LOS ANGELES to a hill that blocked its expansion. We all remember how Mohammed had to go to the mountain, because he couldn't get the mountain to come to him. Presumably it would have been equally reluctant to get out of his way, if he had wanted to pass. Things eventuate differently in California. There, the mountain will actually move; altho, it must be confessed, not until physical pressure has been applied. C. H. Tucker tells the story in an article entitled, "Moving a Mountain to Build a City," contributed to *The Professional Engineer* (Chicago). We quote:

"In the olden days, any one who dared suggest the idea of moving a mountain to build a city would have been freely derided. But such is the speed with which man's inventive genius is progressing in the twentieth century, that a plan to move a mountain and build a city merely arouses interest in the project.

"From the old Spanish plaza of the early dons and its adjacent mission has radiated a great and modern city, Los Angeles, whose shoulder is hard against the wall of a mountain known as Bunker Hill. This hill has long stood in the way of the growth of the business district, and has acted as a barrier to traffic, which is becoming a greater and more vital problem each day. It has been felt for some time that Bunker Hill, since it hampers the metropolitan expansion of Los Angeles, must come down. But up to the present time, the matter of moving a mountain and then disposing of it has been a problem to merchants and bankers alike.



Courtesy of *The Professional Engineer* (Chicago)

PART OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT IS TO BE RAZED BY LOS ANGELES

This photograph was taken looking west on Broadway from Sunset Boulevard.

"However, the engineer now comes into his own. The various steps in the solution of this problem follow. A definite plan of financing, as proposed by D. C. Bigelow, President of the Southwestern Investment Corporation, made available $40,000,000 with which to do the work. Under the 'Bigelow Plan,' all the financing will be done within the district by private capital, and not by an assessment district.

"A preliminary estimate was furnished by W. S. Cooper, an engineer, and studied by a committee appointed by President Porter H. Albright of Los Angeles Chapter, A. A. E., after which the chapter indorsed the feasibility of the project.

"The committee's report states:

"That the removal of Bunker Hill would be a great benefit to the city and county at large. It would open and extend traffic lanes and materially reduce the present traffic congestion in the down-town area.

"Bunker Hill rises approximately 110 feet above the surrounding city-street grades and extends over an area about 1½ miles long and ½ mile wide, covering about 450 acres. It has been estimated that the work will entail the removal and transportation to near-by areas of 20,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock.

"Plans have already been started to replace the mountain with modern buildings with transportation facilities, landing fields, and various other modern improvements—dreams of architects, builders, and city planners to meet the modern and advanced requirements of fast-changing times.

"It is planned to start the work at the south end of the project, the point of highest value, and work to the north, completing as excavation progresses all new improvements, such as sanitary sewers, storm drains, curbs, sidewalks, paving, and lights.

"The physical work is a comparatively simple engineering *undertaking and entirely feasible. It is proposed to drive a* small pioneer tunnel north and south about the center of the project, and transport through it all excavated material. This will eliminate any interruption in the flow of materials, and will prevent congestion of traffic on the streets. A cross-conveyer system will be used to deliver the excavated material to the central tunnel. These conveyers will be moved ahead, to be ready for the next cut as the shovels complete their cuts. Test borings, the exposure on four sides, and records of tunnels show that no hard material will be encountered. It is believed that almost all the material can be readily excavated with large shovels.

"The removal of this mountain will directly unite Hollywood and that rapidly developing Wilshire district with the very heart of Los Angeles, and will make for the building of the world's most modern city within a city.

"At present market values, real estate in the affected area is estimated to be worth $35,000,000. Present owners generally regard this property as a frozen asset. But with Bunker Hill razed, a building frontage of 100,000 feet will be opened up to form a potent factor in the Los Angeles building program. From five to seven years will probably be required for full completion of the enterprise. Considering such factors as the city's growth and the physical improvement of buildings, it is believed that in that period of time a fivefold increase in present property valuation would be a conservative estimate."

DEAFNESS AND DIET

THAT DEAFNESS MAY BE PREVENTED by proper diet is asserted by one of the New Health Society's experts on the ear, nose, and throat, thus cited by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, the English surgeon, writing in the London *Daily Mail* (Continental edition):

"The ear has a complicated structure, and is divided into three parts—external, middle, and internal. The external-ear comprises the fibrocartilaginous framework, covered by skin, on the outside of the head, which serves to catch the vibrations of the air, and a bony, and partially cartilaginous canal leading to the middle-ear, from which it is divided by the tympanic membrane or ear-drum.

"The internal-ear comprises a series of cavities, and it is from here that the nerves of hearing lead to the brain.

"Deafness may occur in any degree, from a slight inaccuracy in distinguishing faint sounds to absolute insensibility to the loudest noises. The commonest cause of temporary deafness is the blocking of the ear-passages by wax, or by a foreign body, either of which may be removed by syringing or other appropriate measures.

"Of cases of deafness not caused by wax, 90 per cent. are caused by affections of the middle-ear. Closing of the Eustachian tube, leading to the retraction of the ear-drum, by the absence of pressure inside the middle-ear, is one of the commonest causes of this deafness.

"Inflammation of the middle-ear, if of a virulent nature, may not only cause deafness, but may spread to the mastoid cells, or to the meninges and the brain, and may even lead to a fatal issue.

"Various diseases, such as scarlet-fever, measles, influenza, diphtheria, bronchitis, and pneumonia may also give rise to catarrhal deafness, but one of the principal causes of deafness in children is adenoids. Recent investigations have shown that adenoids is of the nature of a deficiency disease.

"It is a curious fact that in prosperous communities, like Great Britain, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, with favorable climates, adenoids are most common among children. This is, without doubt, due to the excess of carbohydrates (starchy foods) in the diet of the average child of these countries.

"Thus, we see that diet reform is the method by which by far the greater proportion of cases of deafness may be prevented."

THE HUMAN SIDE OF HIGH PRODUCTIVITY

UNDER THIS HEADING, *The Iron Age* (New York) summarizes a recent analysis of employment in the Worcester, Massachusetts, works of the American Steel & Wire Company, comparing the years 1920 and 1928, *which, it asserts, shows an extraordinary improvement in two of* the most vital factors, labor turnover and absenteeism. He explains:

"In both respects the percentages of 1920 represented large unnecessary production costs. At the North works, for instance, it was necessary in 1920 to hire 2,231 men in order to maintain a working force of 2,500. Last year only 382 men were hired to maintain a force of 2,000, and the actual turnover caused by the *drift of workers in and out was reckoned as about 200,* the remaining 182 representing the normal and unavoidable changes resulting from death, disability, or retirement. Thus, where the turnover in 1920 was nearly 90 per cent., that of 1928 was about 10 per cent.

"In the same works in 1920 absenteeism ran between 5 and 6 per cent. In 1928 it was little more than 1 per cent. In the one year 150 employees on an average were away from their tasks, in the other year the number was less than 25. In considering this and similar statistics, some correction should be made, because 1920 was a peak year and 1928 only an average year. But at Worcester the first half of 1929, with increased plant activities, has shown little if any change in the attitude of workers toward their jobs. Neither turnover nor absenteeism has increased to an appreciable extent.

"Taking up the slack of industrial unemployment, which has been in progress during the first half of 1929, signifies much more in the increase of production than ever before under like general conditions. For the worker's average output is much more than it used to be, partly because he is working more steadily and is not nearly so prone to shift his employment, but in a larger measure because owners have steadily continued the introduction of better equipment and methods. In the Worcester works, for example—and it is typical—it is found that the output of the 4,500 men now on the pay-roll equals that of 1920, when the same plants were operating with over 6,000 men.

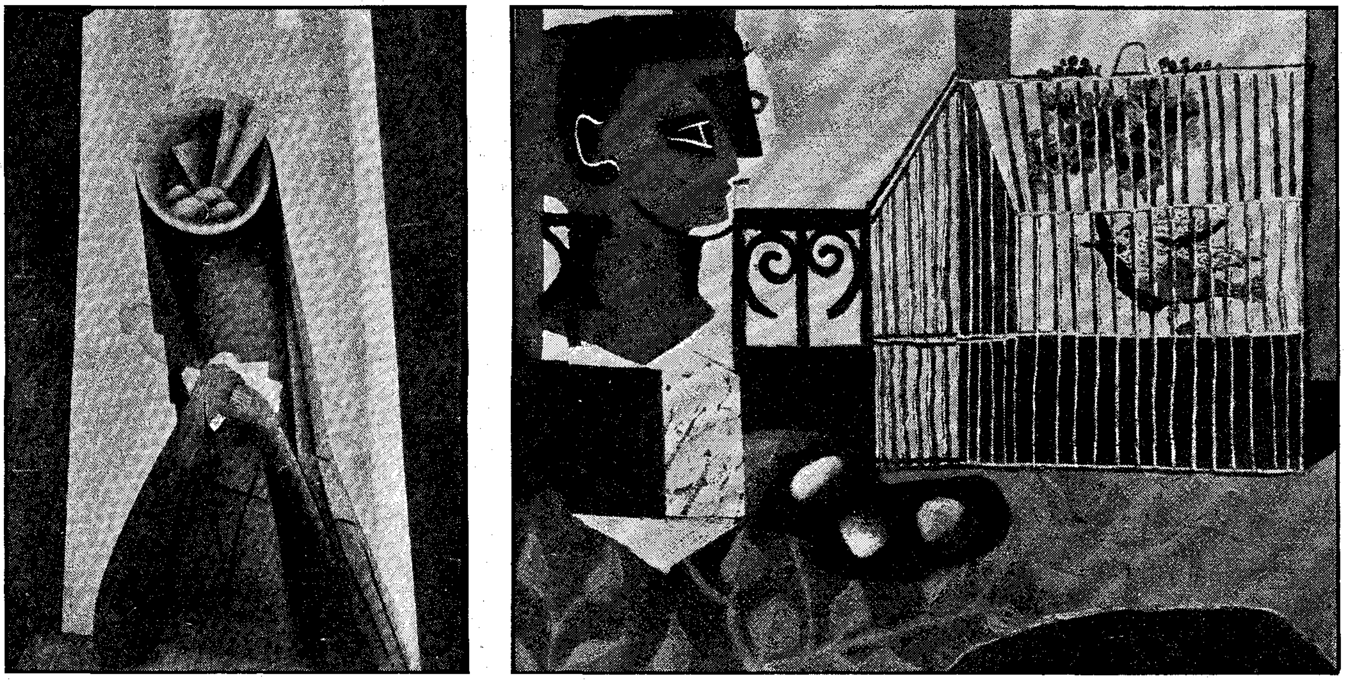
"A like change for the better is to be found in most lines of successful manufacture. As one plant manager who went through the experience has put it, the initial stimulus came in the war, *when the urgent, menacing need for munitions gave industry a* kick so vigorous that managements were fairly catapulted into action. The pressure for large-scale operation has continued through the intervening years until in many cases production per man-hour has increased to a degree that is nothing short of revolutionary."

AIRPLANE FUEL FROM THE AIR—An airplane to travel *twenty or thirty miles above the ground, drawing its fuel from* the air itself, is the dream of Professor Rindine of the Department of Aeronautics of Leningrad University, Russia. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The atmospheric fuel supply which Professor Rindine imagines, and which constitutes the novel feature of his idea, is hydrogen, the highly explosive gas now used to fill balloons and airships. Delicate chemical tests show that hydrogen gas exists in the air even at the earth's surface, but the percentage is too small to have practical significance. Higher in the air the percentage is believed to be greater. Seventy-five miles high the remaining air is believed to be nearly pure hydrogen, for hydrogen is the lightest known element, and gravitates naturally to the uppermost levels. Even thirty or forty miles above the ground there probably is about ten per cent. of hydrogen in the air, together with enough oxygen to explode that hydrogen and set free its energy. That the entire atmosphere at those levels does not catch fire and explode is because it is very thin, less than one-thousandth the density of air at sea-level. Professor Rindine proposes to equip his airplane with a compressor to catch this thin hydrogen-containing air, and condense it to the point where it becomes a violent explosive, amply powerful to drive the engines of the craft. Ordinary fuel would be necessary only while the airplane was climbing to the high level where enough hydrogen exists. Pilot and passengers would be protected inside an air-tight, cold-proof cabin."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



"THE WIDOW" "THE CAGE," BY PICASSO

The first by a "schizophrenic"; the second by one accepted as sane, except by the ultra-conservative. The nest in the widow's hat is puzzling.

WHO'S LOONY NOW IN ART?

TO THE "NORMAL" VISION, that is to those who have been unable to catch up with the modernists and also the superrealists in art, the product of these coteries has sometimes seemed and been dubbed "insane." That there might be justification in so regarding them is suggested by the critic of a picture show recently brought forward in Paris. This show consisted of designs and paintings executed by inmates of certain hospitals for insane, and were offered for sale for the benefit of the "work among the cured insane." Visitors were plentiful. "They were prepared to laugh," we are told, "or better still to frown. But hardly had they entered, when it appeared as if the exhibitors of this Salon had wished to give a lesson to those who had come to view the work." Speaking for himself, Jean Gallotti, the critic of *Vie* (Paris) found that "the first general impression upon making the rounds of the room was sufficiently disagreeable." Continuing:

"I must confess that, at first, I did not understand just what it was that caused this feeling of uneasiness. It was neither the extravagance nor the horror of the works exhibited. All in all, there were but few which actually bore evidence of, or any characteristic of, dementia. What is more, on the contrary, I ask myself now if my feeling of disquietude was not caused by the sight of so many canvases which might have been signed by perfectly sane painters?

"It is very curious, as a matter of fact, to note, that most of the exhibited paintings showed particularities which made them akin to the works of celebrated artists. Some of them would not have caused the least scandal at the Salon of the French artists, whereas others called to mind the canvases of a slightly violent impressionism. One thought in looking at them, that their authors could only have been painters whose madness had not destroyed their talent, who had remained perfectly sane in their capacity as painters, whereas, in other things, they undoubtedly manifested some mental derangement

"There were others in which the case seemed more complex. It appeared as if these were nightmares or extravagant dreams set down upon paper. Nevertheless, all seem to have done that which the great masters themselves have done, whether in moments of relaxation led on by the caprice of their imagination, or whether they did it intentionally in order to bring art into a new pathway.

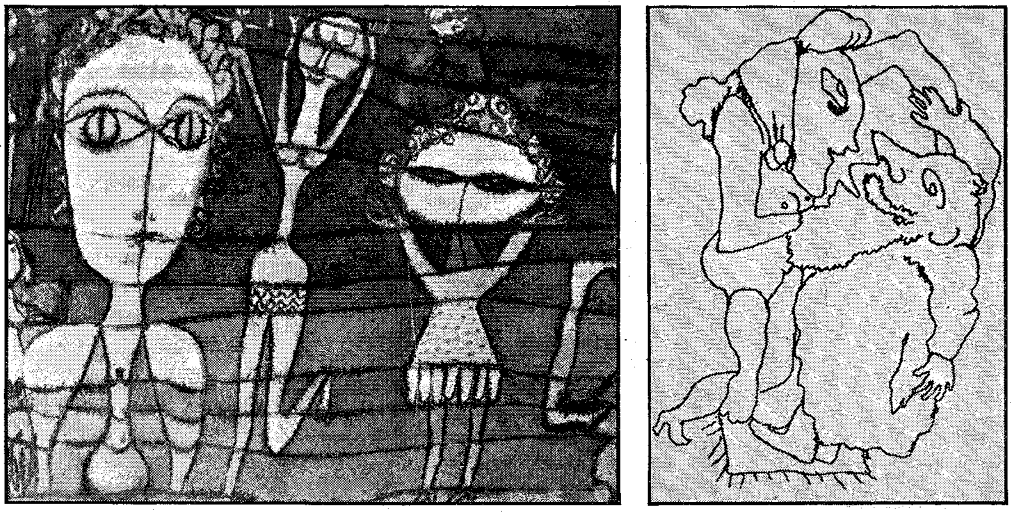
"For this reason one could easily find among them, unconscious disciples of Goya, Greco, Gavarni, Jean Weber, Luc, Albert-Moreau, Braque or of Picasso. Alienists say that these men are schizophrenics. When I asked M. Marie, who had asked me to visit the exhibition, just what the term signified, he explained that it meant a rupture between the person so afflicted and the actualities of life, that the individual lived only with his own imagination.

"I could not help but think that all the forerunners of modern art must have been forced to undergo this rupture. Is this not the program of the superrealists? This is certainly not the place to determine whether they were right or wrong. If they were wrong, then it was because of an excess of sanity and not because of a lack of it. Where, therefore, is the madness of the schizophrenics? For my part, I do not see it in their paintings. I admit that they are mad; but not when they paint or design. They are merely plunged in dreams, the realization of which has been the aim of many sane individuals. It is quite possible that when they lay down their pen or their brush, they are faced with the actualities of life; that it is then, when less fortunate—or more fortunate—than normal beings, they can not find their way back. They are only mad when they cease to function as artists.

"I do not wish to appear paradoxical. There were certain things sent to the gallery which were actually inane, such as the enchanted doll or the weapons made of flint designed by a poor demented creature in order to defend himself against his imagined persecution. But these curiosities, interesting as they were belong to the realms of the occult, to an industry which, we are forced to admit, must not be confused with that of the *beaux arts*.'

Waldemar George, writing in *La Presse* (Paris), regards the exhibition as "entirely out of date"; because the Germans had exploited the subject of art among the insane ten years ago. He writes:

"In a certain measure, such an exhibition corresponds to the passion for the curious and bizarre which is a remnant of the 'superrealist era.' It will arouse a lively interest among those who still believe in the necessity of destroying all classical tradition, those who advocate a return to 'barbarity.' The taste for the primitive is the last word in artistic snobbery. Those who follow the dictates of style or mode, embrace in their admiration, the arts of the negroes, the art of Alaska, the pre-Columbian art, the pre-Roman art . . . the art of the insane. Man is not a passive receptacle, but a spectator who sees and perceives that which he wishes to see and perceive. I do not disparage either the contribution of the art of each age, or its innate value. I merely claim that contemporary art has made the most of it, and that it is superfluous to linger in the 'initiation of the barbaric thought.'



"IN THE PRAIRIE," BY AN INSANE PATIENT AND "DOSTOIEWSKY," BY JEAN COCTEAU

Does Cocteau's sophisticated grotesquery depart any further from normal art than the fumbling incompetence of the acknowledged insane product which is seen in the picture on the left?

"If the art of the insane is still an unexplored kingdom, its study, or rather the value of its study, from the esthetic point of view, is very questionable. The honor of having brought the art of the insane into the light, belongs to the German, Prinzhorn. This savant was the first to realize the magic properties of these illogical and misshapen objects which the specialists of nervous diseases had hitherto merely regarded in the light of pathological disturbances. Prinzhorn drew the attention of the public to the intrinsic qualities of these works. He discovered the law of the relationship between the designs of the insane, these 'immediate gifts of the consciousness' and the primitive or modern works. The latter also have for their aim the desire of expression or transcription by means of adequate signs of the unformulated dreams of man, the playthings of occult forces. Art is a compensation, a discharge of suppress desires. The 'normal' person finds a natural culmination of his aspirations, in art. The demented person is the victim of a complex. For him art is not a liberation but a language, a hermetic idiom which encloses his desires, which contains the entire sum of his suffering.

"The post-war period, of which the two dominating features were expressionism and superrealism, found in the creations of the insane, the justification of uneasiness. If art, above all else, is a hallucination, a window open on the nocturnal regions of our innermost self, then nothing is more revealing and more instructive than the graphic confessions of the insane; these beings who are so totally, so absolutely sincere, these penitents whose every gesture, whose every action is in obedience to imperatives more categoric than the imperatives of the thinker of Koenigsberg.

"The attitude of the former chief physician of the Villejuif Asylum (Marie), in regarding the work of the insane, is negative in the sense that this master of science judges them from the point of view of academic art, the norm, the intangible canon! The slightest deformation, the least assault upon the laws of perspective and anatomy are qualified as morbid phenomena by Dr. Marie. I judge that this adept of Raffael would classify in the category of the insane not only Rouault, Picasso, Modgliani, Matisse, and Joan Miro, but Boser and Bronghet as well."

DO GHOSTS GUARD BOOKS?

GERMANY MAKES THE GRACEFUL GESTURE of sending to the new Louvain Library many of her ancient treasures to replace those destroyed in the war. But, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "there were manuscripts that could never be replaced; there were corners in that library where some specialist poked about on rare occasions, but whose contents were otherwise unknown, and now will never be known, to the rest of mankind." France sustained losses in kind far greater than Belgium, but these have been less widely published. Old wars throughout the ages have done their perfect work in robbing mankind, unless, as this writer fondly suggests, on the principle that nothing is lost or wasted, that books have ghosts who perpetuate their treasures of knowledge:

"When Julius Cæsar looked out upon the destruction of the Library of Alexandria, the greatest in the antique world, he thought it of slight importance, according to Shaw, that 'the memory of man is burning there.' His reading-glass was turned upon to-morrow. But nobody knows what we lost upon that day—what master-works, rising from those ashes, might awe us with their power and intellectual scope, what message they might hold.

"The rare book collection of Matthias Corvinus, scholar king of medieval Hungary, was almost destroyed by plundering Turks, and a modern bibliographer has devoted long labor to the attempt to trace its remnants in the libraries of modern Europe. He found some two hundred groups. Which of the king's books perished? What did they say?

"Soon after the war *Minerva* tried to check up the losses sustained by the venerable libraries of northern France. Arras had 47,700 volumes; it was left with 'about 2,000.' Its archives were moved from town to town, in quest of safety, and many were destroyed. In April, 1916, the University of Lille lost 18,000 volumes by fire and had 50,000 damaged by water. The library of Cambrai, one of the most precious in this part of the world, was ransacked and sets of old books were rendered incomplete. Reims suffered greatly, and her library catalogs were lost, but the manuscript catalogs of Verdun had been buried for safekeeping. Many other French libraries, full of old rarities, were irreparably diminished by war. 'Except at Louvain,' *Minerva* found, 'the loss of books from Belgian towns was not comparable with these French losses,' altho the libraries of Liège and Ypres lost thousands of rare books. Of recorded works, about 270,000 volumes were gone from the main libraries in the northern war zone, but unlisted small individual collections, as well as ancient music, church histories, and communal archives, recorded nowhere, disappeared—out of sight and out of mind forever.

"Other still older libraries are being destroyed in peace time by the natural agencies of decay in the remote monasteries and convents of both Europe and Asia, like those which Borrow used to find in Spain. No one knows, any more, what the disintegrating pages say. Do they perish utterly, or is there a renaissance or resurrection of books? Have books ghosts?

"Only a little while ago an antiquary working among the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, traditional site of the first Christian mission to Britain, received, he said, a message written by some outside force through his own passive hand: 'All knowledge is eternal and available to mental sympathy.' In monkish Latin the incorporeal intelligence then gave the clue to a forgotten manuscript. And everything that followed there, the scholar was sure, 'suggested the idea of communion between minds of the living and some kind of a storehouse of past knowledge.' So perhaps that's where books go when they vanish, even beyond reach of the archeologist's pick, from earth and from the conscious ken of the living."

UNDERDRESSING SHAKESPEARE

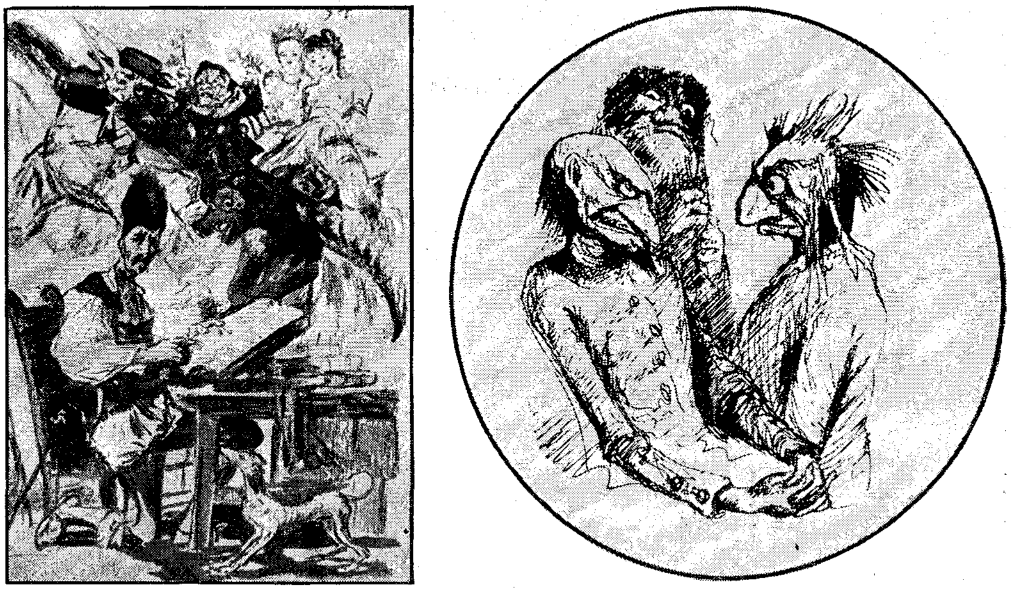
NO SHAKESPEARE IN MODERN CLOTHES is so far sighted for American playgoers. "Hamlet" and the "Taming of the Shrew" seem to have satisfied the demands in this form of Shakespearean production. But London had already gone us two better in bringing forth in addition to the above "Macbeth" and "All's Well That Ends Well," before modernizing "The Merry Wives of Windsor," now current over there. This latest effort seems to have raised John Bull's gorge in some quarters, notably the London *Times*, which thinks the perpetrators should be free "forever from any charge of loving Shakespeare overmuch." *The Daily Telegraph*, however, seems to have two minds on the matter, for in its first notice, signed "M.D.," it is observed that the production "should prove for many tastes an amusing and pleasurable entertainment—and still leave its first if not 'onlie begetter' not a penny the worse, tho perchance somewhat amazedly 'listening-in' from Olympian heights." Not so a later review, signed by Sidney W. Carroll, who takes quite the opposite stand:

"Is it not time to stop this fooling about with Shakespeare? Have not we by now seen quite enough of 'Shakespeare in modern dress' to enable us to come to the conclusion that the whole thing is an outrage, a piece of vandalism, for which there is no possible justification?

"Mr. Oscar Asche is the latest to offend in this direction against decency and good taste. He has produced a modernized travesty of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' I am not going to say that the script of this excellent and pleasant comedy should be held as sacrosanct. Every one knows what a jolly, romping farce it is. It needs playing, I admit, in a spirit of light-heartedness and prankishness. Flimsy as its fabric may be, however, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' represents the earliest form of joyous English comedy. It stands for old England in its healthiest, sanest, and most full-blooded spirit. Why modernize it and degrade it to the level of a poor third-rate bit of knock-about?

"Mr. Asche has produced his latest version in the spirit of a vulgar music-hall farce. He has, to my mind, made it utterly unfunny by laboring the obvious. He has introduced gramophones, motors, motor-cycles, telephones, newspapers, nigger minstrels, with up-to-date comic songs, and timed the proceedings from March 21 to 23, 1929.

"Why? Is it just a stunt or a bad practical joke? He has introduced into the dialog reference to Wembley, the Lincoln Handicap, petrol, and such like matters, and generally played old Harry with the piece. He has allowed, if not instructed, certain of his actors to indulge in the utmost farcical extravagances, bringing in reminiscences of provincial pantomimes or circuses in the fit-ups. I say nothing of the short skirts, the plus fours, etc., in which he dresses his players. Watching this dreary, preposterous business made me feel that it ought to be set to American jazz music, and provided with song and dance, so that the offense should be complete, and make William emerge from his grave to tell us what he thinks about it all."



"DON QUIXOTE," BY GOYA

UNNAMED DRAWING BY INSANE PATIENT

Goya's macabre art often approached madness. It is remarked that Daumier, Gavarni, and Goya seem to have collaborated in the second which was unnamed.

The assumption at the back of the theory that Shakespeare becomes more vital when brought up to date and clothed in modern costume, says Mr. Carroll, is an utterly false one. Because:

"It rests upon the idea that the virtue of Shakespeare consists mainly in his plots, whereas nothing could be farther from the case. For the stories that Shakespeare utilizes for his plays will seldom bear analysis. They are the least worthy parts of the composition. The *Falstaff* of 'The Merry Wives' is much too easily gulled by the women whom he is seeking to trick. The relations of *Nym*, *Pistol*, and *Bardolph* with *Falstaff* are unbelievable. The attitude of Ford is incomprehensibly stupid. In fact, there is, I think, in the whole piece only one really understandable and sympathetic person from the standpoint of narrative, and that is *Page*.

"In this modernized version all the flaws and weaknesses of the character-drawing seem emphasized. Even *Page* appears incredible. This may have been due to the exaggerated way of playing all the parts, but I am inclined to attribute their unconvincing effect to the incongruity of modern clothes and manners when grafted on archaic methods of expression.

"We can forgive a great deal in the name of entertainment, but it is no more diverting to see 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' brought up to date, without any sense of wit or humor, than it would be to see impertinent scribblings and lines in colored chalk made by an urchin upon the canvas of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough. It would be quite easy, for example, to affix a mustache to the picture of 'The Blue Boy' or to draw skirts around the knees of Lord Nelson, but it would not be amusing and would be none the less an impudent violation of all the established and recognized laws of taste.

"Any imbecile can produce a cheap snigger by burlesquing fine comedies and great tragedies. But is it really worth while, especially for actors of reputation and ability, like Mr. Asche and Mr. Robert Atkins?"

THE COVER—Days like these make one wish to get up high and look off; it is the ambition of childhood that lingers on through youth and maturity. Mr. Curran contents himself with depicting youth, leaving the soberer reactions of maturity unexprest. Charles Courtney Curran was born in Hartford, Kentucky, in 1861, and went to Cincinnati for art study, moving from there to New York, and on to Paris to the studios of Constant, Lefebvre, and Doucet. Twice he has received honorable mention in the Paris Exposition, and his American prizes have been the second and third Hallgarten, the Carnegie, the Clark, the Altman, and the first Corcoran, besides medals at the Chicago, Atlanta, and Buffalo Expositions. Of his work "Perfume of the Roses" hangs in the National Gallery, Washington; "The Breezy Day," Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia; "The Golden Hour," Museum of Art, Columbus; "Building the Dam," Art Association, Richmond, Indiana; "The Jungfrau," and "The Swimming Pool," Toledo, Ohio.

Underwood & Underwood photograph

WILL IT INJURE THEIR MORALS TO DO THIS FOR MONEY?

Indians performing a war-dance of the kind which Secretary Wilbur seeks to banish from Wild West shows.

MUST THE "WILD WEST" INDIAN GO?

ONCE MORE THE COUNTRY IS DIVIDED on a question of social welfare, judging by the press comments on a recent ruling of Secretary Wilbur, head of the Interior Department and official guardian of the Indian tribes. Mr. Wilbur condemns the growing practise of hiring Indians to don war-paint and feathers and exhibit their war-dances and old tribal customs for the amusement of white folks in rodeos and Wild West shows. It is not good for the red man, he thinks. That view of it, however, did not originate with him, we are told, but came from an influential group of Indians. The Episcopal convocation of the Sioux tribes, which met in South Dakota early in August, decided that commercialized spectacles of this kind were bad for the Indians who took part in them, and sent a protest to the Government at Washington asking that they be suppresst.

Secretary Wilbur, in his reply, agrees that too much use is being made of the Indian as a showman in aboriginal rôles, and promises that the Government will do what it can to discourage such exploitation. "Showmanship does not lead the Indian toward establishing himself on an even keel of self-respecting independence," says the Secretary. "It throws him back upon a masquerade of a manner of life that no longer exists, and that can not exist in contact with the dominant civilization." At the same time Mr. Wilbur explains that he wishes the Indians to make their own decisions in such matters.

The Sioux religious leaders assert in their formal communication that whenever a Western community wishes to observe some anniversary, it sends for Indians "trapt out in accordance with their customs of hundreds of years ago," and proceeds to commercialize them in order to attract outside visitors. They deplore this tendency as one that must have a demoralizing effect, saying: "We do not consider the war-whoop, war-paint, the war-dances and the tomahawk emblems of industry, of settled God-fearing homes, of Christian civilization." So they ask that these exhibitions be stopt.

Here public sentiment finds itself divided. The moralists say, "Yea, yea," but the romantically inclined answer, "Nay, nay." As several editors remark, Secretary Wilbur's decision will not be popular with the boys—nor with those of riper years who have never grown up. The Wild West of romantic fiction, which the Indians themselves have of late been helping to perpetuate, has a perennial charm for certain temperaments. Thus the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* remarks, with an air of doubtful resignation:

"We have not yet heard from the Western communities, with their rodeos, round-ups, frontier-day celebrations and other festivities designed to give the Eastern visitor a taste of the old frontier life, but some vigorous expressions will undoubtedly be forthcoming. As to the Indian himself, the impression of most Western visitors who have viewed his reappearance in native habiliments was that the show held for him as many elements of enjoyment as for the spectators. If he is to be compelled to forego his present summer wanderings in the family flivver to various round-ups and rodeos, he will probably have to make the best of it and apply himself more sedulously to the production of better pigs and cows, and more diligent tilling of the soil under the tutelage of a paternal and unfrivolous government."

But now the West is heard from—as represented by Oklahoma—in this indignant comment of the Tulsa *Tribune:*

"Hereafter Major Lillie and his Indian friends may not stage their highly entertaining programs, for the benefit of guests at his Pawnee ranch, without violating the exprest will of the Indian uplift organizations and the Department of the Interior.

"Perhaps the stomping and whooping of Indians in native costume, such as those who with much good-will and obvious enjoyment entertain Pawnee Bill's guests occasionally, may remind a few of both onlookers and actors of the days when red men made up similarly to march to war against the whites.

But the fear that their theatrical reproduction of ancestral ceremonies may lead the Indians back to aboriginal desires and ways, or widen the narrowing chasm between the red and white races, a fear that the Episcopal convocation apparently feels, is preposterous.

"The Indians who entertain Major Lillie's guests have no more idea of going on the war-path than some of the Hollywood bad men have of getting out on the Beverly Hills road and holding up a stage coach. The one group's acting is no more demoralizing than the other's—and it is at least good acting."

While Secretary Wilbur's intent is admirable, remarks the Tacoma *Ledger*, the Indian has as good a right to take part in plays depicting the life of his fathers as the white man has to appear in movies depicting scenes of the same period. The most that the Interior Department can do is to discourage cities and counties from engaging Indians to take part in fairs and celebrations in the rôle of aborigines, says the Tacoma paper, continuing:

"In the old reservation days when the Indian was a ward of the Government it might have been proper for a government agent to refuse to allow his subject wards to take part in Wild West shows, but now that there is at least a pretense that the Indian is a normal human being, endowed with the same rights as are possest by his white brother, it would appear difficult to restrain the Indian in a matter which, while not the best for him, is still within the law.

"It would appear that the matter of the propriety of the Indian of 1929 posing in the garb and following the customs of the Indian of 1880 is one for the Indian himself to solve. Very properly the Interior Department may teach the Indian the lesson of dignity and self-respect, but it may not interfere with his liberty of action within the law."

It would be difficult to cite the case of an Indian who has taken the downward course in consequence of membership in a Wild West troupe, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks, adding: "The irregular conditions, late hours, shiftings of scene of these, as well as other amusement enterprises, may tend to turn Indians from the conventional life, but is their life so very conventional in other relations?"

GOD'S LOVE CALL

By Anna Ashburn Pidcock

Hills—and the scent of pine-trees,
  Night—and the stars above
And a soft, cool wind is blowing;
  Such beauty shows forth God's love.

Rocks—and the sea beneath them,
  Ships—and the waves of blue
And the cry of flying seagulls—
  God's beauty is there for you.

Twilight—a bird is singing,
  The sky—and its one lone star,
And distant church-bells ringing—
  God's beauty—which nothing can mar.

Morning—a street in some city,
  People—these smiling, those sad.
Some of them call forth our pity—
  God's beauty could make them all glad.

But some can not see his beauty,
  Life is not "stars" to all—
So be glad if you find it your duty
  To help others hear God's love call.

—*The Christian Index.*

On the other hand, Eastern papers seem more inclined to side with the Sioux reformers and the Secretary of the Interior. Thus an editorial in the Manchester *Union* ends with the words:

"Members of the race who are adjusting themselves to conditions in what is dominantly a white man's country have a right to demand relief from practises that mislead the public and make all the more difficult general understanding and appreciation of their efforts."

The Providence *Journal* thinks it "absurd to encourage exhibitions that put a premium on the very practises and habits which the Government hopes in time to eradicate," and thus sums up the moral gains of the new ruling:

"Anyone who has lived in proximity to the Western Indians, who knows their aptitudes and habits under natural conditions, readily appreciates the artificiality and grotesqueness of the Indian 'shows' staged for commercial purposes. They are not in any sense educational, so far as the white people are concerned.

"The new policy rightly contemplates no interference with tribal customs or with celebrations which the Indians stage for their own benefit. But it does happily aim toward banning 'shows' that place the present-day Indian in a false light and, moreover, that attempt to remind him of things the Government wants him to forget."

BREAD ON THE WATERS

THE BREAD SHE CAST ON THE WATERS has come back to Mrs. Gilchrist Thompson, of Kent, England. Forty years ago she began helping family after family from the crowded slums of English towns, we read in the Washington *Evening Star*, to find a home in the fabled "land of opportunity." Often, we are told, she went to the docks to see the emigrants off—some 160 of them in all. Oftener still, Mrs. Thompson wondered how they were faring in the New World, a curiosity whetted rather than satisfied by the sketchy letters that drifted back. Then, runs the story, with her seventieth birthday behind her, Mrs. Thompson decided to satisfy herself as to whether her idea had worked out in practise. She determined to visit all the families, by that time scattered from Quebec westward to Vancouver and southward into the United States. With her daughter, Miss Vera Gilchrist Thompson, she arrived later in Washington, where she admitted to an *Evening Star* reporter that she was completely satisfied with the results of her philanthropy. Speaking of those she had befriended, she said:

"I helped them when they were prest for the barest necessities, and now, in America, they have repaid me; they have entertained me in comfortable homes, fitted with radios, telephones and baths, and they have driven me about America in automobiles—perhaps the most incredible part of it all.

"Altho even the working classes take these things for granted here, our people and those of the Continent are not so fortunate. Your working people live much better than do the well-to-do class abroad."

The Englishwomen came to America in April, we are told, and returned to England in August, after having made a trip across Canada, another down the west coast to San Francisco, and a third eastward over the United States to see Mrs. Thompson's families. The money with which she started her protégées, and much of which has been repaid by them, we read, was left her about forty-five years ago by her brother, Sydney Gilchrist Thompson, who had requested it be spent in philanthropy. Of Mrs. Thompson's philanthropic experiment *The Evening Star* says:

"Her understanding of charity was not involved. She believed simply in giving men a chance to help themselves, and when the opportunity arose, she acted in accordance with her beliefs.

"To-day she has the satisfaction of knowing that her faith in human nature was not misplaced. She gave to scores of families a chance to better their lot, and forty years later, she found that in every instance they had taken full advantage of the opportunities. Because of her, hundreds of men, women, and children will know and enjoy a happiness which they would otherwise have been denied."

CHURCH GROWTH—For the first time the membership of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has passed the two-million mark, according to figures given out by Dr. Lewis S. Mudge, clerk of the General Assembly. Noting that the much larger Methodist and Baptist Churches are growing at a like rate, the New York *Times* remarks that church members are "justified in concluding that their influence on the social structure is by no means on the decline."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

A SCHOOL OF MARRIAGE

CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT all the varieties of polygamy found in the Old Testament, but nothing about the true idea of a Christian monogamous family, says Dr. Charles N. Lathrop in criticism of the Episcopal Church's schools. "Is it any wonder," he asks, as Herbert D. Rugg quotes him in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that families are being dissolved at a very rapid rate? No one is taking the trouble to tell the boys and girls what the thing is all about, or what a marriage is or what a marriage is expected to accomplish." Confronted by this difficulty, the Department of Christian Social Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Lathrop is executive secretary, is to introduce religious and scientific instruction for marriage into the regular program of every parish. The instruction, Mr. Rugg tells us, is intended definitely to prepare young people for the responsibilities of family life. A series of "Family Relations Institutes" in the various dioceses is to be announced early this fall. At these institutes, we read, the clergy will receive a training course in the conduct of marriage preparatory classes. The institute faculties will be composed of authorities in mental hygiene, in spiritual living, in sex relationships and in household economics. The subject is of interest, of course, to the Church at large, and we quote further what Dr. Lathrop has to say:

TO SAVE FAMILY LIFE

Says Dr. Charles N. Lathrop, Social Service Secretary of the Episcopal Church, we must teach our boys and girls what Christian marriage means. His department is to give such instruction in every parish.

"The Church must recognize the necessity of really educating her people in the idea of a family relationship based on morality. The family in the Church's eyes is not only a biological arrangement for perpetuating the race but it is a school for the development of the spiritual life not only of the wife and husband but also of the children. Every one who has entered into a marriage with a spiritual motive knows this without being told. They have found it out partly by accident and partly by having observed in their own home what a happy marriage can be. The Church, it seems to us, should very deliberately and definitely mold the minds of its people so that they can develop a spiritual quality in marriage, and experience this happiness without leaving it to pure chance and accident.

"For generations we have assumed that every one knew what a Christian marriage was. Because economic necessity and public opinions of friends and relatives in closely organized communities kept marriage reasonably pure and permanent, we have assumed that all was well with our family life and that the underlying morals of it were known. Now the old communities are breaking up and the newer generation is losing itself in city life where public opinion doesn't count, and where both men and women are becoming economically independent of each other. We are finding out that the family built on convention has a great deal the matter with it. What looked like peace is armed neutrality. People are asking why shouldn't they shift partners at will if it is found convenient?

"It is curious how blindly the Church has been trusting to social conventions to develop that morality and spirituality for which she should assume primary responsibility. Now when the whole conventional basis of morality is shifting, the Church finds her moral standards challenged, if not outright rejected, as tho her teachings were to be identified with a stage of society which is passing, as indeed she has permitted them to be."

Significantly enough, we read, it was found by the joint commission of the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies appointed by the General Convention last year that the number of divorces in which both parties are active members of any church was exceedingly small. In fact, Mr. Rugg tells us, a questionnaire sent to 800 clergymen of the Episcopal Church and to a similar number of ministers of the Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Congregational churches brought responses which showed that more than 80 per cent. of the clergymen in all these communions were unable to recall any divorce at all in which both parties were regular church attendants. The commission concludes, however, we are told, that "while those who remain in vital relation with the Christian Church are rarely divorced, nevertheless many persons connected with the churches have been divorced, and multitudes at some time or other have doubtless been connected with the Church, and especially with our church schools. Therefore, the Church has a heavy responsibility in this matter."

"CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER"

THIS LEGEND IS COMMON enough on the doors of city churches, observes the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), which thinks it would be well to have the churches open every day in the week the year round, so that a hungry soul may find a place to meditate or pray. "So long as sorrows sweep in unexpectedly, like black clouds and driving hail on a June morning," it says; "so long as temptations follow no schedule, but may overwhelm a man at any moment; so long as the voice of God speaks out of the strangest places without warning; so long as the hunger for Christ's fellowship and peace may seize the soul at any time and place, the sacred altars where people find God should always be open to them." But the Pittsburgh weekly believes that discontinuance of public services at some season of the year, particularly in the summer, need not be thought an unmixed evil, and we read:

"It is far better than bringing into the holy place Saints Barnum and Bailey, with the canonized fraternity of Ringling Brothers, all for the purpose of filling the pews and the collection plates. If God is not outraged and angered at such an exhibition, surely it is true that He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.

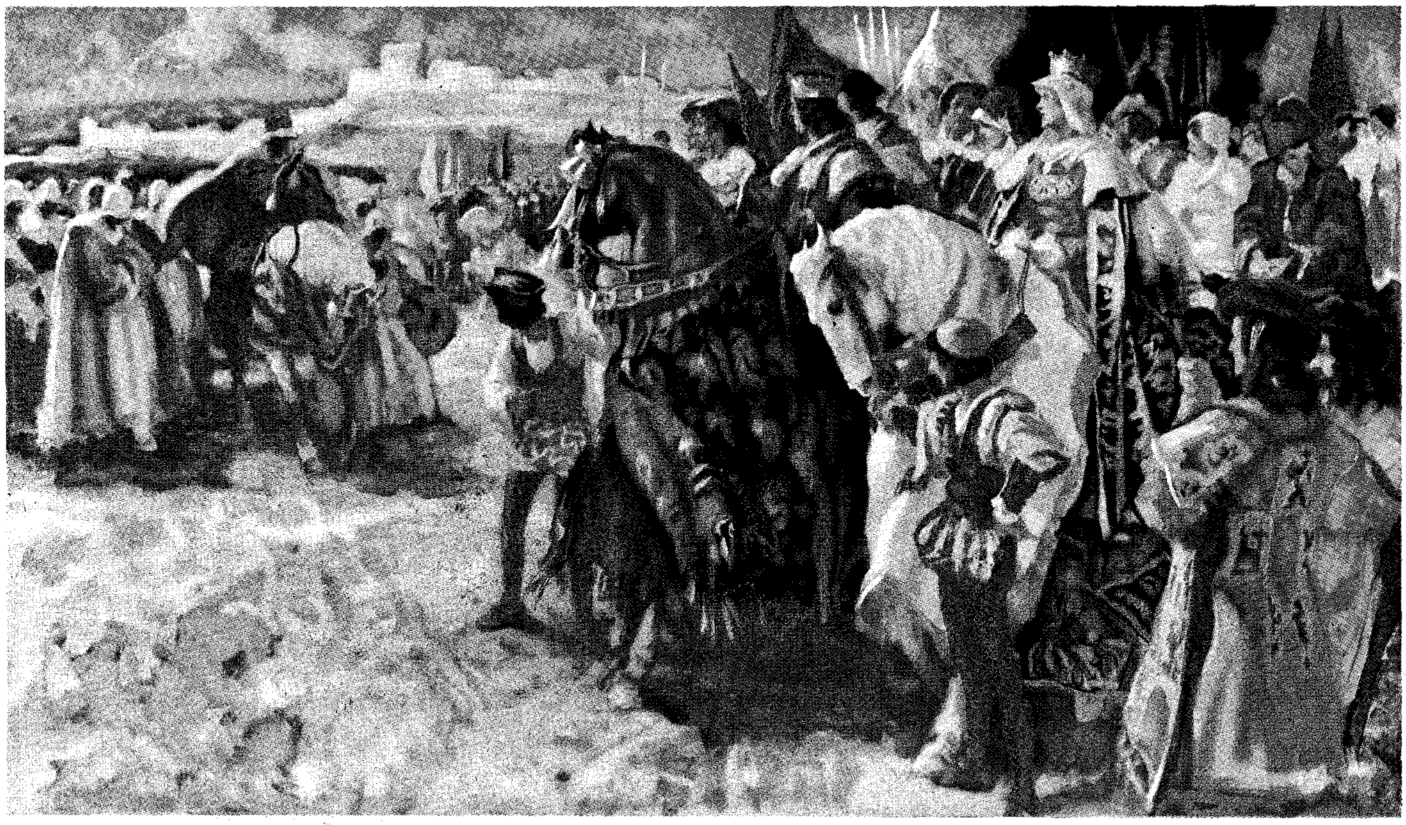
"The ideal pictured by the imagination is a church crowded with sincere worshipers at every service throughout the entire year, in the heat of summer as in the fragrant days of Easter. But the ideal is not found among us in realization. The people who can and should come up to the temple are not there. The great empty spaces of the churchly auditorium rival those of the American desert.

"If in these circumstances the minister and his officials decide to discontinue temporarily the regular services, or a part of them, the fact may be regretted, but it is not necessarily foretelling the crack of doom for the church. Serious as it may appear, its evil consequences ought not to be overdrawn. Some good might even be found in it.

"A closed church does not argue the decline of religion, any more than a closed college proclaims decline of education, or a closed home the ruin of family life. The students and faculty will come back, parents, and children will again open the old house, and the congregation, choir, and preacher will return to Zion, perhaps with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; who knows?

"Giving a congregation an occasional brief summer vacation might be an act of mercy, if the preaching happens to be a bit dull or the soprano not at her best. At least, we might learn that the whole of religion does not consist in going to church twice on every Sunday, and that God, whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, much less this house that we have built, may sometimes actually be found by the sincere soul under the open sky!"

PACKARD



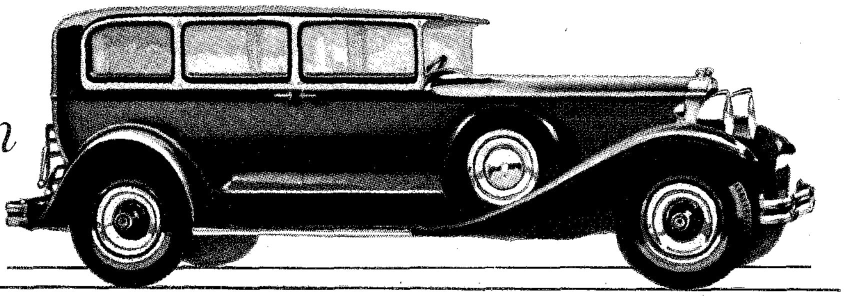
On richly caparisoned horses the most luxurious transportation of their day, Ferdinand and Isabella rode out to receive the surrender of Granada from Boabdil the Moor

PACKARD owners today enjoy personal transportation far more luxurious than even royalty could command a quarter century ago.

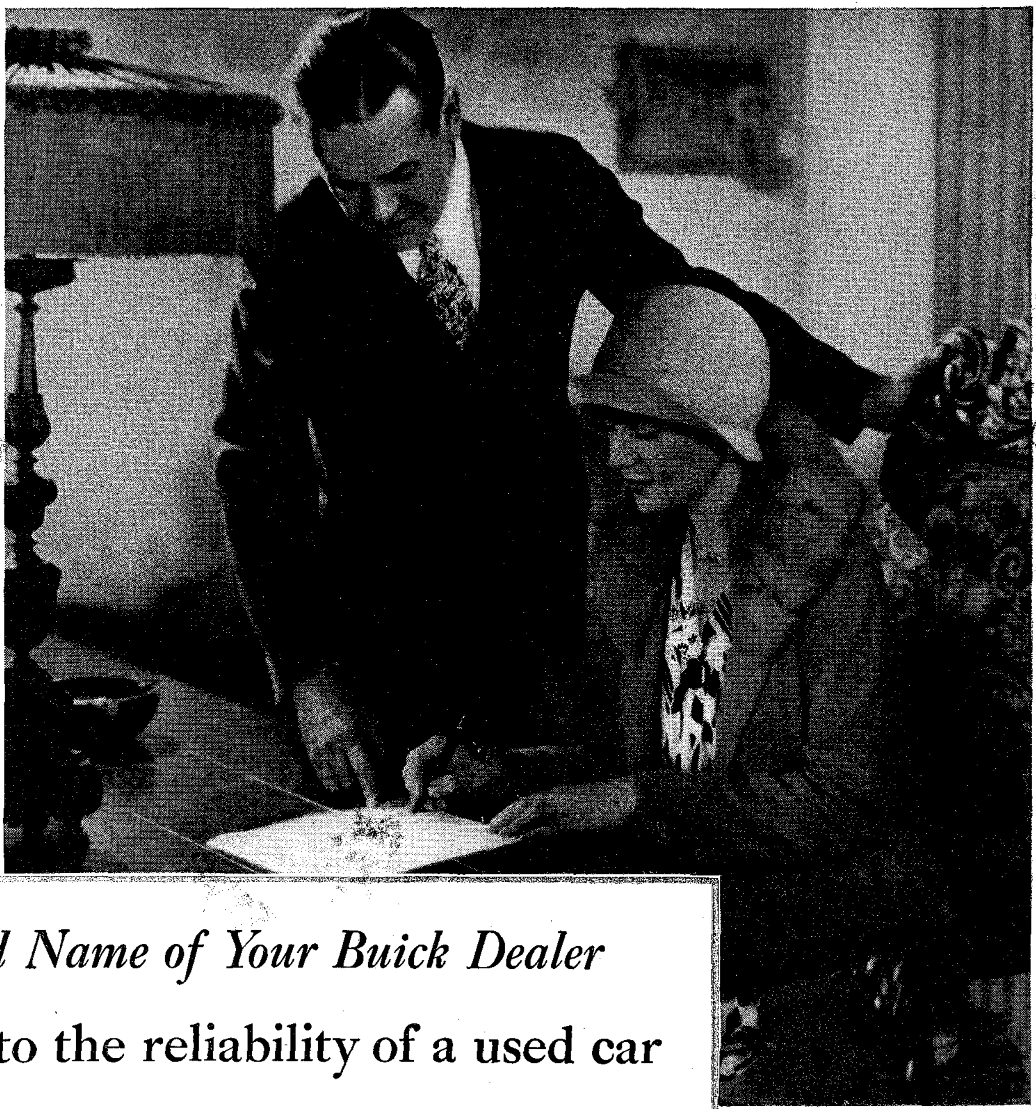
It is only natural that Packard should build the finest and most luxurious of vehicles. For the Packard company was founded with that purpose—has had no other object or desire. During 30 years the talents, the facilities and the resources of the vast Packard organization have been exclusively devoted to a single, quality ideal.

Today the Packard name stands for supremely luxurious transportation wherever fine cars are known and appreciated. Today's Straight Eight is acknowledged throughout the world as Packard's greatest achievement—the ideal combination of all that is fine in motor cars.

Luxurious transportation



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The Good Name of Your Buick Dealer adds much to the reliability of a used car but nothing to its price

TO BUY from a man who is eager to please you . . . who holds nothing so valuable as customer good-will . . . and who is *known* to be a reliable merchant . . . is to make certain of complete satisfaction with your purchase.

Such a man is the Buick Dealer in your community. When he sells you a used car he delivers with it something else that is quite intangible but nevertheless stronger than steel—*his good name.*

Go to him with perfect confidence for a used car of any make—because he is an expert in transportation, whether you wish to pay $200 or $2000.

You will discover that he has the very cream of the used car stock, as well as a particularly wide assortment, due to the unequaled demand for new Buicks and Marquettes.

You will get a *good* car. You will find it exactly as represented. You will obtain full value for every dollar you invest. You will receive a fair and square deal all the way through.

And what is more, this added security which comes of buying from a Buick Dealer, while it profits you greatly, will cost you nothing. . . .

The good name of your Buick Dealer adds much to the reliability of a used car, but nothing to its price. See him and buy your car with confidence.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan · Division of General Motors Corporation
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BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

CURRENT ◆ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

In the Boston *Transcript* is this poet's message to a departed poet. A state memorial service was accorded Bliss Carman's ashes in Fredericton, New Brunswick, on August 20, where they will rest in his native Canadian soil:

THE MYSTIC VAGABOND

Stanzas to the Memory of Bliss Carman

By Percy MacKaye

Dear Carman, you have tuned for weary Death
A gipsy's pipe, where under the pole star
He blows your songs of Vagabondia
To make, of an old god's immortal breath,
A new America.

A new America—of ancient speech
And ardors breathed in common, many an age,
Among your own Canadian vicinage
And this of ours, commingling each with each
In mystic heritage.

And there, across the viewless spirit line
That holds no fortress's dividing bann,
Death raises now *your Monument*, to span—
With lyric rhythms of a dream design—
A lovelier bourn of Man.

For poets alone are the high arbiters
Of patriotism to that warless state
Which builds no moats and battlements of hate,
But lifts toward love triumphal towers of verse
From here to Heaven's gate.

So Death, that newly raises you to life,
Greets you on those brave towers you builded long,
And cries your gipsy call to the darkling throng:
"Brothers of earth! All that survives our strife—
All that survives—is Song."

What might have been anticlimax is rescued by the "doubly dear" epithet of these young lovers reported in *Japm* (Atlantic City):

SILENCES

By Daisy Sanial Gill

There are silences; there is that pregnant hush
Before the incoming infant's cry of pain;
There is that void of breathing as in vain
We feel for the spent heart's pulse; there is the crush
Of silence falling almost as a blow
After the long booming of the guns;
And the silence of the stream of life that runs
Ceaseless beneath the seasons' ebb and flow.
There are silences of joy, of hate, of fear,
Of all the perturbations known to man;
Silences that whisper and those that can
Shout! . . . But that silence doubly dear
Is the golden-tongued soundlessness that lies
Palpitant between young lovers' eyes!

In *Holland's Magazine* (Dallas) is printed this memory of a friend:

SHADOW FRIEND

By Anderson M. Scruggs

I never think of you on sunlit ways,
For you had loved the shadows more than light;
Yours was the mood of somber autumn days,
Your thoughts were lustrous rivers in the night.
So, when I walk the hills on cloudless noons,
Or gaze upon the sunset's spectral hue,
Or seek the bright narcosis of the dunes
On some lone shore—I never think of you.

But on a night in winter when the dark
Is filled with mist of rain, and cold, bare trees
Stand etched, like iron, in the silent park,
I know that you are very near in these—
And think how on a muted, dismal day
You smiled, and in the shadows slipped away.

This nostalgic rumination in the New York *World* will appeal to some whom necessity has carried inland:

NEW ENGLAND COAST

By Oliver Jenkins

I.

Under the swirling of this restless sea
Proud ships have dropped to rest in midnight graves,
Ended their quests; they are abandoned, free;
Theirs is the quiet any old ship craves.
Stern masters of the tempest, and its slaves,
They have deserved this unmolested sleep;
Far from the wind, the fog, the lashing waves,
Dreaming of glories. They will ever keep
Their luring spirits in the breakers' sweep.

II.

Stanch folk have stood upon this ledge before,
Stood here, their hearts buoyed up with native pride;
Their rugged faces, like the rugged shore,
Worn, but unconquered, by the constant tide.
Simply they lived, and then as simply died,
Close to the ocean which has captured them
In skeins of beauty; and, unterrified,
They wore its magic like a flaming gem,
The one bright jewel in their diadem.

III.

People who live along this sturdy coast
Revere the sound of water in their ears:
When they go inland they are spirits lost
Within a labyrinth of lonely fears
And forlorn yearnings. Oh, most bitter years
Away from water and its mighty thunder!
Only to gaze again at sea-worn piers,
And look upon the water swirling under,
Were better than a lifetime's golden plunder.

IV.

This, this is my New England. And to me
Always will come a dream of lights aglow
Down some dark harbor of my memory—
Always the sound of water where I go.
And cry of startled gulls when East winds blow;
I *must* have *jagged rocks* and *roaring seas*,
The glint of sunlight on some schooner's prow,
Old, quiet harbors and the noise of quays—
But most, a rover's heart to match with these!

The wheel guiding a honeymoon pace makes demands for attention that exclude the finer sights. In the Chicago *Daily Tribune* is doubtless a veritable history:

TOURING

By Francesca Miller

The hum of motor beneath my feet,
Long ribbons of silvery road,
And a gay little face so near to mine.
(On a honeymoon à la mode.)

The trees swing back to watch us pass,
Seeming to curtsey low.
A whirl of dust and a sign "detour"—
(My dear, I told you so!)

A clutter of houses . . . a store or two,
The rush of a farmer's cat,
The shout of a village constable,—
(My word, what town was that!)

The distant spire of a country church,
The passing flight of a finch,
A flutter of hens on the roadway's edge,—
(I missed that one by an inch!)

A brook to cross by a willow row,
A field of golden grain,
The spatter of clouds in an azure sky,—
(Dear me, do you think 'twill rain?)

Another road . . . another town . . .
One swiftly stolen kiss,
Then on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . .
(Good gosh, what State is this!!!)

In an intercollegiate anthology of student verse called "First the Blade" (Citrograph Printing Co., Redlands, Cal.) the contributors among girl students far outnumber those among boys. We reprint two from the girls. The first shows the girl can be competent with a supposedly boy's subject:

WINGS

By Betty Ramsay

Silver wings shining
Deep in the sky,
Silver wires singing
As winds whip by.

Three motors throbbing
Exultant and strong,
Propellers repeating
The triumphal song.

Onward still beating
Past every sea,
Outward still winging
Fearless and free.

Wings of the morning!
Proud wings and strong!
Out of the dawning
Fling back your song!

VENDING

By Ruth Ashen

Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Jade, from Kubla Khan,
Gold, from Egypt's queen:
Dreams, on this ocean of time
Like the stars of a great sea's sheen.
These I am vending—who'll buy?
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?

Trust, from an Irish setter,
Daisies, from a dooryard patch,
Pans, still new and shining,
A heart, where love broke the latch.
These I would keep—but I cannot.
Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
Who'll buy?

All have their memories, why not, as *The New Yorker* thinks, the alley cat her ancestral dreams of Egypt?

AN ALLEY CAT

By Nancy Byrd Turner

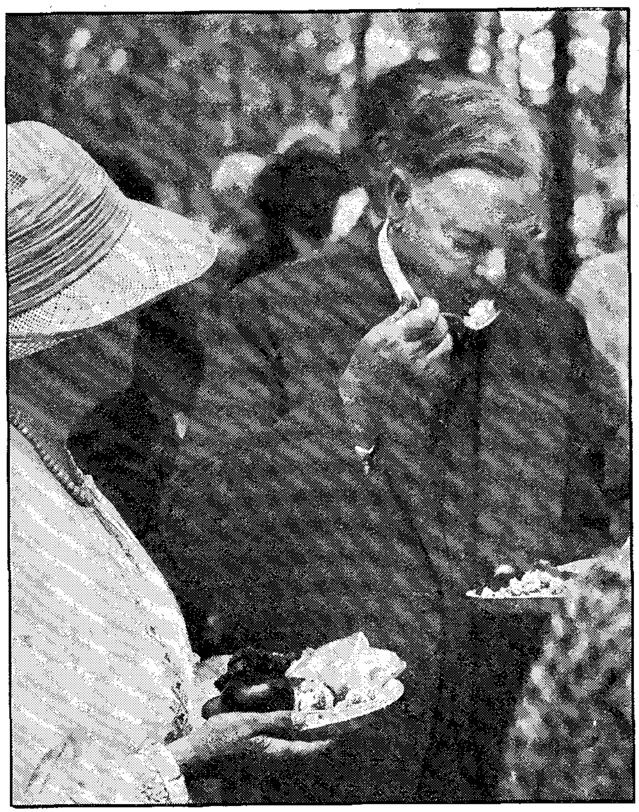
Mangy and gaunt I walk the tiles tonight,
And mangy comes my lady to her tryst;
But nine lives back (nine hundred, some have guessed)
With prouder mien we rambled, ranging light.
Sacred and sleek, on roofs of amethyst
And eaves of ivory we wandered, while
A lotus-colored moon swung up the Nile,
And Memphis slumbered in a silver mist.

O it was heaven just to sit and be
Antiphonal beneath some royal room
Until, for all our sacredness, we heard
Loud hieroglyphic curses flowing free,
And marked a sandal hurtling through the gloom
Hot from the hand of Rameses the Third!

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

HOW HOOVER PLAYS AT HIS "SUMMER WHITE HOUSE"

PAY WITH LABOR was the rule for able-bodied men at the mountain camp, and all who spent their week-ends there lived up to it. The heavy-set, round-faced, competent man, in rough camping clothes, their host, routed them out of their comfortable chairs beneath the trees, and the group, which included some of the nation's most important figures, set out for the stream. Bankers, diplomats, and Cabinet members laughed and joked as they set about their work—and work it was indeed. Along the banks of the Rapidan River in mountainous Madison County, Virginia, these men tackled their task. Pushing, pulling, straining, grunting with exertion, they loosened large rocks, and lugged them away to a new location. In this strenuous manner, we are told, President Hoover is entertaining his friends at his "summer White House" and fishing-camp. Under his direction they have been building dams in the stream to form pools to improve water sport at the camp which, we read, will be presented to the nation for the use of future Presidents. President Hoover, the Washington *Evening Star* assures us, does not shirk his share of this "play." He rolls his own boulders, as well as acting as chief engineer and architect.



International Newsreel photograph

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY REMEMBERED THE "EATS"

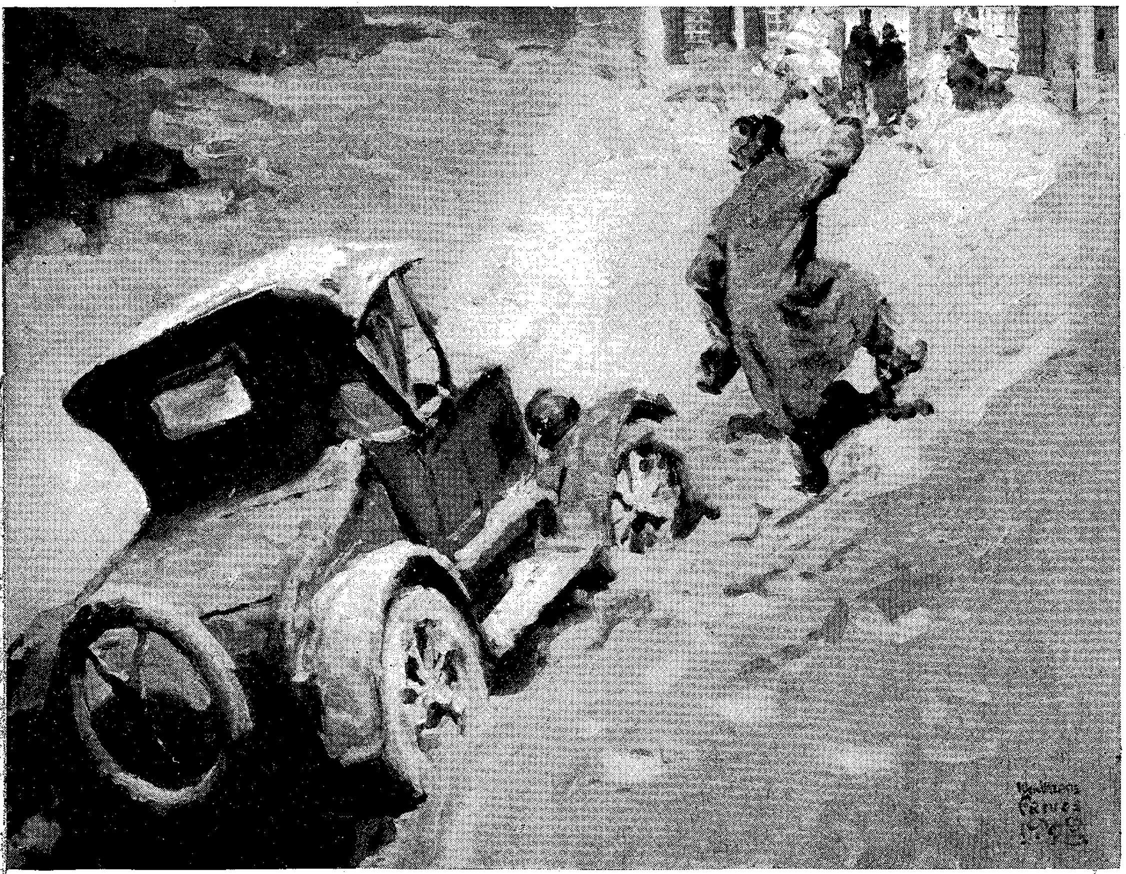
President Hoover, snapt just as he took a mouthful of some goody (it looks mighty like ice-cream) at a Virginia celebration in honor of his selection of that State as a vacation spot.

News from the President's camp has been scarce this summer, for Mr. Hoover does not care for publicity. It has been hard on the photographers, for the Chief Executive has not appeared in Indian regalia, pitched hay, or milked cows in front of the camera. But one engaging incident was reported from the camp—the visit, on Mr. Hoover's birthday, of the eleven-year-old mountain boy who became a national figure because he had never heard of Lindbergh. His name is William McKinley Burracker, *The Star* tells us, but that is too long and he is called Ray McKinley for short. Most papers have referred to him thus. The boy was on his way to the camp to make a birthday present of a 'possum to Mr. Hoover, when Mrs. Hoover met him and escorted him in. At the camp, the New York *Telegram* tells us:

> He was introduced to the President's guests. Among them was one Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.
>
> Ray shook hands with Lindbergh, but manifested no unusual interest in the tall young man. One of the guests asked if he had not heard of Lindbergh.
>
> "Naw," said Ray. "Never did." Lindbergh joined in the laughter.
>
> But Ray had not seen the man he had come to see.
>
> He wanted to shake hands, he said, with the man "who licked Al Smith."
>
> It was grudging admiration, he admitted, for the people up his way had mostly been for Smith, including his own paw.
>
> "My paw was such a bum guesser that he had to climb a big tree after the election because he said he would if Hoover won," said Ray, without a smile.
>
> Another report made it an oak tree. When presented to the President, Ray acknowledged that he was "sorta glad" the election had turned out as it did, but his audience suspected this was a bit of Southern politeness.
>
> The President thanked Ray for the 'possum, gave him several presents in return, and then took him aside for a long confidential chat. Hoover sat in a camp-chair and Ray leaned against a tree.
>
> He told the President he was one of seven children, that none of his brothers or sisters had had any schooling, and that he had never known of either his paw or maw being able to read or write.
>
> His paw, he insisted, is a particularly bright man. He knew all about religion, and did a lot of preachin' around the mountains.
>
> Returning to the group, Ray was asked if he knew any hillbilly songs. He announced he knew them all, and then sang "I will meet you up there in the morning." He denied that that was a hymn, and said it was a local popular air.
>
> Ray had not been a total stranger at the camp. Several weeks ago Mrs. Hoover, Lawrence Richey, one of Hoover's secretaries, and Mark Sullivan encountered him on a ride over the mountain. It was as a result of a chat they had with him that he brought the 'possum, for otherwise he would have had no knowledge of the President's birthday.

Now comes the announcement that the Chief Executive will turn his camp over to the Government, as a recreation spot for his successors, and that the site will be part of Shenandoah National Park. This plan was outlined by President Hoover himself in a letter to William E. Carson, chairman of the Virginia Conservation Commission, who aided the President in the details of the purchase. The letter, quoted from the Washington *Post*, says:

> My dear Mr. Carson:
>
> I have received the title deed for 164 acres of land for the camp-site in the Shenandoah Mountains. This camp has come to have some public aspects, due to the many contributions in its making. As I told you some months ago, I should like to put it in permanent form for the use of my successors. Moreover, as it lies in the area of the future Shenandoah National Park, when the park becomes public property it will be desirable that no private property should be held within its boundaries.
>
> It is difficult to acknowledge all of the generous contributions to the making of the camp. You selected the site, and through you, the residents along the Rapidan deeded their fishing rights to us. The Marine Corps generously volunteered to furnish the labor in erecting cabins and tents, in providing water supply, cutting brush, etc. The power company and telephone company put in their connections without charge, making it possible for us to secure these services. The Shenandoah Park Association, together with the State of Virginia, and especially the Madison County supervisors, have advanced the improvement of the road which will form one of the fine openings to the new park; local



BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

And still he apologized!

In the last hour of the year 1928, a country doctor's motor pushed through a snowdrift at a farmhouse near Leland, Michigan—fifteen hours behind time.

"Terribly sorry to be so late," he said, as he prepared to treat the boy ill with influenza, "I've had a pretty busy day."

And here is what he called "a pretty busy day":

He had been on the road since six o'clock that morning. He had called on thirty-one patients down with influenza, scattered over the country. He had stopped twice at the home of a nineteen-months-old boy critically ill with pneumonia.

A baby born;
a foot thawed out

He had brought one baby into the world in the early morning, on a kitchen table, with grandpa holding the lamp and grandma giving the chloroform, and a woman across the road offering large-handed assistance. A few hours later he had performed a Caesarian operation on a 42-year-old woman with her first baby. He had called on three youngsters with whooping cough. He had thawed out one frosted foot. And he had two more calls to make after treating the little boy in the farmhouse!

Still he apologized for being late!

The story of this country doctor's day can be paralleled a thousand times a year.

His powerful ally

Fortunately nowadays when a physician is summoned he has a powerful ally in modern *dependable* medicinal preparations.

At the laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company a vast organization is constantly engaged in making, in testing, and in safeguarding the purity and potency of the medicines required by physicians in their daily practice.

And doctors have long been familiar with the reputation for tireless research and uncompromising quality which for more than 60 years have made the name of this house a synonym for dependability in medicines.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

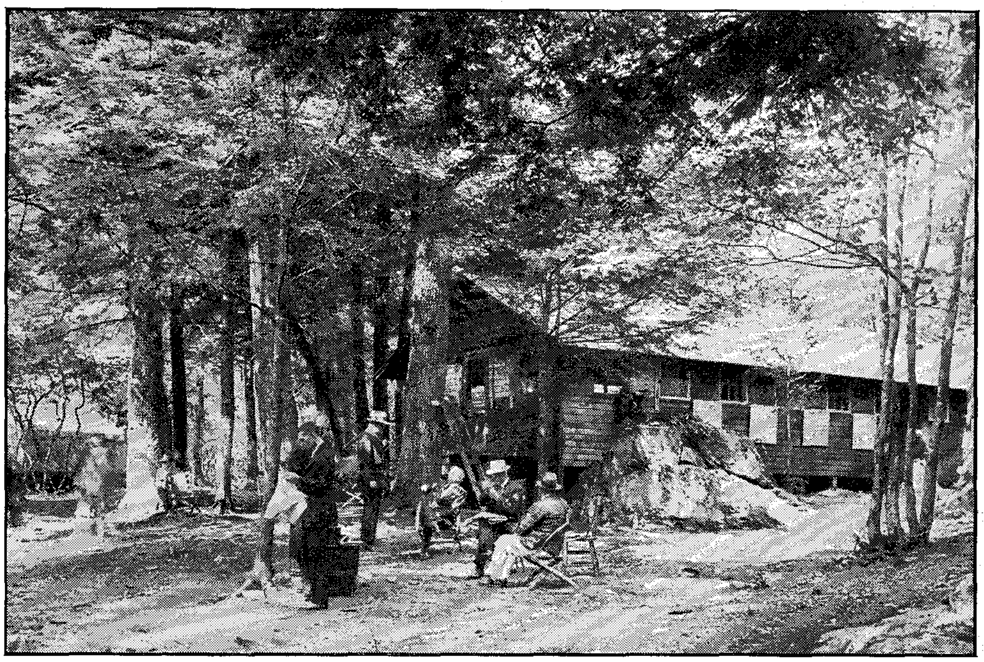
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis quality in Milk of Magnesia

Every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose, conforms to the same high standard of excellence. You will find that Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia, for example, is exceptionally pure and keeps remarkably well. That is why you can always depend upon its uniformity and medicinal activity. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

> residents have contributed labor to the opening of fine trails, and this week the engineer corps volunteers to further improve the road as one of its summer exercises.
>
> All this marks the greatest of interest and kindness in a desire to provide a week-end retreat for the President, for which your own energies in organizing these activities have not been the least of the contributions.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

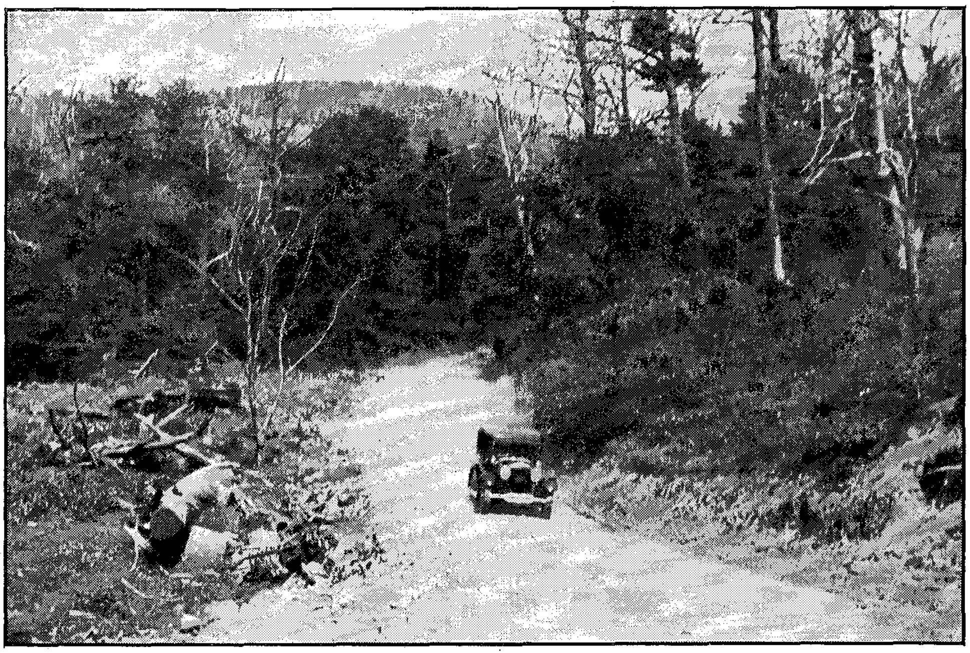
THE "TOWN HALL OF HOOVERVILLE" IN ITS SYLVAN SETTING

Here the President and his guests may gather for motion-pictures and other forms of entertainment.

> My contribution has been the purchase and preparation of the building materials, etc., together with some labor costs. I desire that the camp shall ultimately become the property of the Shenandoah National Park, so that at the expiration of my term of office, they may hold it for those of my successors for a week-end camp, or, if future Presidents do not wish to avail themselves of it, it is at the disposal of the park itself. Therefore, I would be glad to either deed it now or await the transfer of the park to the Federal Government, whichever you think best.
>
> Yours faithfully,
>
> (Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

Delight has been the major editorial reaction to the President's gift. And, naturally, since the camp is in their State, Virginia editors are the most delighted. Says the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch:*

> Failure of the national Government to provide its Chief Executive with a summer home near the capital, where he may find surcease from the political atmosphere and his official duties at the White House, and yet be within a few hours' motoring distance of his office, has been an example of penuriousness that is little short of a disgrace to the richest nation on earth. President Coolidge, before leaving the White House, emphasized the lack of recreation facilities for the executive.
>
> The President could have had, without asking, any location he wanted, and his choice of the Madison County property for his fishing lodge confirms the choice of the Blue Ridge area for the location of a national park in the East.
>
> Virginia will welcome Mr. Hoover's decision and applaud his interest in the national park. Virginians individually and the State itself feel gratified at the appreciation of the recreational facilities afforded, and the President's manifestation of it in so practical a way should spur the movement to bring the Shenandoah National Park into existence. And Mr. Hoover has done a fine and graceful thing in making known his purpose to dedicate his property to the use of his successors in office.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

BACK TO THE DAILY GRIND AFTER A WEEK-END NEXT TO NATURE

The Presidential automobile leaving the camp. This photograph gives a glimpse of the wildness of the Virginia uplands in the environment of the latest "summer White House."

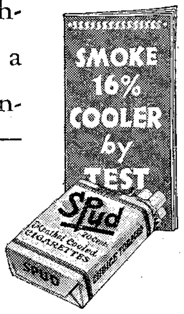
Others, however, are not so sure that Mr. Hoover's dream of a permanent Presidential camp will be realized. In support of this pessimistic view, some newspapers remind us that all men do not have the same idea of what constitutes a vacation. The camp in Virginia is ideal for a fisherman, and Mr. Hoover is an ardent angler. Others recall that Mr. Coolidge looked with favor on Mount Weather, also in Virginia, as a summer camp, and money for equipping it was appropriated. But Mr. Hoover had different inclinations. Mount Weather is not the Presidential playground this summer, and the appropriated funds have not been spent. The Omaha *World-Herald* elaborates the theme thus:

> President Hoover seems to think that what is sauce for one President in the way of fishing camps must certainly be sauce for another, too. The United States owns a lot of pretty good fishing-holes in its national-park system, and Presidents heretofore who have liked to fish had little trouble avoiding the "No Trespassing" signs. Besides, we suppose that one could troll a line in the wake of the *Mayflower*, if he had to, and, anyway, with a fine yacht like that to take one's self and friends to sea in, the lure of rod and reel could not be quite so strong.
>
> But Mr. Hoover ups and drydocks the yacht, seafaring not being to his liking. And then he buys 164 acres of land up in the Rapidan with a good fishing-hole on it, right out of his own pocket, thumbing his nose at the national parks. Now he plans to improve the place "for my successors."
>
> Even tho fishing seems to be the only standard qualification for the job of President—Mr. Coolidge didn't have it, but he set

Do you SMOKE MORE ON A PARTY?

◆ ◆ ◆ THEN SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE WAS CREATED FOR YOU!

Do social gaieties increase your cigarettes? Does every party mean a pack consumed? Then your best bet is a pack of Spuds . . . the cooler smoke for fuller tobacco enjoyment . . . for unlimited mouth-comfort! Spuds let you say goodnight with a nimble tongue . . . not with a woolen unmentionable! Spud smoke is proven 16% cooler. This intensifies Spud's full tobacco flavor. From coast to coast, from party to party, everybody speaks of Spud as the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

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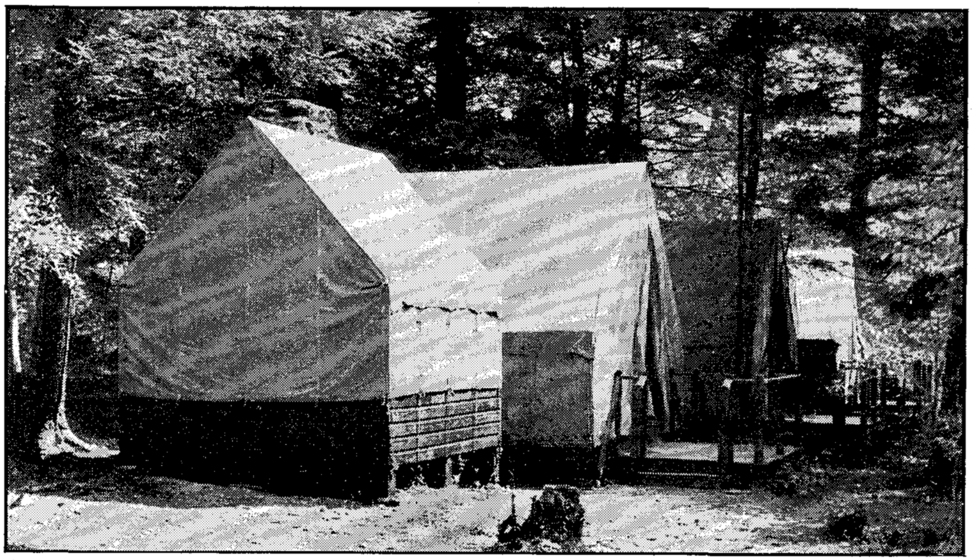
MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

out bravely to learn—it seems just possible that the "successors" of Mr. Hoover might rather do something else when they took a day off, and, even if they did decide to follow the custom and go fishing, they might take a shine to some other place. They might even rather go yachting.

The chief trouble with our system of government, as we view it, is that we elect a President every four years, and, consequently, at least every eight years, we have to change the whole apparatus of Presidents' pastimes. There are two ways Congress might adopt to cope with the problem.

It might purchase a complete equipment, golf clubs, waders, fishing-rods, tackle-boxes, tennis-rackets, boots and saddles and horses, shotguns, high-powered rifles, gardens and garden hose and hoes, stamp albums, and so on and on; or it might change the constitution and elect the President for life.

As to whether future Presidents will want to use the Hoover camp, we find J. Russell Young delving into history and presenting some enlightening inferences in the Washington *Star*. Referring to President Coolidge's strong predilection for Mount Weather and President Hoover's for the Rapidan, he writes:



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CLOSE TO NATURE, YES—BUT WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND RUNNING WATER

These are the sleeping-quarters provided for the President's guests. The houses have wooden floors and side walls, but are roofed with canvas, on which an occasional pine-cone thuds softly.

> President Harding would not have considered for a minute going to either place for a vacation. The same would have been true of Woodrow Wilson and Chief Justice Taft when he was President. Colonel Roosevelt would have enjoyed himself at either place, but he never deserted his old home, Sagamore Hill, at Oyster Bay, New York. It would be difficult, too, to picture William McKinley trying to have a good time at Mount Weather or tramping over the mountain trails or fishing the streams around the Hoover mountain camp. The habits of Grover Cleveland suggest that he may have been tempted to go to such places occasionally, but only when the trout season was open.
>
> President Cleveland devoted his vacation mostly to fishing. He generally went to Buzzards Bay on the Massachusetts coast. Frequently he would fish on the Potomac and the Chesapeake and would go for long cruises on the palatial yacht of Colonel Benedict. But such a thing as a summer White House did not concern him greatly. He spent two summers at Red Top, a house purchased by him in what is now Cleveland Park, and one summer at Woodley, on what is now Woodley road.
>
> Abraham Lincoln had little time or taste for vacation places during his occupancy of the White House. He was occupied with the conduct of the Civil War. He did, however, set up what might be described as a summer White House in the Soldiers' Home grounds, in this city, where he went for two summers to get away from the heat of the city.
>
> Chester A. Arthur frequently went to the Lincoln House at Soldiers' Home for week-end parties and longer periods of rest. Most of his summers were spent at Long Branch, on the Jersey coast, as were those of President Grant. President Garfield also spent a summer at that resort. Benjamin Harrison evidently thought little of summer vacations. Invariably he went to his home in Indianapolis, Indiana, for the summer, altho it is recorded that he and Mrs. Harrison spent one summer at Loon Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains of New York. William McKinley had similar tastes. He liked nothing better than to spend his time away from the White House sitting on the front porch of his home in the down-town section of Canton, Ohio. One summer Mrs. McKinley's failing health prompted him to go with her to Lake Champlain.
>
> While President, Mr. Taft usually went to Beverly, on the north shore of Massachusetts. President Wilson spent two summers at the estate of Winston Churchill, the author, at Cornish, New Hampshire.
>
> Several times tho he went to New Jersey resorts. President Harding liked to motor from one place to another. He seemed to prefer changes in scenery, and was happy only where there were good country clubs, and where there was some life and fun.

The site of the Hoover camp was not chosen without mature deliberation and careful inspection, nor, as we shall see, was it prepared without strenuous labor. Here we return to the Washington *Post's* account:

> That the spot was isolated was demonstrated to Mr. Hoover on his first inspection trip. To get to the Rapidan he drove to Criglersville and there, on the banks of the Robinson River, he had to leave his car and take to the saddle and follow a tortuous path across Chapman Mountain to the Rapidan River, and then up the river to the site of the proposed camp, a distance of eleven miles from Criglersville.
>
> This first trip was made early in March, Mrs. Hoover accompanying the President to give her approval to the choice of sites. This investigation tour was followed by many conferences among Mr. Hoover, Mr. Carson, Lawrence Ritchey, the President's secretary, and J. C. Albright, of the Department of Highways, who was to be in charge of the construction of the road to the camp. It was finally decided that a pioneer road was to be built from the Robinson River near Criglersville, across the mountain to the Rapidan, and then on up the Blue Ridge to the spot chosen by Mr. Hoover.
>
> Albright immediately sent L. E. Akers, one of his assistants, to the job, with instructions to locate a road down Chapman Mountain, with not more than seven feet fall in 100. At the same time he ordered all available equipment to be sent to this work so that the road could be completed at an early date. By the time that Akers had completed the difficult survey through the thickets of rhododendron, equipment was rolling in and foremen were scouring the surrounding country for labor, gangs being recruited from points many miles away.
>
> Working under the direction of Mr. Albright, Akers started large gangs clearing a right of way along the new line, and close behind them came a blasting crew, who churned holes down into the steep mountainside and blasted a foothold for the road-building equipment which followed them. Following the powder gangs came heavy military crawler-type tractors drawing large road graders, which gradually cut a path from one blast hole to the next. As this path became more passable, it was widened and shaped until it became a good dirt road, much more of a finished product than was originally intended. Eight of these tractors were in use on the job.
>
> More than 1,000 feet of pipe was laid in the hollows to provide drainage, and at the larger streams twelve substantial timber bridges were built, the one at the Robinson River being over 100 feet long.
>
> The work was all performed under great handicaps, one of the worst of which was the need for early completion. In order to keep up with the proposed schedule it was necessary to begin operations at as many points as possible, and to do this heavy equipment had to be dragged and hauled over mountainous roads of the worst type. On the rocky stretches air compressors were needed in advance of all other equipment. In fact, some of the rocky points had to be drilled and shot before it was possible to move other equipment in. Getting these compressors in place was a problem in itself, and in the early stages of construction the only solution to the problem was to put as many men and teams as possible to each one in turn.

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4. The easy adjustment for accurately adapting their resistance to your individual car.

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ROUND THE WORLD IN A TEN-TON SLOOP

BATTERED BY A TROPICAL STORM of wind and rain which raged for a week and more, a thirty-foot sailboat, as insignificant in that immensity as a water-logged autumn leaf, seemed to be doomed to annihilation. Water from below, water from above, and only one bewildered brain, one exhausted pair of hands, to fight for the little sloop's survival. For this was the craft of a nautical hermit, the solitary French circumnavigator, Alain Gerbault, whose recent return to France at the helm of his gallant and battered *Firecrest*, after an absence of six years, has been hailed with an outpouring of enthusiasm proper to the reception of one who bears in the imagination of his people the prestige of a modern Ulysses coupled with that of a nautical Lindbergh. The water, he is quoted as narrating, "rose higher and higher in the cabin. As fast as I baled it out, it came in again. On the fifth morning of the downpour came a fever, with a sore throat. My temperature ran high. Altho I was wet to the skin, I burned inwardly. My throat became so inflamed that I could not swallow solid food, and with great difficulty could I pass liquids down my throat. On the seventh day temperature rose to 104.5. I became unconscious. The last thing I remember was trying to repair the mainsail and pitching head first into the cabin. When I awoke everything was awash. By making reckonings I estimated I had been in a state of semi-stupor for about fifty-one hours. There had been a strong wind, heavy squalls and rain all that time."

THE UNANCIENT MARINER

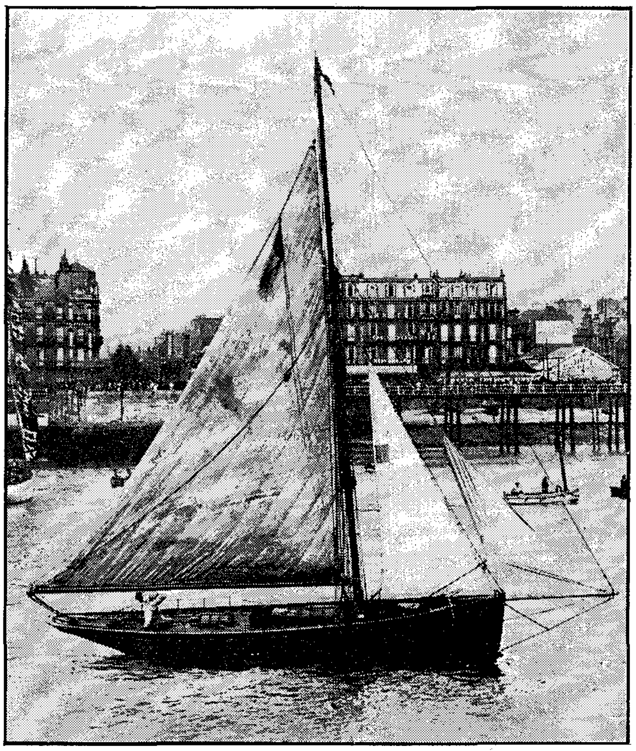
Alain Gerbault, on the deck of the *Firecrest*, after his long, solitary voyage around the world.

And that was merely one of innumerable hardships, some of which recall the difficulties surmounted by the hero of Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." Yet Gerbault is no superman of muscle, but a human greyhound in build, of fine-strung nerves, formerly known to fame as a ranking tennis player who partnered Suzanne Lenglen in many a hard-fought set. Summarizing his feat in *L'Illustration*, Paris, Raymond Lestonnat estimates the distance traveled by Gerbault as 60,000 kilometers (approximately 37,282 miles). He continues:

> At first, his only destination was New York; he arrived there in 142 days after a voyage, the hazards of which we have all read in his book, "Alone Across the Atlantic." He left his boat there for more than a year. But he was meditating a more audacious thing, the circumnavigation of the globe. He left New York in November, 1924, still alone in his boat. After going through the Panama Canal, he entered the solitude of the Pacific. Headed southwest, he steered for the Galapagos Islands, then for the Gambier Archipelago; from there he went northwest to the Marquesas, Tahiti, and the Walker islands. Having arrived there, a grave accident caused him to put up for some time.
>
> Finally, he again put out to sea until he reached Australia, crossed the Indian Ocean after a stop at Reunion Island, went around the Cape of Good Hope and up the Atlantic to the Cape Verde Islands, where he remained for several months. The first part of this long journey, crossing the Atlantic to the middle of the Pacific, is recounted in his new book, "In Pursuit of the Sun."
>
> While he slept, his boat found its way on alone. Under his skilful prearrangement of the helm, it advanced slowly but surely under the caresses of the breeze or the blows of the squall.
>
> One fine morning he decided to set sail from the Cape Verde Islands for France, at least it was thought so. From that day on the watchers in the coast-guard stations, the keepers of the light-houses, the lookouts on the ships sought him in vain. A trawler signaled to him in the waters of Belle Isle without obtaining a reply. It was not he. The pseudo-*Firecrest* was none other than the British yacht, *Rame*. This little English vessel had merely come from Malta, which was a decidedly insignificant trip in comparison with our little Frenchman's voyage from the other side of the world. Mistaken persons saw Alain Gerbault everywhere. During all this time our hero was lingering at Horta, in the Azores, before returning home.
>
> Finally, he submitted, on July 26, the steamer *Michigan* signaled to him, and the advice boat *Ailette* took him in tow for fear that he might again escape. In the late afternoon, Alain Gerbault entered the harbor at Havre, aboard his *Firecrest*, amid the acclamation of the crowds on the quays and the passengers on tugs, who were astonished to see the daring navigator return after his battles with the high seas in a boat scarce larger than their own life-boats.
>
> Alain Gerbault is enigmatic, fantastic, and misanthropic. In any case, he must be endowed with a singular energy, inflexible will-power, and, above all else, determination, to have accomplished that which he has done.
>
> Upon the proposal of M. Georges Leygues, Minister of the Navy, Alain Gerbault, who had been a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor since December 27, 1923, was promoted to the grade of officer because of his magnificent qualities of seamanship, endurance, and fortitude. We must not forget that he has gone through six campaigns and that he holds two citations.

The *Firecrest*, the London *Times* informs us, was built in England, of British oak, in 1892. Gerbault, an editorial in this journal continues, "bought her at Southampton in 1921, the year in which, in the days when he was a well-known figure in the lawn-tennis world, he made his one appearance at Wimbledon, and took her out through the Bay of Biscay—the gales of which she "withstood very well"—to the south of France, and

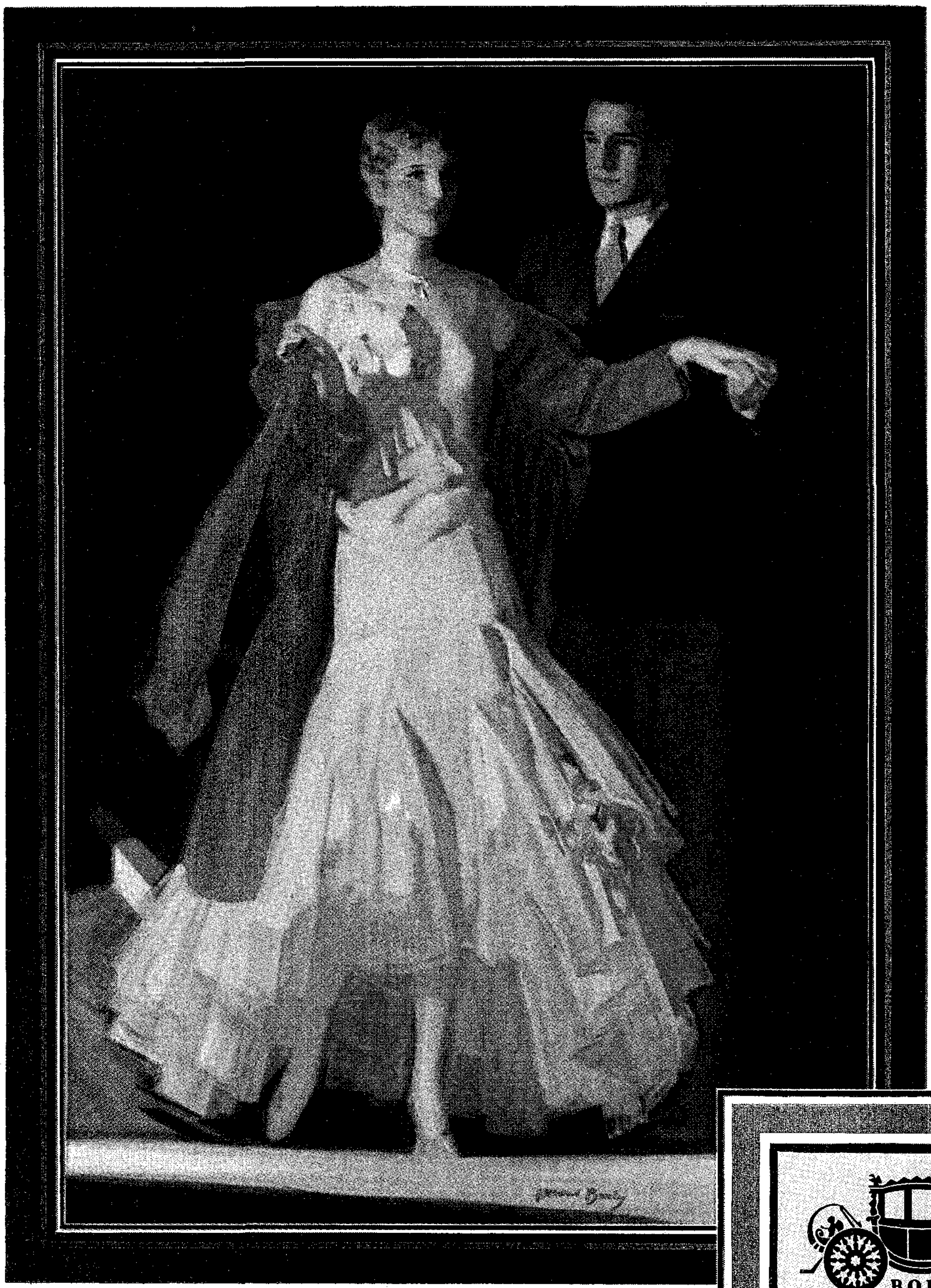
(*Continued on page 41*)



International Newsreel photograph

"HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM THE SEA"

Every available craft in Havre harbor was commandeered by the enthusiastic crowd to welcome the lone circumnavigator.



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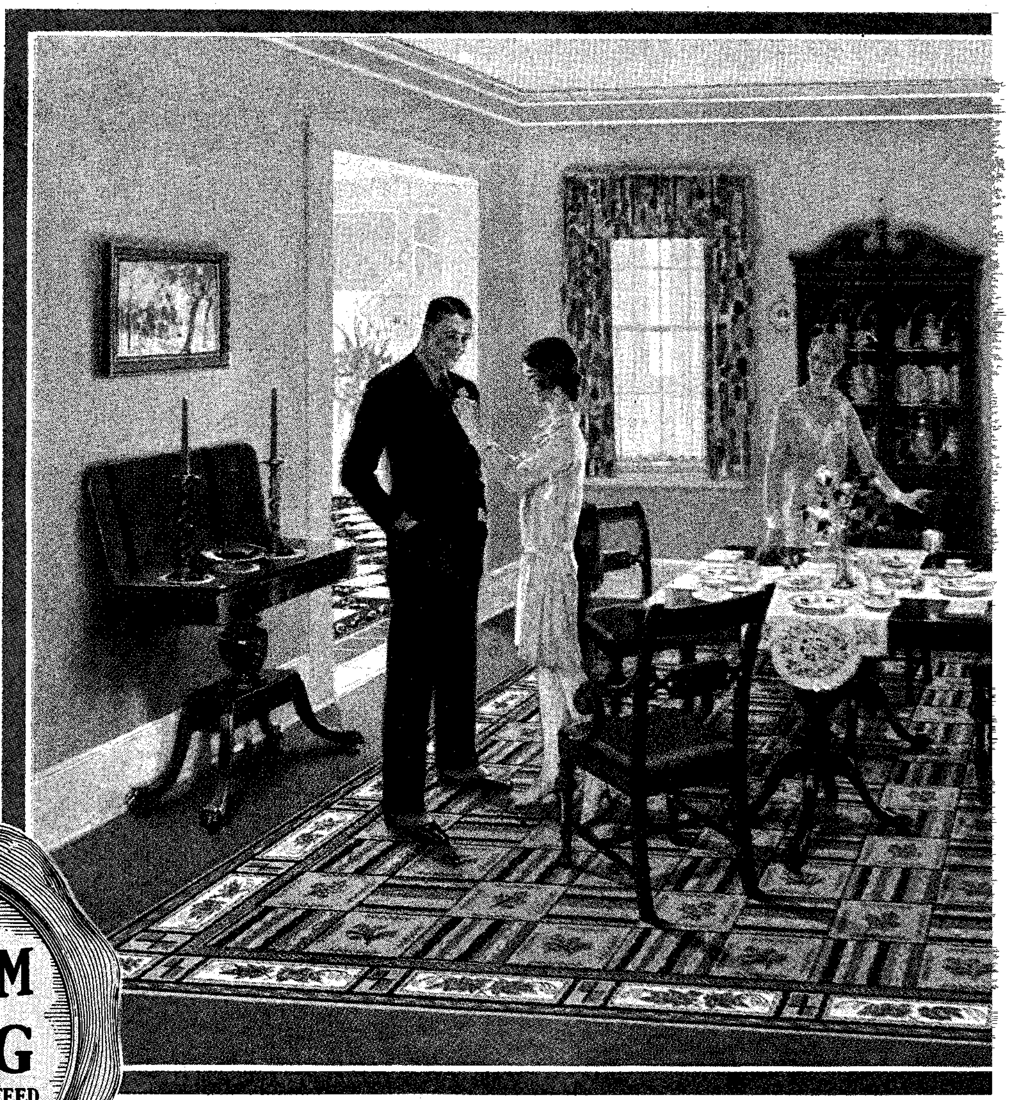

of hooked-rug ef

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There are many other Congoleum patterns which are equally artistic. For example, *Du Barry*, *Persan*, *Poppy* and *Orientale* shown on these pages. Of course, these swatche
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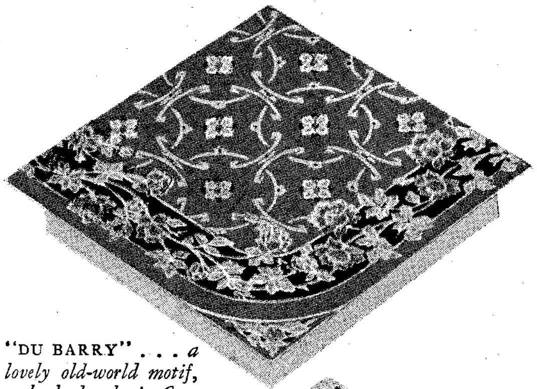
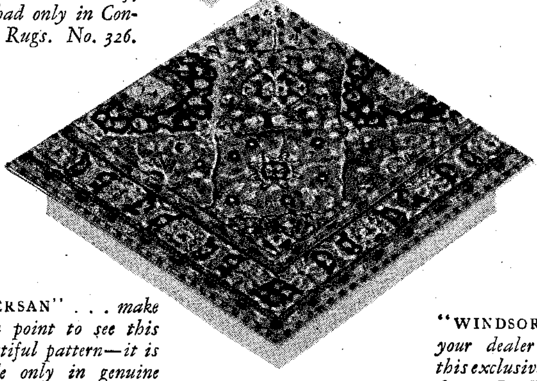
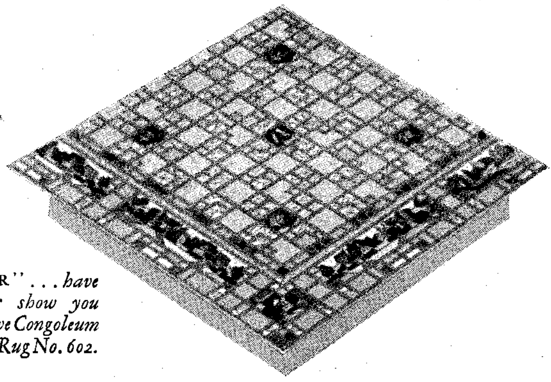


"DU BARRY" . . . *a lovely old-world motif, to be had only in Congoleum Rugs. No. 326.*



"PERSAN" . . . *make it a point to see this beautiful pattern—it is made only in genuine Congoleum Rugs. No. 612.*



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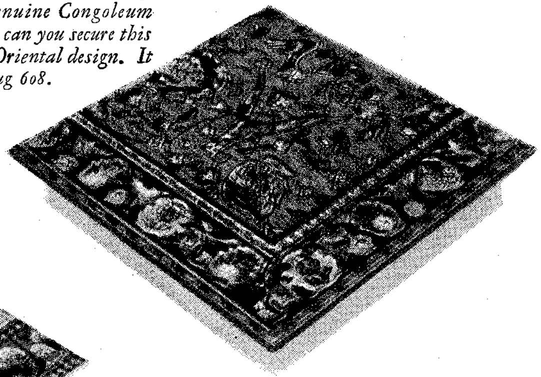
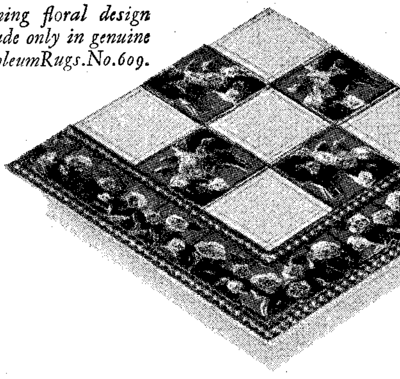
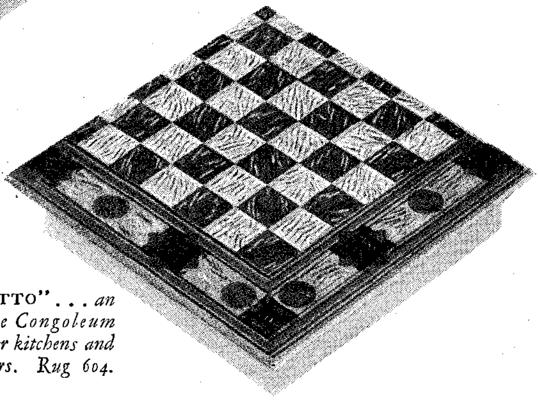


"POPPY" . . . *this charming floral design is made only in genuine CongoleumRugs.No.609.*





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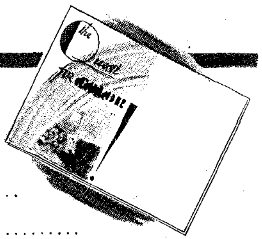

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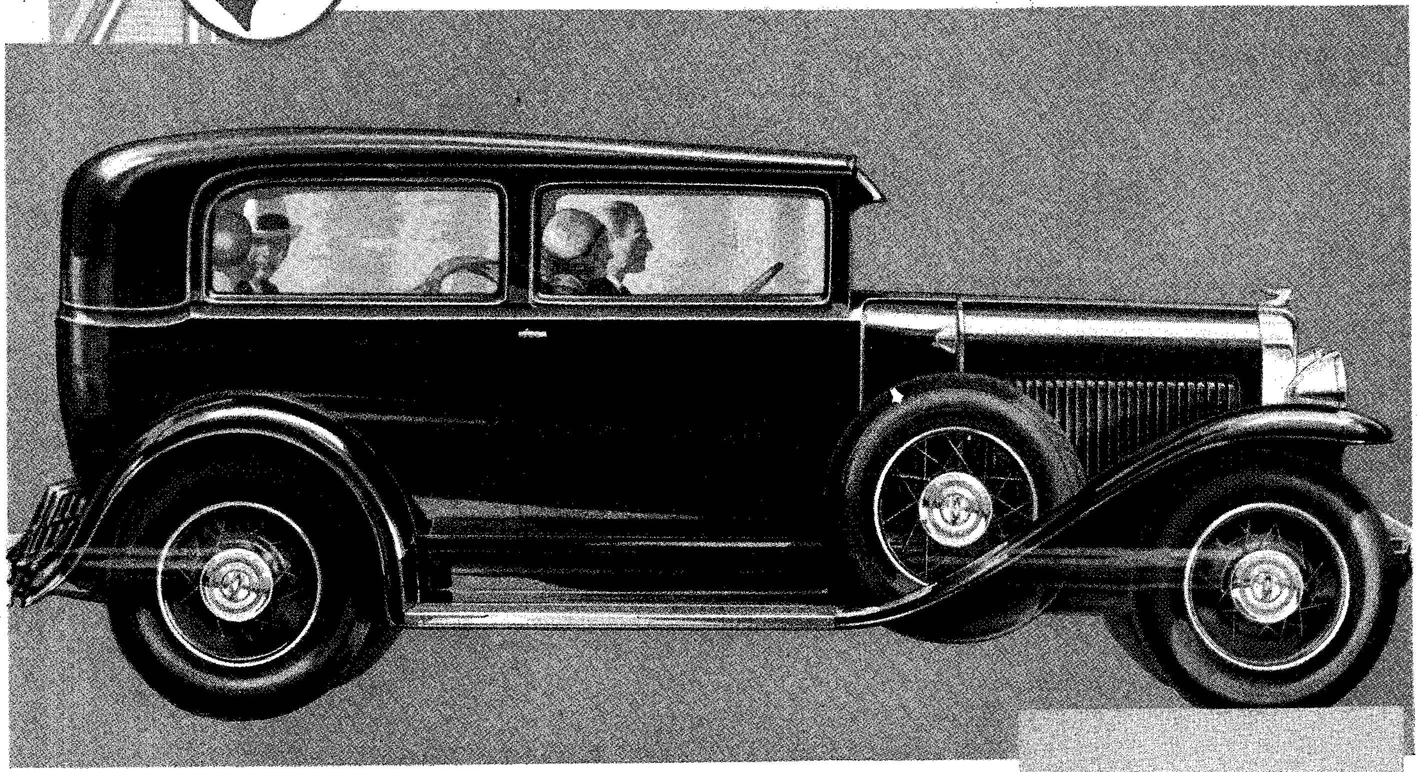

The 2-Door Sedan, Body by Fisher

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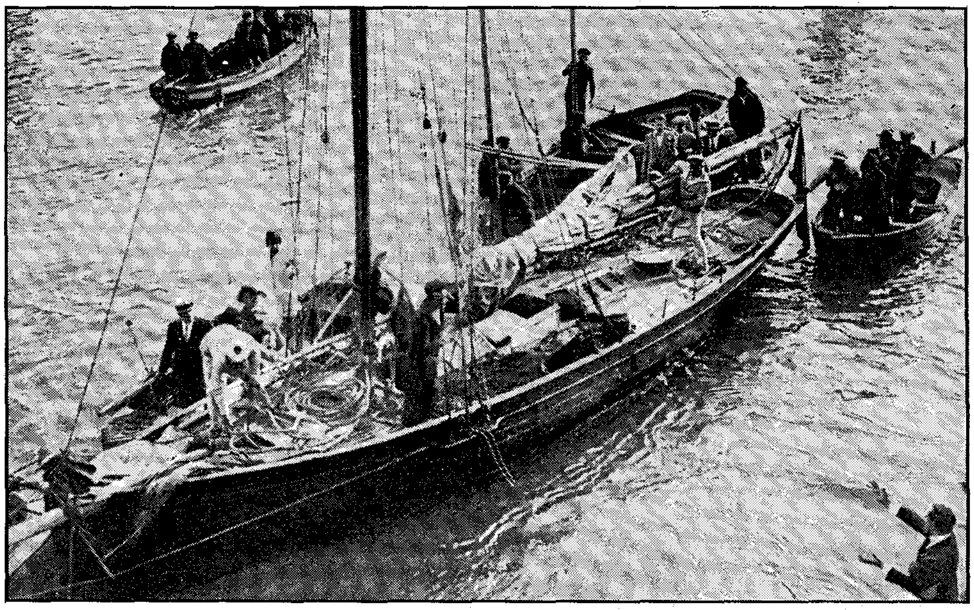
2-DOOR SEDAN
F.O.B. PONTIAC, MICH.

(*Continued from page 36*)

then, after a couple of years' preliminary cruising in the Mediterranean, to New York. To the writer of a copyrighted cable from Paris to *The Herald Tribune*, Gerbault is admirable not only for his extraordinary journey, but also for his character, which is thus outlined:

> Before becoming a sailor he was one of the French tennis stars and one of the famous war aces. He often played in the same team with Suzanne Lenglen, reaping laurels with her. He was known in the French trenches as a most daring aviator, who did not hesitate to dash off alone in his plane against three or more German Albatross.
>
> His comrades feared him, for he never spoke. He was as silent in the trenches as in the middle Pacific on the yacht *Firecrest*. Under fire, he was always reading Poe, Keats, Shelley, Baudelaire, or Verlaine. He took them with him when he left Le Havre six years ago, intending to cross the Atlantic and later circle the globe. He was also interested in the books of famous navigators, and studied meteorology and astronomy. The sea always haunted him.
>
> He began to think of yachting as soon as the war ended. Having crossed the Atlantic, he wrote, "I know that whatever happens, I shall go back to the sea. I think of the happy days when *Firecrest* and myself shall leave together for the Pacific and its beautiful islands."

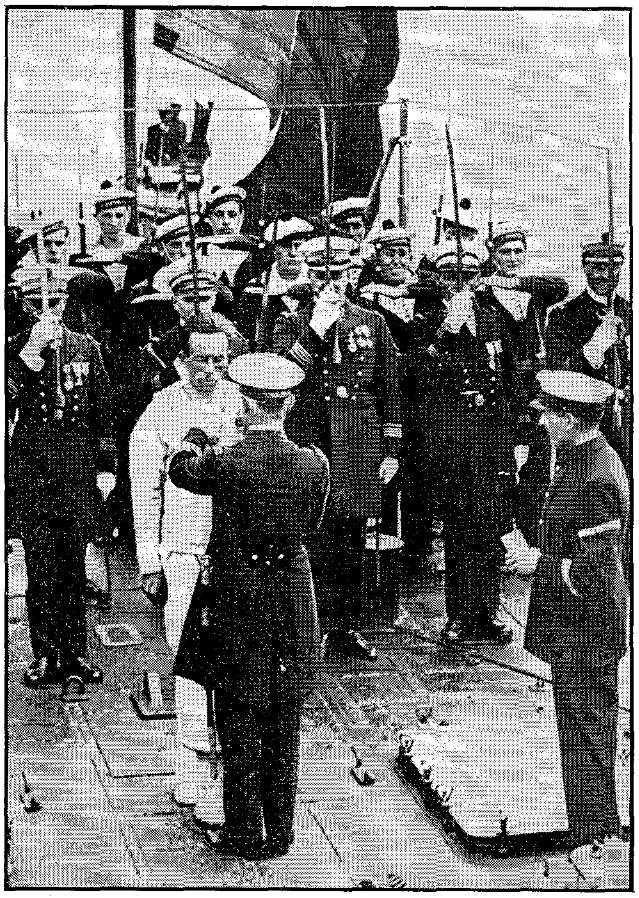


Acme Newspicture

"I SHALL RETURN, AND IT IS HERE THAT I SHALL LAND"

So Gerbault promised his friends as he left Havre for America in 1923. His promise was kept, for it was at Havre that an enthusiastic nation welcomed him home.

His return to Havre was retarded by dirty weather which threatened disaster at the very end of his Odyssey. At dawn the crowd on the quays still waited for news. Friends and mere onlookers held their posts, gazing out across the harbor, eagerly speculating. Newspaper men repaired to the coast-guard stations for better coigns of vantage. Hours passed. Nine o'clock. Twelve o'clock. No news. Impatient watchers became tense and apprehensive. Three o'clock. News. The quest of the good *Ailette* was successful. Ten miles out she was towing the little *Firecrest* and its gallant master and crew, in the solitary person of Gerbault, to the home dock, whence they had set out six years before to sail around the world. There was a wild stampede for the boats in the harbor, R. Destez tells us in *Figaro* (Paris). All sorts of vessels were put into commission. The enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds, for all were wild to be near the *Firecrest*, to shout some word or question to Gerbault.



International Newsreel photograph

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF FRANCE

Snatched from his solitude to receive the highest token of his country's admiration, the wanderer is thus decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, standing on the deck of a warship.

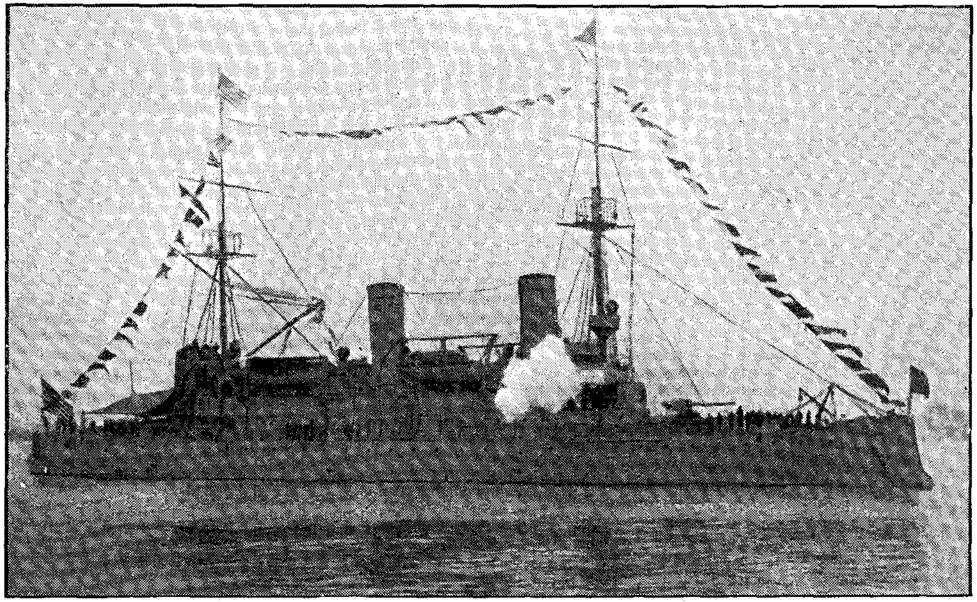
The French, according to a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, must have a hero a year. But with aviators lording it as the most popular heroes to-day, and with an official ban on French long-distance flying this year, there have not been many chances to win the hearts of the crowd this summer.

Gerbault, we are told, embarked in the *Firecrest*, in 1923, with America and adventure his twin goals. Having reached America, he set out, late the next year, to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. He battled storms and illness alone; he braved hunger and thirst. When Gerbault first sailed, he said to his intimates, according to the writer in *Figaro*, "Have confidence in me. I shall return, and it is here that I shall land." We read on:

> As he had promised, he returned to Havre, where his friends, fully confident that he would keep his word, awaited him. Some of them had waited for more than a week.
>
> Gerbault, standing up in his boat leaning on the mast, regarded the crowd impassively, undoubtedly amused at the actions of those on board the *Ailette*. Then he gravely saluted his friends.
>
> The fairylike light of six o'clock threw his silhouette upon the deck of the little black boat. He appeared slender in his sailor-suit, as he stood there with his feet bare. His approach amid the tugs and other boats to the decorated quay was indeed a triumphant one. The ground all about as far as one could see was covered with people. Finally his friends were able to approach sufficiently to be able to embrace him. He was so embarrassed that he did not know where to look, so long had he been accustomed to face the horizon and naught else. In vain he pleaded to be allowed to dress, but the crowd would give him no peace. The ceremonies of welcome, congratulations, the banquet, all awaited him. Finally, stuffing the many telegrams he had received into his pocket, he gave way and allowed himself to be carried by the crowd, mechanically holding in his hand a tri-color bouquet that a little girl had presented to him. At last he allowed himself to be questioned. He told us of his regret at having been delayed a day by contrary winds. "I did so want to be in Paris for the Davis Cup," he said.

SAVING THE *OLYMPIA* FOR THE "HARBOR OF FAME"

"YOU MAY FIRE when you are ready, Gridley," said the commander of the fleet to the commander of the flag-ship. Gridley obeyed that historic instruction. He fired, and kept on firing until no target was left. At the end of the famous battle of Manila Bay, the Spanish fleet was sunk, the American victorious without the loss of a man or a ship. That victory of Admiral Dewey, in which his flag-ship, the *Olympia*, participated, started the United States on the way from a second-rate Power to a world Power, many an editorial recently has pointed out. Now comes word that the famous old vessel, which also, we are reminded, brought home the body of the Unknown Soldier after the World War, has been declared obsolete, and will be junked. It will be junked, that is, if public sentiment does not decree otherwise; and that it will decree otherwise seems likely from the dozens of editorials crying "Save the *Olympia!*" which have followed the announcement. The *Olympia*, newspapers are practically unanimous in declaring, must go with other famous ships, in what the Birmingham *News* calls the "Harbor of Fame." The Houston *Post-Dispatch*, adding its voice to the general protest, recalls to us a bit of little-remembered Spanish-American War history:



Keystone View Company photograph

"AY! TEAR HER TATTERED ENSIGN DOWN!"

Oliver Wendell Holmes's impassioned plea for the preservation of "Old Ironsides" has been echoed many times since the proposal to junk Dewey's *Olympia*, shown above.

Sometimes, when old newspaper men get together, the story of the telegraph editor who took a long chance on Admiral Dewey is still told. It goes back to a day in May, 1898, when all the country knew that Dewey's fleet had moved on Manila, and nobody in the country knew any more. The telegraph editor in question, after vainly trying every source of information he could think of, lost his temper and resolved to put out an extra containing an imaginary account of a great American victory. His story started with a statement that Dewey had sunk or disabled the entire Spanish fleet without the loss of a single American vessel or a single American seaman. That was the biggest "whopper" his imagination could devise and, after giving it to the public, he went home convinced that he would be "fired" when the real news came from Manila. But when the real news came, he received congratulations instead of censure. Dewey had put the whole Spanish fleet at Manila out of action without losing a man, and without serious damage to any of his own vessels.

What a thrill that victory gave America! And what a surprize it gave to the rest of the world! It is hard to believe now, but it is true, that some of Europe's foremost war experts doubted our ability to win a struggle with Spain in the West Indies, to say nothing of a contest with her in the more distant Philippines.

The worth of the American flag-ship in that battle is not to be measured by ordinary naval standards. The old *Olympia* was not a first-class—or even a second-class—cruiser when she bore Dewey to victory. She is now of no value at all as a fighting ship, and perhaps of no value as a training ship. Nevertheless, she should be preserved as long as she will hold together. Tiny as she is beside our modern floating fortresses, she is still important as a symbol and a relic. The suggestion that she will be sent to the scrap-heap, unless patriotic private citizens provide for her preservation, is rather shocking. Surely a Government which spends millions for victory memorials of one kind or another will not be so short-sighted as to sacrifice this venerable actor in a great American victory, to the demands of departmental economy.

Admiral Dewey's stirring order to Captain Gridley of the *Olympia* "is not, perhaps, extremely familiar to the school children of to-day, but mention of it still thrills their parents, the school children of thirty years ago, who can remember back in '98 when it was picked up along with the slogan, 'Remember the *Maine*,' to sweep the country like wildfire," Herb O'Hare tells us in a Washington dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, continuing:

So rich in historic interest is the *Olympia* to the "elder school children" that the storm of protest from all over the country has halted, at least temporarily, the adoption by the Navy Department of the recommendation of a board of Navy officers, who recently inspected the *Olympia* at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, that she be condemned and sold as junk.

A bill is pending in the House of Representatives Naval Affairs Committee to give the *Olympia* a place of honor on the Washington water-front, where it could be visited as a memorial by thousands of school children from all parts of the country. The author of the bill, Representative John J. Cochran of Missouri, plans its reintroduction in the next regular session of Congress.

Spanish War posts and other patriotic organizations and individuals throughout the nation have buried their Congressmen and the Navy Department under a veritable sea of letters and telegrams requesting that the *Olympia* be reserved for a memorial. The National Capitol Park and Planning Commission is also behind the movement for the preservation of the old man-o'-war.

In 1922, almost thirty years after the *Olympia* first took the high seas as a part of the United States Navy, she was destined for the junk heap, but had a stay of execution. The Navy Department lacked funds for preserving the ship as a memorial, altho Washington, D. C., and the State of Washington asked for the ship. At that time she was placed out of commission.

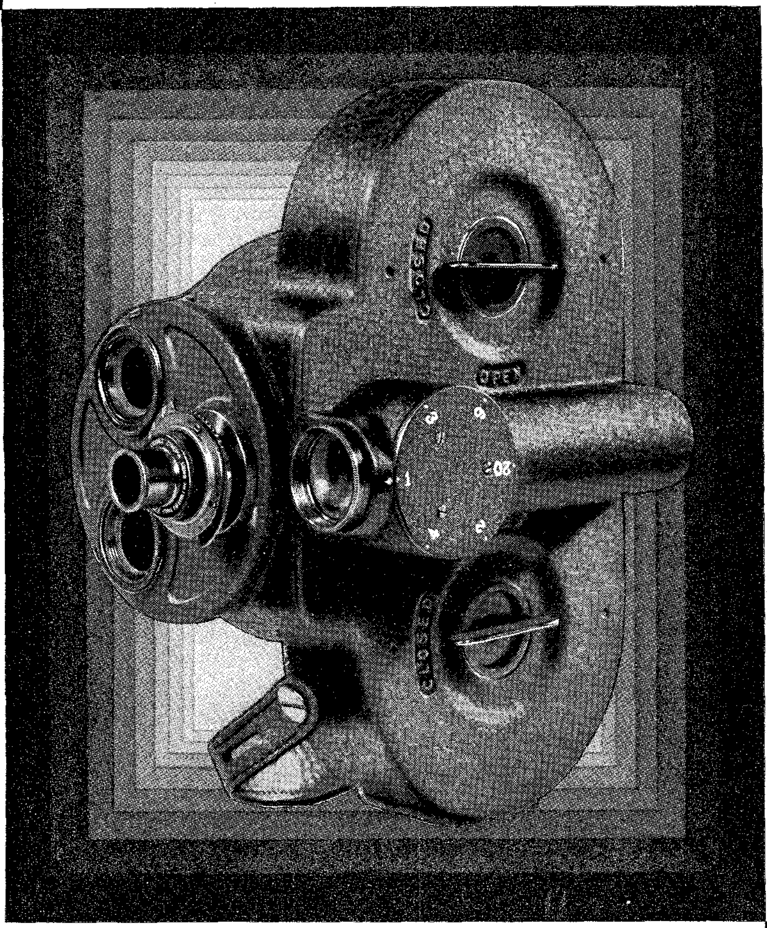
Admiral George Dewey took over the *Olympia* as his flag-ship in the Asiatic Squadron on January 3, 1898, Capt. G. V. Gridley, U. S. N., commanding, Mr. O'Hare tells us. On May 1, 1898, the *Olympia* led the American fleet into Manila Bay, where the Spanish fleet was lying at anchor in front of the forts. Admiral Dewey in his autobiography states, as quoted by this writer:

"At 5:40, when we were within a distance of 5,000 yards, I turned to Gridley and said, 'You may fire when you are ready, Gridley.' While I remained on the bridge with Lamberton, Brumby and Stickney, Gridley took his station in the conning-tower, and gave the order to the battery. The very first gun to speak was an eight-inch from the forward turret of the *Olympia*, and this was the signal for all the other ships to join in the action."

From 5:41 A. M., except for an interruption of three hours, until 12:30 P. M. the battle raged, with the Spanish forts lending their assistance to the defending fleet.

AN EXPERT praises FILMO

"I congratulate you on having extended to the amateur movie maker, in your Filmo and Eyemo cameras, the same camera precision we have known in Bell & Howell professional studio cameras these many years."



A *new star in personal moviedom... the new* FILMO 70·D

You can now own a personal model... small, light, and amazingly simple in operation... of the very studio cameras that for years have made Paramount Pictures. Like most other major producers, Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation, uses Bell & Howell professional cameras.

No other ciné camera manufacturer has such a background; none an equal experience. And now Bell & Howell presents the greatest personal Camera in its history — Filmo 70-D.

Three lenses can be ready, at a twist of the turret, to catch far-away scenes, close-ups, and those shots which light conditions ordinarily make difficult. An ingenious variable spy-glass viewfinder shows the exact area being taken in by the lens you're using. And the turn of a dial gives you any of seven speeds, from the fastest to the s-l-o-w-e-s-t of movies. All you do is look through the viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get."

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Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Filmo 70-D or write for literature and the illustrated booklet, "What You See, You Get."

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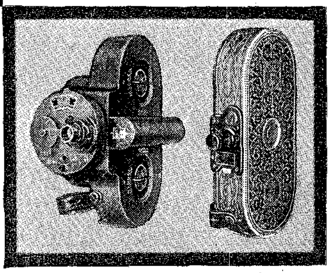
WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET



(Left) Filmo 70-A, the original personal movie camera, $180 and up, with carrying case. (Right) Filmo 75, pocket-size and of patrician smartness, $120 and up, with carrying case.

◆ ◆ ◆

All Filmos Take Either a 50 or 100 foot Roll of Film

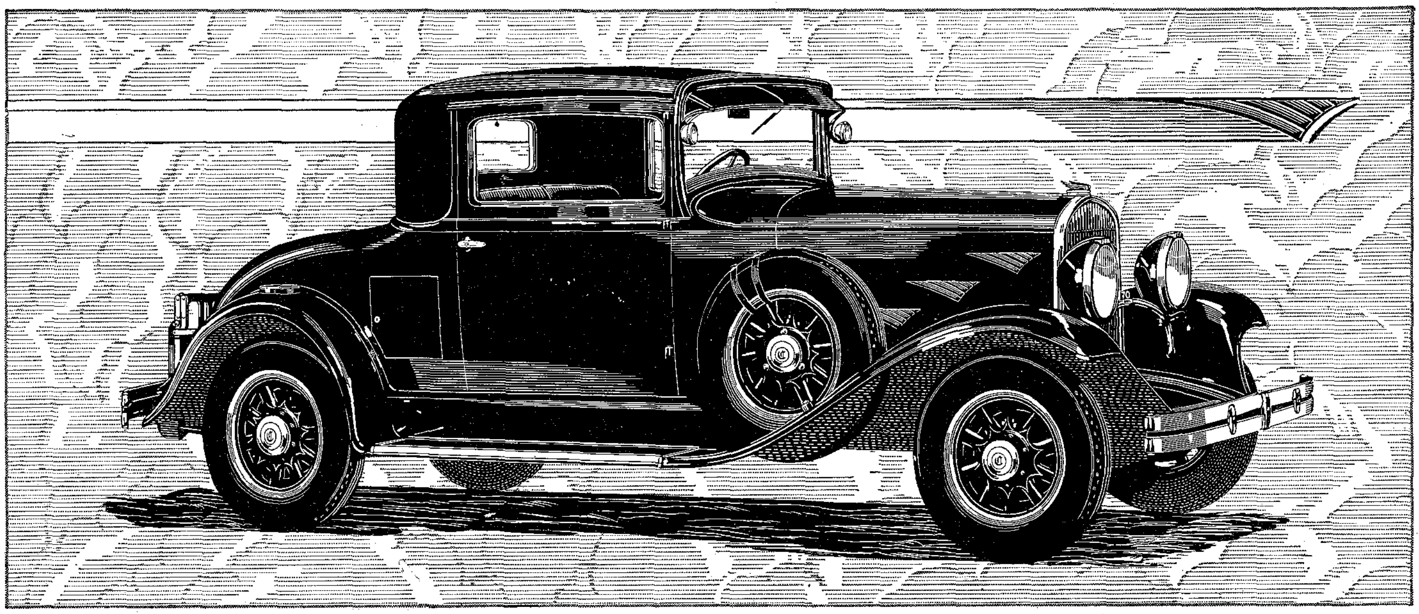
For black and white pictures, Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic — obtainable at practically all dealers handling cameras and supplies. Filmo Cameras and Filmo Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo Projector.

REVOLUTIONARY NEW CHRYSLERS

LEAVE NO BASIS FOR COMPARISON

New principles of engineering—multi-range gear shift—completely transform results ✢ ✢ ✢

OUT of the art and science of Chrysler designing, engineering, and manufacturing have come, suddenly and dramatically, the most revolutionary developments of progress ever recorded at one time in all the annals of the motor car = = The basic nature and sweeping scope of the advancements now scored by Chrysler will cause a re-writing of the motor car engineering standards of the future—and bring about, perforce, as time goes on, the gradual betterment of all cars = = For Chrysler has actually transformed the motor car in its fundamentals. These new Chryslers are not new models in the sense of a few superficial refinements. They are original creations. They are new from the ground up—new in outer dress, new in character, new in type of construction, new in roomy luxury, new in vitality, new in ability and efficiency = = Pacemaker for five straight years—with the rest of the industry bending all efforts to catch up—Chrysler now greatly extends the gap between Chrysler and all cars which have struggled so long and so hard to approximate Chrysler = = There is not a single basis for comparison now remaining, so completely has Chrysler surpassed and antiquated even its own previous accomplishments = = Only by riding in these remarkable cars, only by taking the wheel in your own hands and driving, is it possible to comprehend how thoroughly Chrysler has revolutionized and regenerated the modern motor car.

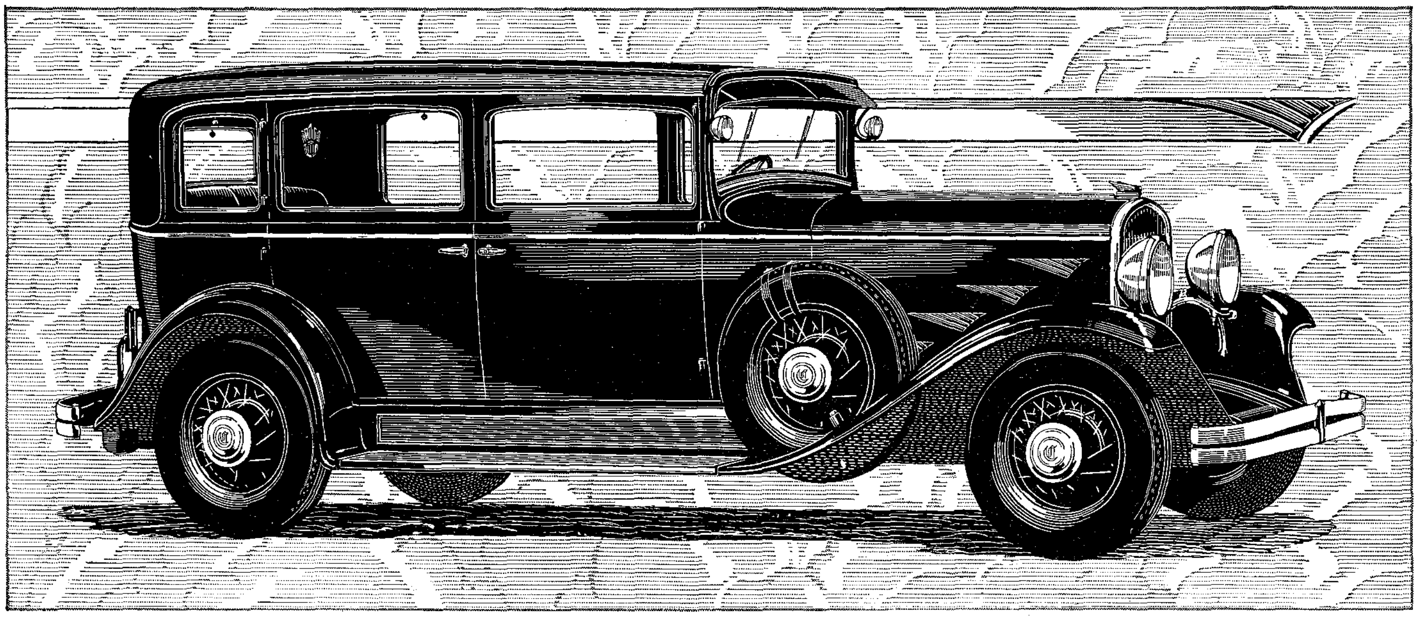


THE NEW "70" ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat), $1345. *Special Equipment Extra*

C H R Y

CHRYSLER

© 1929 Chrysler Corporation



THE NEW "77" CROWN SEDAN, $1775. Special Equipment Extra

NEW FEATURES OF THE CHRYSLER "77" AND "70"

MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT—Gives new pleasure to driving; makes gear-shifting a joy even to the inexperienced; widens the power range; shift gears as always, but with new ease, new quickness, new quiet.

DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETOR—Not merely a gravity manifold but a new principle of fuelizing; smoother power; higher mileage; quicker operation. Extra-large mechanical fuel pump.

SYNCHRONIZED POWER SYSTEM—Engineered as a unit from radiator to rear axle; new flexibility, smoothness and economy; still longer life.

LARGER ENGINES—Greater piston displacement; greater horsepower and operating economy; 7-bearing counter-balanced crankshaft; Invar Strut pistons; full pressure lubrication; oil filter.

ARCHITONIC BODIES—Absolutely new in principle, non-squeaking, non-rumbling dreadnought construction; new strength and safety; new slanting non-glare windshield.

NEW SPACIOUSNESS—All bodies 3 inches wider; 3 to 5 inches longer according to type; greater headroom; adjustable front seat.

NEW BEAUTY—Dynamic symmetry; chromium girdle moldings; arched windows with chromium architraves; Pennon louvers; sconce-type parking lights. Wide color choice; matching upholstery.

NEW INTERIOR LUXURY—Newly-designed seat cushions; luxurious pillow-type upholstery; metalware executed by Cartier, of New York and Paris, world famous jewelers.

NEW RIDING COMFORT—New paraflex springs; new chimney-type rubber shock insulators; extra-depth girder-type double-drop frame; hydraulic shock absorbers. Oversize 6-ply balloon tires.

NEW DRIVING EASE—Chrysler light-pressure weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes; finger-thin sure-grip steel reinforced steering wheel; easy, non-clashing gear control; new cam and lever positive action steering gear; extra-short turning radius; centralized instrument panel.

THE NEW "77" WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

THE NEW "70" WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

THE NEW "66"

NEW CHRYSLER "77" PRICES

BUSINESS COUPE	$1595	TOWN SEDAN	$1775
ROADSTER (with rumble seat)	1625	CROWN COUPE	1775
ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat)	1695	CONVERTIBLE COUPE (with rumble seat)	1795
ROYAL SEDAN	1695	PHAETON (including tonneau, cowl and windshield)	1795
CROWN SEDAN	1775		

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES		NEW CHRYSLER "66" PRICES	
PHAETON	$1245	BUSINESS COUPE	$ 985
ROADSTER (with rumble seat)	1295	ROADSTER (with rumble seat)	995
BUSINESS COUPE	1295	PHAETON	995
BROUGHAM	1295	BROUGHAM	995
ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat)	1345	ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat)	1045
ROYAL SEDAN	1395	ROYAL SEDAN	1065

ALL PRICES F. O. B. DETROIT (Special Equipment Extra)

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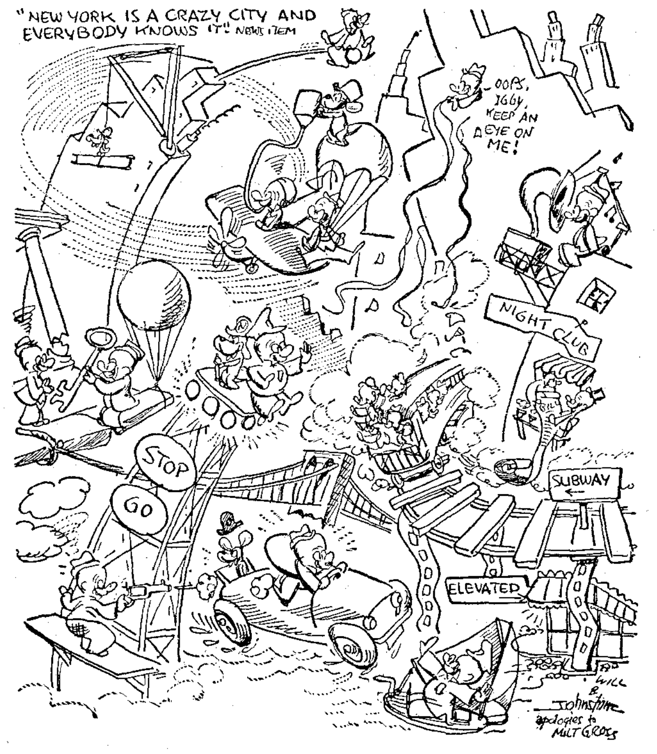
"PAN AMERICA!"—THE CRY OF THE EXPATRIATES

ARE WE ALL "CRAZY PEOPLE"? Is America "a madhouse," and does all the world know it? Is Europe the only continent fit to be inhabited by intelligent and civilized Americans? These and other harrowing questions have been thrust before us at the height of the "silly season" through the vigorous complaints of two home-coming expatriates, one of whom was returning only to pack up his worldly all and clear out for good, while the other was preparing mournfully to remain for a while in the interests of his daily bread. The former was Frank Ward O'Malley, once a pillar and chronicler of Broadway life, whose reportorial fantasias used to beguile the readers of Mr. Dana's *Sun,* and who now figures as the author of one or two plays, "The Swiss Family O'Malley," and other works of adventure or what not. The other "Pan-America" fan was Ralph Barton, whose lively pen-and-ink creations are familiar to readers of the humorous magazines. Mr. O'Malley was the first to cut loose. A native of Pennsylvania, and thereby quite 100 per cent. American, he "panned" his native land so mercilessly that his diatribe became a theme of editorial comment, some of which was irritated and censorious, while some breathed a tolerant spirit. The New York *Evening World* says:


"NEW YORK IS A CRAZY CITY AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT!" NEWS ITEM
OOPS, IGGY, KEEP AN EYE ON ME!
NIGHT CLUB
STOP
GO
SUBWAY
ELEVATED
WILL B. Johnstone apologies to MILT GROSS

COUNT SCREWLOOSES OF NEW YORK

—Johnstone in the New York *World.*

> Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley, as we pointed out deploringly some time ago, has decided not to live in the United States any more, but to move to Europe. And now he has written an article giving his reasons. Briefly, they may be summed up as follows:
>
> 1. Prohibition, and the orgy of barbarous drinking that has come with it.
> 2. Crime, and the futile efforts toward suppressing it.
> 3. "Rotary meetings, searching unsuccessfully for parking places, progress and pep."
> 4. Reformers, and the tendency of the populace generally to make other people's business its own.
> 5. The imbecility of our public officials and of our legislative bodies.
> 6. The backwardness of the country in the *beaux arts.*
> 7. Money grubbing.
> 8. The restlessness of the country, not only in the life that it leads, but in its jazz, its "insane hurry over nothing," and its restless architecture.
> 9. The difficulty in obtaining good servants.
> 10. The climate.
>
> The traditional way for us to comment on this, no doubt, would be to reason with Mr. O'Malley, and try to convince him that this is a pretty good country after all. We shall not do that. Mr. O'Malley is no congenital sycophant of the other man's country, no sad young man admiring every country but his own. He is, or at any rate has been, as American as Will Rogers, and blind worship of other countries is not a part of him.
>
> Wherefore what he says is worth listening to. The real point is not whether the United States is better or worse than England, France, or Germany, but whether the United States is as good as it can be. This is one intelligent man's opinion. We should forget for the moment our prodigious appetite for flattery, and think this over for what it is worth.

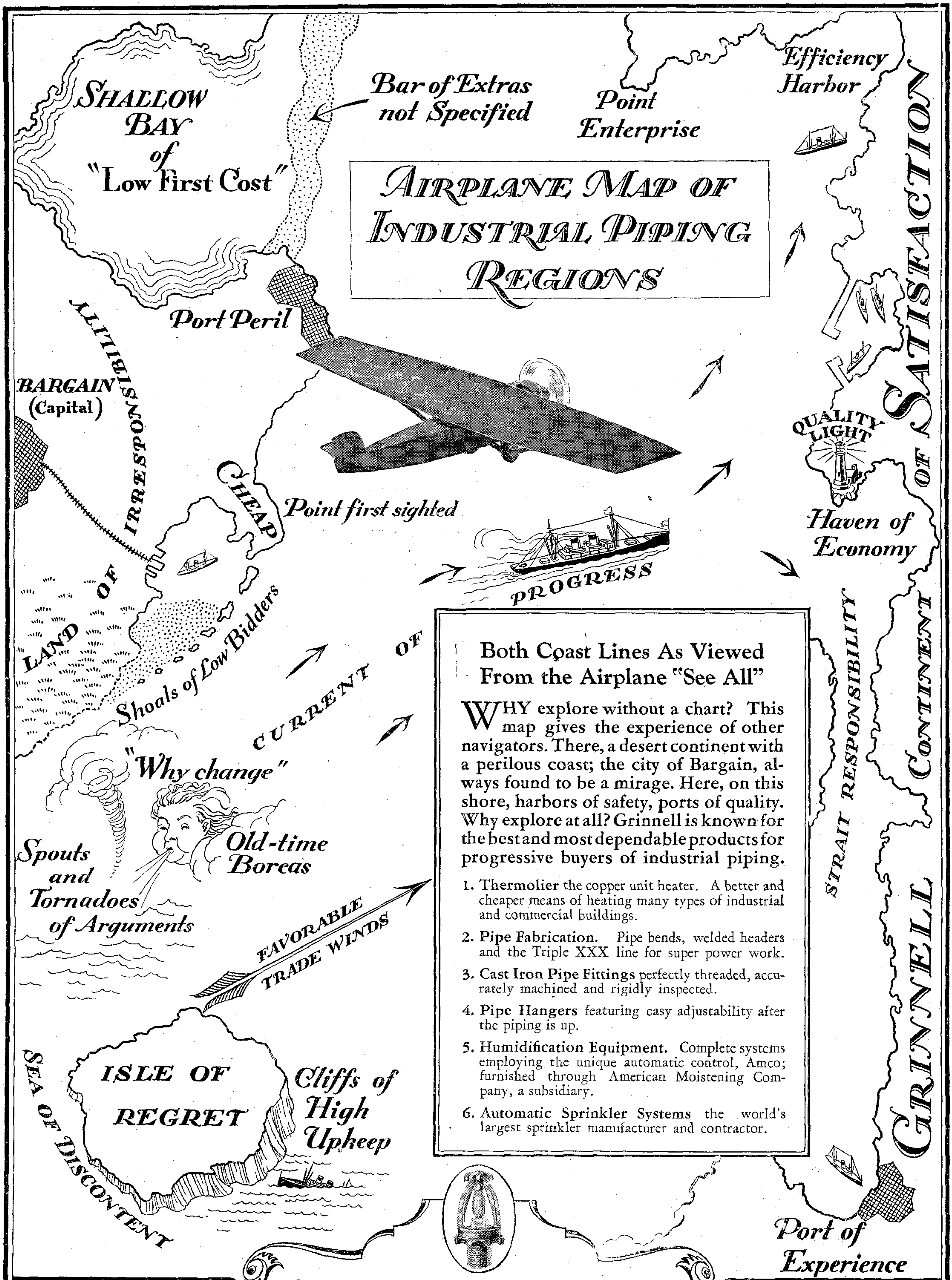
Mr. Barton, when his turn came to speak, disagreed with Mr. O'Malley as to the possibility of an American writer or artist living in Europe indefinitely without getting out of touch with his market. Said he, as reported by *The World:*

> "New York is a crazy city. It is absolutely crazy, and every one who travels knows it. But it is my city, and hereafter I make it my home." Thus mused Ralph Barton, famed caricaturist, as he returned on the French liner *Ile de France,* to the shores which he left last March with the declaration that he was going to Paris to live and become a Frenchman.
>
> Told that Frank Ward O'Malley, equally famed Broadwayite, had declared in an article in last Sunday's *World* that he could no longer live in America, and was going to Europe, Mr. Barton said:
>
> "He'll be back, I should say, within three years, especially if he keeps on working. I know just how he feels. I once felt the same way myself. But now I know the answer. I have lived three years in Paris, and now I know. I find that one gets out of touch with American action and feeling by remaining abroad too long. One is neither fish nor fowl. I have decided it is better to be a crazy New Yorker than a savant or the triumph of the boulevards."
>
> Several hours later, in his rooms at the Hotel Wyndham, Mr. Barton gave a more explicit interview.
>
> "It's true," he said, "America is a madhouse. That's why I came back. I feel that I belong here. For the last four years I've lived in France, particularly in Paris and Cannes. I came to America sporadically, but only for weed-ends. Now I'm back to stay.
>
> "Europe is a great place. It's in my blood, and I love it. I'll always go back for visits, and when I retire, I'll probably go back for good. But while I work, I want to stay here. I found myself slipping, losing contact with my public, which is the American public. As an artist I must comment on modern times, and by that I mean things in America. I can only do that if I live here, much as I love Europe.
>
> "Americans are crazy people. They drink too much, do everything too much. They like something for fifteen minutes, then turn about and like something else. They are faddists. They idolize some hero of the hour beyond all sensibility, then leave him flat for some one else.
>
> "However, you simply can't pass up New York any more. It's the center of the universe. Even the French are curious to see it, and that means a good deal. I don't know how long the universe will continue to revolve around Manhattan. New York itself seems recklessly cocksure about the permanence of its place in the sun."
>
> Mr. Barton said that in France he lived the life of a Frenchman, and came to know "everybody." He intends to go back at least every year, and thinks his life as a Frenchman will always be a strong part of him.
>
> Meanwhile, in New Jersey, State Senator Arthur N. Pierson of Union County, challenged O'Malley to name the Senators who O'Malley says were drunk and disorderly, August 11, at a Point Pleasant restaurant, or apologize to every Senator and to the people of the State.

New Jersey's Senators are not the only people to take exception to Mr. O'Malley's Sunday *World* article, from which we quote some sprightly passages, somewhat abbreviated. Thus:

> Are you in the market for an attractive stone house, on a hill facing the sea, and in the heart of the New Jersey Applejack Belt? You may have it at a fair price, as I want to go back to Europe with my wife and children, and live there forever. Take it and I shall leave you with all your beloved America about you, together with five acres of pine trees and lawn all your own, an excellent bootlegger near by, and the natural and necessary concomitant of the American bootlegger, a handsome, roomy cemetery, only a step away.
>
> With the place goes a cabin cruiser that would make a swell

AIRPLANE MAP OF INDUSTRIAL PIPING REGIONS


SHALLOW BAY of "Low First Cost"
Bar of Extras not Specified
Point Enterprise
Efficiency Harbor
Port Peril
BARGAIN (Capital)
LAND OF IRRESPONSIBILITY
CHEAP
Point first sighted
PROGRESS
QUALITY LIGHT
Haven of Economy
OF SATISFACTION
Shoals of Low Bidders
CURRENT OF
"Why change"
Old-time Boreas
Spouts and Tornadoes of Arguments
FAVORABLE TRADE WINDS
ISLE OF REGRET
Cliffs of High Upkeep
SEA OF DISCONTENT
STRAIT RESPONSIBILITY
GRINNELL CONTINENT
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Both Coast Lines As Viewed From the Airplane "See All"

WHY explore without a chart? This map gives the experience of other navigators. There, a desert continent with a perilous coast; the city of Bargain, always found to be a mirage. Here, on this shore, harbors of safety, ports of quality. Why explore at all? Grinnell is known for the best and most dependable products for progressive buyers of industrial piping.

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5. **Humidification Equipment.** Complete systems employing the unique automatic control, Amco; furnished through American Moistening Company, a subsidiary.
6. **Automatic Sprinkler Systems** the world's largest sprinkler manufacturer and contractor.

GRINNELL COMPANY

The famous Grinnell Quartz Bulb head is far quicker to operate than old fashioned solder heads. Its operating element is proof against corrosion and loading. Another fire protection feature is the new Simplex dry-pipe system which brings sprinkler protection to many classes of property that up to now have been denied its many benefits. Write us today for further information on any of these products or services. *Address:* GRINNELL CO., Inc., 402 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

FINALLY—
finish the job
with
Aqua Velva
for
After-Shaving

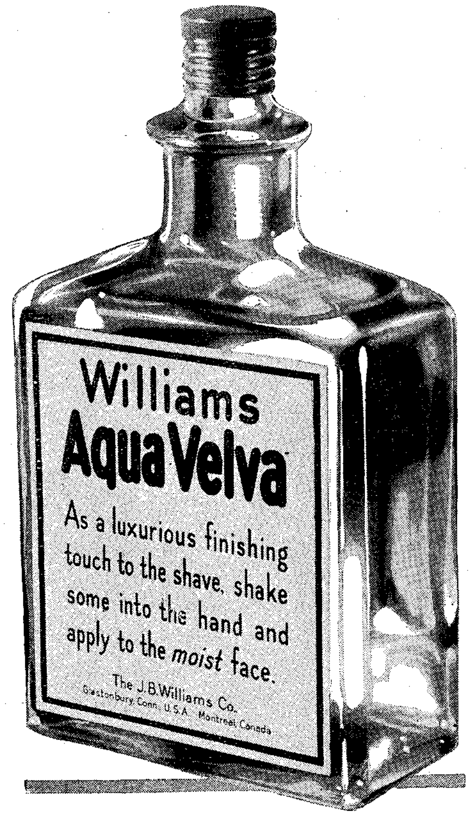
When the razor is laid down, the lather washed off (and the face still moist), put on Aqua Velva. Then, the day's begun with a sparkle!

¶ Aqua Velva was made to meet certain definite needs of the newly shaven skin. And every newly shaven skin is the better for it.

¶ Aqua Velva makes the skin feel awake, alive. It cares for tiny nicks and cuts (often there, though mostly unseen). Mildly astringent, it helps toward firmness, away from flabbiness. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, and so helps to keep it flexible and Fit!

¶ The last touch in sensible good grooming, Aqua Velva deserves a place with you. Take a bottle home tonight. Small chance you'll ever again be without it.

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers,
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. D69, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A. Montreal, Canada

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

little rum-runner. In sight of our house is an ocean inlet where hooch is landed almost nightly. We have the further advantage of being within only a few minutes' run of Asbury Park, where only three days ago an aged bank messenger was shot through the heart in broad daylight, and the killers escaped with the pay-roll—a typically American street thrill which we never have the opportunity of witnessing abroad.

Also within the week we have had at least one good, old-fashioned United States burglary—also at Asbury Park—with the gentleman sticking up a lady with a revolver at midnight and escaping with the loot. He and the murderers of the bank messenger got safely away, and we have turned our attention again to our Rotary meetings, to searching unsuccessfully for car-parking spaces, to progress, and pep. We had just got over the shock of the arrest of the young son of a neighboring professional man and three of the lad's companions. In a playful spirit the boys had burned one residence and several barns to the ground when a near-by high school held a dance. Off we scampered to see parents and friends carry three of the boys and one of the girls out of the high school feet first, dead drunk.

I wanted to see my good and efficient friend, George Legg, our local Chief of Police, four nights ago, but at the moment he was raiding a residence half a mile down the hill. He haled before Justice of the Peace Stan Nichols, eighteen youths and girls after the raid, all of them boiling drunk, another thrill we miss in Europe. Let me hasten to tell prospective buyers of our house, however, that they and their boys and girls can still find many excellent speak-easies up and down the coast. With my house also goes the whispered address of a beautifully equipped gambling place and two swagger ginmills, each boasting of busy mahogany bars worthy of the Knickerbocker Hotel's 42d Street Country Club, Shanley's or Jack's in the great days.

A lady who lives near me, a "cultured" lady, exprest surprize the other day when I told her that the Duke of Wellington was an Irishman. It was difficult for her to believe, she added, that there was such a thing as an Irish aristocrat. Our town also has the usual assortment of American children who have learned from their parents that all Italians are wop ditch-diggers, all Hungarians day-laborer hunkies, all the French a race of funny, bibbling chefs who are highly immoral, and all Germans terrible.

In brief, our community, you see, is just a good, old-fashioned, semi-rural, typically 100-per-cent. American community. It is no better and no worse than the thousands of similar towns and villages which abound in America as the result of a depraving philosophy of crass materialism, hypocrisy, crooked thinking, ignorant scoundrels in high office, unbelievable bigotry, appalling provincialism, national swelled-headedness, rainbow-chasing "progress," lax criminal procedure, insane legislation, and a fanatical philosophy of Puritanism that stifles all gentle living and beauty.

The editor of the Sunday *World* was kind enough to ask me the other day to elaborate here a bit on the reasons I gave to the ship news reporters recently regarding my intention to live permanently hereafter in Europe. To give all the reasons would, I fear, fill a newspaper page. No red-blooded American wants to hear them anyway; we have given so many years to convincing ourselves, and to teaching our children, that intolerance is a positive and patriotic virtue that we resent all adverse criticism, even when founded on undeniable facts.

In the last few days indignant letter-writers—none of them, not one, had the nerve to sign his or her name—have cluttered my mail with scurrilous blasts, the gist of their reproof being the highly intelligent retort: "If you don't like this country, get out." But I already had beaten you to that, fellow citizens. I did not say to the reporters that I despised America. I do think that, potentially, it is the greatest nation the world has known. Just so long, however, as it continues to run along in its present state of hypocrisy, stupid materialism, bigotry, neuroticism, vulgarity, church-ridden legislation, and criminal depravity, I don't want to live here, and I don't want my family to live here. Therefore we shall get out.

After some strictures on the humidity of the New York climate, Mr. O'Malley makes a personal confession, saying:

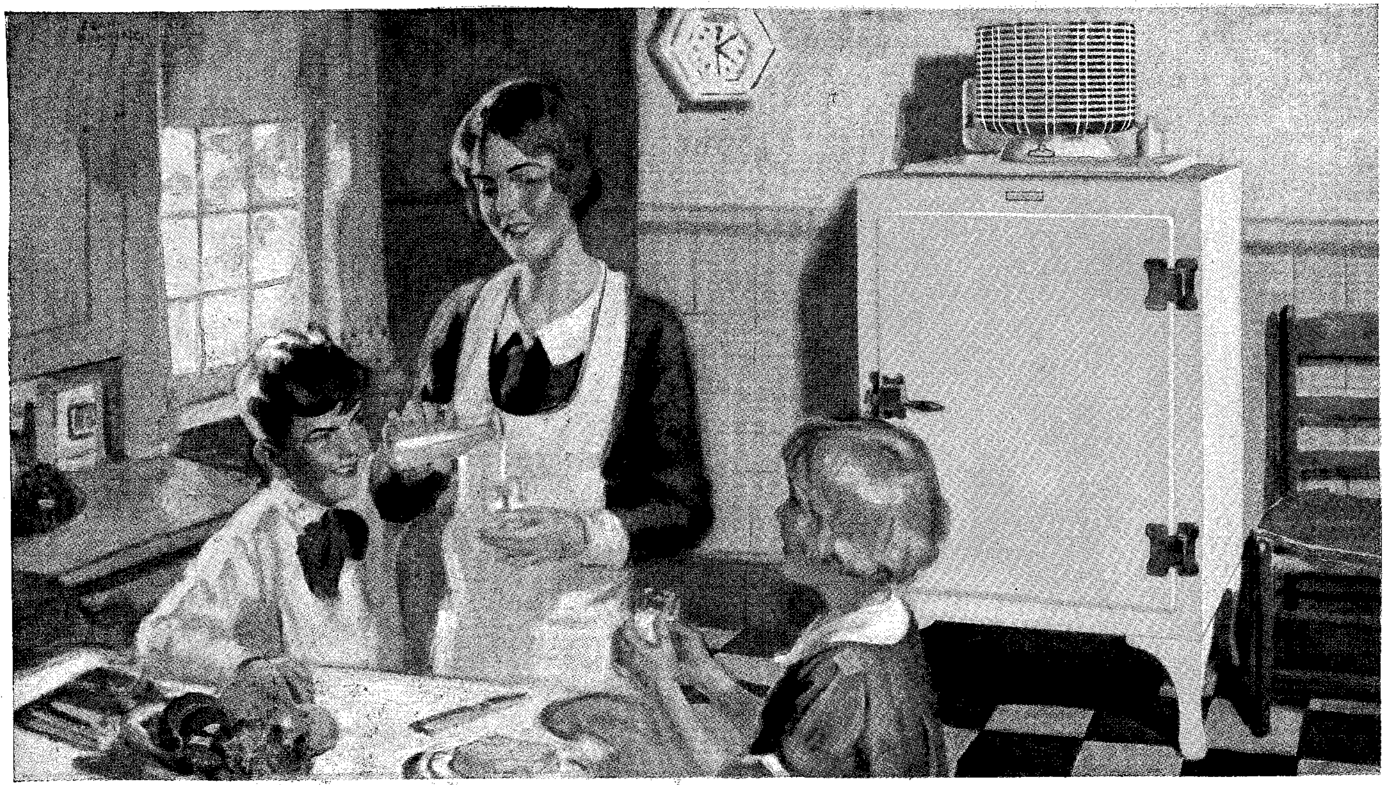
My anonymous letter-writing friends seem to think, as might be expected, that I want to live in Europe to get drunk. I freely admit that during many years of my newspaper life on Broadway I was a masterful, gifted, I might say a superb drinker. I still could master my old technique, I suppose, but recently my doctor strapped me high on the water wagon and forever. My daily eye-opener now is merely a small hypodermic shot of insulin. Besides, one gets drunk much more easily here than in wine- and beer-drinking countries.

Throughout an entire season among the gaieties of the Riviera I saw only two Frenchmen slightly tipsy. Both were workmen singing their way homeward on a Saturday night. With the exception of a year and a month I have lived continuously and variously in France, Switzerland, England, and Italy, since 1925. I have seen American trippers drunk on Montmartre and in London. I have seen a few Swiss holiday-makers somewhat keyed up with wine. There were times in the past in Europe when I joined the American trippers in getting alcoholically primed. But with the exception of three or four Swiss picnickers and the two workmen on the Riviera, who were slightly glowing, I have never seen a drunken Frenchman, Italian, or other drunken native in any of the ten European countries, one African and two Asiatic nations, that I have visited during somewhat lengthy sojourns in the course of several trips abroad. Since Prohibition I have seen more drunks at any single American cocktail party I have attended—yes, I was one of them—than I have ever seen in Europe, Asia, and Africa combined.

Having dealt raps to Bishop Cannon and Mrs. Willebrandt, Mr. O'Malley pays these compliments to Europe:

Europe minds its own business so far as one's private life is concerned. America is positively gifted at minding everybody else's business.

Europe has produced all the mental giants of our civilization, and the untold wealth of their works and thoughts still remains on lavish display there, all the way southward from the wonders of England's ancient cathedrals and universities down to the last sands of the great glory that is Italy. No blue-nosed bounder in a clerical collar regulates your enjoyment of the



Your Children ---
--- is their food safe ?

YOU, as a conscientious mother, buy the best food for your children, prepare it with scrupulous care and cook it correctly. Yet, in spite of all, you may be giving your children food which is unwholesome—even dangerous!

For even the best food becomes unsafe to eat unless it is *kept* at the proper degree of cold, which medical authorities agree should be 50 degrees or less—always. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply, food spoils—it becomes a menace to health.

There is only one way to be sure that your children's food is fresh and healthful—correct refrigeration. There is one refrigerator that assures you of scientifically perfect refrigeration at all times—the General Electric. Faithfully, quietly, day and night, it maintains a temperature safely below the danger point—50 degrees.

The General Electric is ideal for the home. Its simple mechanism which you never need to oil, is mounted on top of the cabinet and hermetically sealed in a steel casing. It has a simple and accessible temperature control, makes a generous supply of ice cubes, creates no radio interference. It has the only *all-steel,* warp-proof cabinet—easily-cleaned, sanitary.

The price of this new all-steel refrigerator—the small-family model—is now

$215 AT THE FACTORY

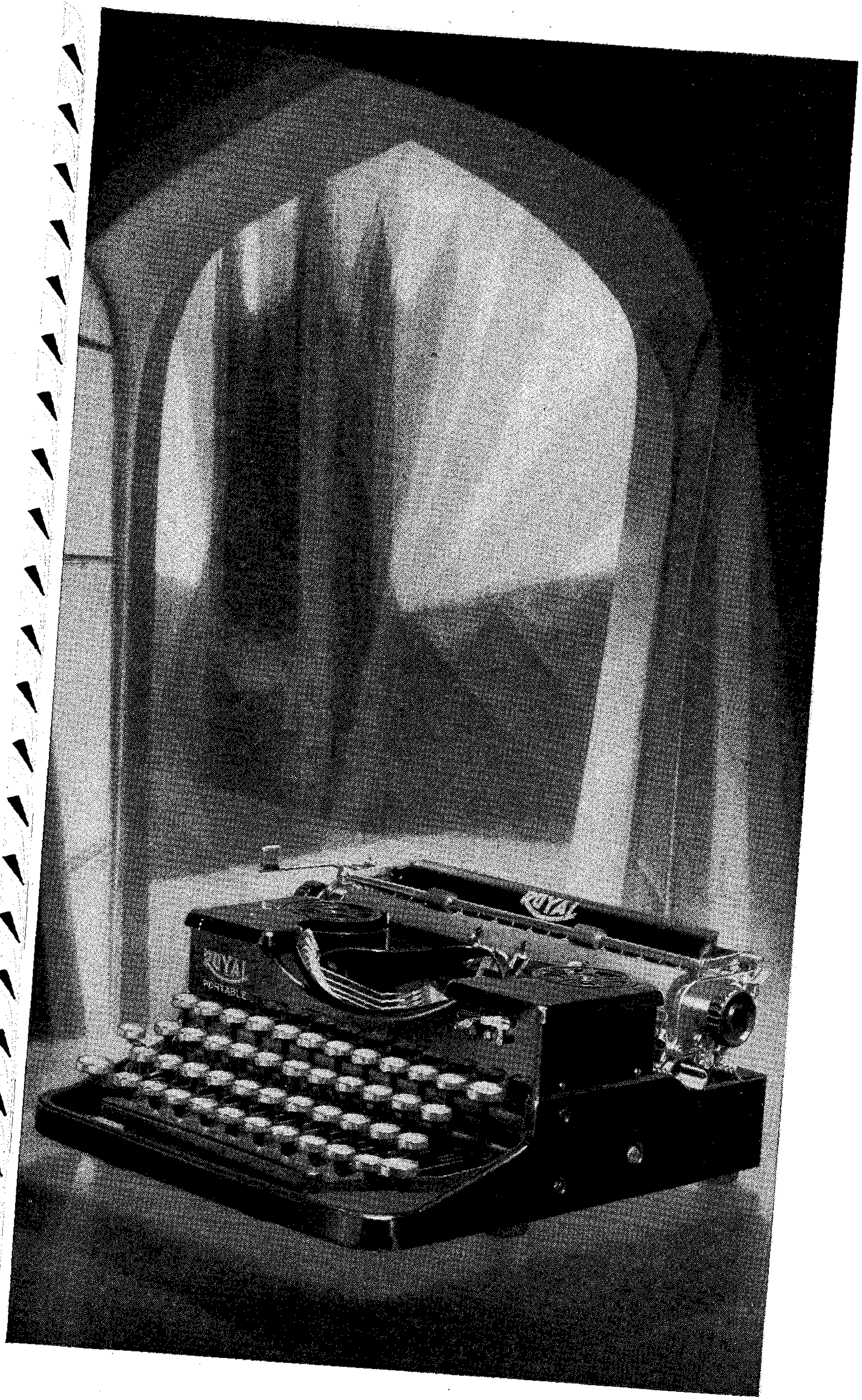
Your dealer will be glad to explain the spaced payment plan, which makes it so easy to own this faithful watchman of the family health. Let him help you select the model you need. If there is not a dealer near you, write Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio, for booklet D-9.

An unmatched record

There are now more than 300,000 homes enjoying the comfort and protection of General Electric Refrigerators—and not one of the owners has ever had to pay a single dollar for repairs or service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



FOR THE STUDENT
..AT COLLEGE
FOR THE PUPIL
....AT HOME

The Royal Portable Typewriter heads the list of school and college necessities. Because of its great day-to-day helpfulness, it is actually the first and the most important item to be provided.

So simple to operate, it is the quickest, the easiest way of conveying thoughts to paper. At its lively keys, the handicap of handwriting gives way to neatly typed reports and themes, so pleasant to read that even the sternest professor is inclined to give higher marks out of sheer gratitude.

With real enthusiasm, pupils and students at home and in college, write their lessons on this sturdy little machine, developing life-long habits of thoroughness—of neatness and accuracy.

Unique in design and construction, every single part of highest quality, the Royal Portable is priced at only $60, complete with carrying case. Convenient monthly payments, if desired.

Write for a copy of the Brochure which interestingly illustrates new Duotones (exclusively Royal). These new colorings give added decorative charm to this popular home writing machine.

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> glorious gorgeousness. You work hard or play hard as you wish, always surrounded by peaceful friends and neighbors, thousands of them self-exiled Americans, who have mastered the very real art of living.

Concluding his doleful "swan song of an expatriate," Mr. O'Malley enumerates some American characteristics to which he is glad to say good-by. These include:

> Nation-wide defiance of constitutional laws, strict observance of the law concerning the exact date upon which our straw hats must be discarded and similar physical and mental standardizations, anti-evolution laws, book and play censors, subway jammings that Europe would not inflict upon its cattle, moron movie stars, sloppy, slurring, slangy speech, monkey-house strivings, night-club jazz, insane hurry over nothing, elbow jabbings, architectural monstrosities, professional sports, and the great national pastime of keeping up with the Joneses. I can have a chauffeur, a cook, and a chambermaid for about the same amount that one incompetent cook costs here. I can do more work in a week in Europe than I can do in a month in America. So I shall leave you with your troubles, pack the old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

All of which seems to the Macon *Telegraph* sufficiently important for the substance of a column-and-a-half editorial, which concludes:

> The trouble with Mr. O'Malley is many-sided. In the first place, he has lost his sense of humor—that gift that placed him in the forefront of our humorists and made him a well-to-do man. In his comfortable estate, he is taking himself and America much too seriously. Anybody who attempted to philosophize now on a mercurial, growing civilization would be driven to distraction.
>
> In the second place, Mr. O'Malley is a Utopia-hunter, an idealist. He has visualized the sort of place in which he wants to live. It will have none of the things he so dislikes about America. He will find it nowhere. If he digs beneath the surface in England or France or Italy, he will find the same intolerance, the same corruption, the same inanity, the same mental degeneracy which he discovers in America. He sees it more clearly in America because he has been more interested in this country than in any other. If he becomes interested in the affairs of France, he will become disgusted there, too.
>
> The expatriate has one advantage over the citizen: he detaches himself from the world about him and sees only what he wants to see. The citizen, exercising all the functions of a citizen, sees much that is soiled. The expatriate, living in France, does not have to worry about French political affairs, which are quite as rotten as they are in this country; he does not have to worry about the poverty of the poorer people, which is much greater than it is in this country; he does not have to worry about the course of civilization in France, because he assumes no responsibility for the future. He detaches himself completely and looks on with the serenity of a selfish man who has what he wants and all he wants, and is not at all interested in the destiny of his nation.
>
> Intolerance and Prohibition and most of the things Mr. O'Malley abhors come from fear—fear for the future of the country. The intolerant man thinks that some day a church other than his own will rule the country and persecute his children. The Prohibitionist thinks that the downfall of civilization will come with drink. Most of the reform movements come from the fear of consequences. Mr. O'Malley is sensible enough to realize the folly of those fears, but not sensible enough to live among them and still regard them with a humorous detachment.

HOW JAPAN PIONEERED IN PRIMITIVE "TALKIES"

THE talkies have just established themselves in America, but they are "old stuff" in Japan, which has had them since the days of the magic lantern. The Nipponese, it is true, did not have sound recording devices, but they did have the *katsuben*, whose profession is peculiar to their nation. The word, it is explained in *Japan Today and Tomorrow* (Osaka), is a combination of *katsu*, from *katsudo*, which means movies, and *ben*, from *benshi*, which means a speaker. The *katsuben* is the person who explains for the benefit of the spectators the various scenes, and also recites the lines which the characters would say on the ordinary stage. Until sound-producing devices are placed in all the motion-picture theaters of Japan, the *katsuben's* position is safe. The profession started in the days of the magic lantern, when such an explainer was necessary. When foreign films were brought into the country, the account continues:

> The English or the German words appearing on the screen could not be understood by the majority of the fans, and experts were needed to explain them to the spectators. Furthermore, the Japanese films, which on the whole have improved exceedingly in recent years, are not yet in a position where the spectators would be satisfied by merely looking on the screen or listening to the music.
>
> And then, there is always the inexplicable charm that goes with a good *katsuben*. Men like Shiro Otsuji, Tenrai, Takida, and Musei Tokugawa, well-known *katsuben* of Toyuo, occupy enviable positions in the movie kingdom to-day. Not only do they attract enormous crowds of young men and women with their charming voices, but they are often asked to speak at public meetings and other entertainments given by charity organizations. Movie fans know them as well as they do the stars of America and Japan.
>
> A man named Daigen Jumonji is said to have been the first of this popular profession. In December, the twenty-ninth year of *Meiji*, 1896, movie films were introduced from America and shown to a large number of selected guests on the top floor of the Arai Shokai Building in Kyobashi. It was then that Mr. Jumonji was asked to do the explaining.
>
> The popularity of the movies in this country can be observed from the results of an investigation made by the Education Office recently. During the past year an aggregate number of 136,290,000 men, women, and children visited the movie houses, which is nearly twice the number of the total population of Japan proper.
>
> The Education Office's survey further showed that there are at present something like 2,500 movie theaters in Japan, and

(*Continued on page 53*)

Could your business use an *extra month* a year?

Make Ediphones available to your office force and you will be amazed to see the staggering total of wasted minutes converted into hours of productive effort. Every average dictator gains a month a year. Secretaries also enjoy this time-gain because they no longer are obliged to write every letter twice (once in shorthand and once on the typewriter).

Let us prove this to you at your desk. Telephone "The Ediphone," your City, and ask for the book, "An Easy Way to Chart Your Correspondence."

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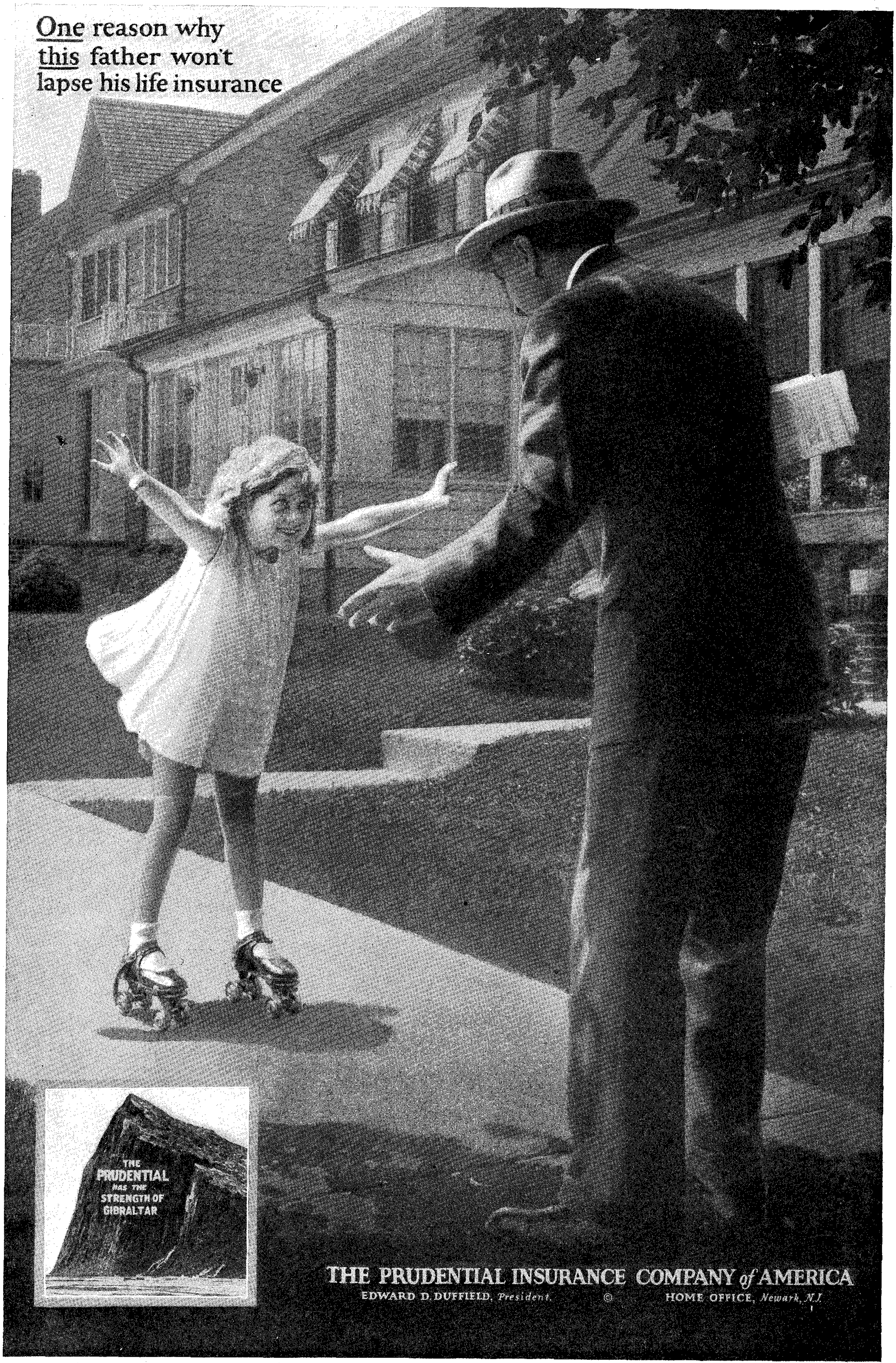

One reason why
this father won't
lapse his life insurance
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President. © HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.

the number of *katsuben* regularly attached to these theaters reaches well over 5,700, including some 180 women. The Home Office's figures show that 8,950 persons hold *katsuben* permits or certificates. Clubs and unions are organized by many of these persons, and the majority of their members belong to the Japan Federation of Labor.

Until a year or two ago, there were no standard educational requirements for the *katsuben*. Only fifteen out of the forty-six prefectures had any examinations at all for candidates of this profession. Two years ago the movie censorship bureau of the Home Office adopted uniform regulations for applicants who wish to become movie explainers, and to-day all are required to have at least a six-year primary-school training.

BUT WHEN WILL ROBOTS EAT AND SLEEP FOR US?

A FURTIVE young man with a restless eye sauntered into a store and walked up to a change machine. Reading the directions, he learned that if he dropt a quarter into a certain slot five nickels would be returned in a cup below. The dark young man drew something from his pocket and inserted it hastily at the point indicated. The machine accepted the disk with a noncommittal click. But instead of disgorging five nickels, it dropt an iron washer into the cup, and from within the cabinet a stern voice spoke:

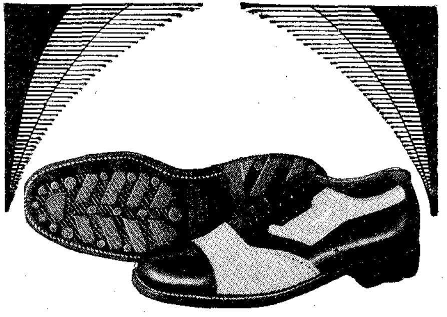
"Please use good coins only!"

For a moment the young man regarded the machine with sagging jaw, and then, taking the rejected washer, he beat a hasty retreat, Frederick Tisdale tells us in *The Popular Science Monthly*, discussing the uses of the selling Robot or the vending machine, which has now found a voice. These Robots have already been discust in THE DIGEST, but with new features being added to them and new uses being found for them, it seems apropos to return to the subject. And the end of these uses is not yet. A proposal is now being considered "for an egg-selling machine with a cackle," we read. Returning to the machine that rejects counterfeit coins, we find the writer explaining its operation:

> The inventor, Joseph J. Schermack, declares it will refuse anything but honest coin. During the second it takes for a quarter to go through the machine, the coin is submitted to a merciless third degree. First it is tested for weight. Then it passes to the chief detector, which is an electro-magnet. True coins are not halted, but any disk containing fraudulent metals is drawn aside into a channel which rejects it. In passing, the guilty slug forms an electric contact which starts a disk phonograph in the top of the cabinet. The voice is recorded on a single groove. When the revolution is complete, the contact is broken and the record stops.

The Robot was given a voice, we are told, because some customers missed the customary "Thank you" of human clerks. But the voice device is not always a success. Mr. Tisdale tells us further:

> Take the case of the talking scales. Experiments with a machine that announced your weight when you dropt a coin surprized every one when it took in far less money than its silent brothers. Investigation disclosed the trouble. A woman whom the fashion papers would call a "stylish stout" stept on the speaking scale in a store and surrendered a coin. There was a whirring noise and a voice announced to the world:
>
> "Your weight is one hundred and ninety-five pounds."
>
> Smiles and lifted eyebrows on the faces of other customers. The fat lady flounced out indignantly. No woman living will submit to a public announcement of the fact that she weighs a hundred and ninety-five.
>
> Increased demand for automatic salesmen has brought 250 manufacturers into the market. They produce about 400 different machines.
>
> The spread of the automatic vending idea is astonishing. Those in the business prophesy huge arcades where customers are waited on exclusively by vending and change-making automatons. Already there are stores of this sort. One at an amusement beach near New York sells fifty different commodities. Broadway has a "Sodamat" in which eleven machines sell loganberry juice, root beer, orangeade, and the like.
>
> One inventor has produced a machine that rivals the blond lady who stands in the restaurant window and deftly flips hot-cakes. The automatic wheat cake vendor, electrically operated, has a magazine which will accept enough dough for a hundred servings. A quarter dropt into the slot entitles you to four wheat cakes and starts a fascinating series of operations. One by one the portions of batter drop on the hot plate. When one side is brown an automatic flipper turns the cake. The machine supplies syrup. Butter has to be served by hand.
>
> Even gasoline now is sold by machine. The slot takes fifty cents. An adjustment allows the owner to set the amount according to the day's price.
>
> The owner of a washing-machine business recently was stuck with a thousand old-fashioned units. Application of the coin-and-slot idea not only saved his financial hide, but is making his fortune. He put a time attachment on each machine and installed them in the basements of apartment houses. For twenty-five cents the housewife could use the washer for thirty-five minutes. The success of this venture was immediate, and the business is being greatly expanded.
>
> The sale of music and entertainment via the coin slot is as old as the penny arcade. From this humble beginning the automatic idea has spread into many and higher branches. There is a machine which plays twelve phonograph records for a nickel. Another gives you a selection from an automatic orchestra. Pianos with coin attachments have been greatly improved. The autoradio now is being installed in hotel rooms. A quarter buys fifteen minutes of radio programs—and static.
>
> Universities and manufacturing plants are buying vending machines which sell candies and fruits. They save the time which a workman or student would waste going outside the building to hunt refreshment. Also they turn back a profit.
>
> A fortune awaits the inventor who works out a successful machine for selling mixed drinks—ice-cream sodas, for instance. The problems of refrigeration, of keeping the charged water and syrup, of mixing them properly, are a few which remain to be solved.



The King B for Men's Sport Shoes

GRO-CORD SOLES and HEELS Actually IMPROVE With Wear

THE exceptional non-skid effect produced by tough tire cords fused on end in live, resilient rubber, in GRO-CORD Soles and Heels really *increases* with wear.

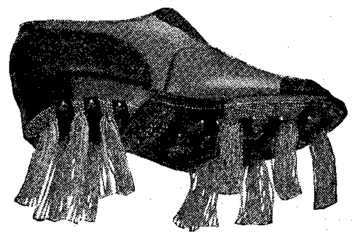
No other soles have this patented construction. They are preferred by men, women and children everywhere. Millions of users have proved GRO-CORD Soles and Heels far outwear leather. They are likewise comfortable and stylish.

You will find GRO-CORD Soles on all the better makes of sport shoes, street shoes and work shoes. Leading manufacturers use them. Ask your dealer to show you shoes with GRO-CORD Soles and Heels.

Be sure to look for the name GRO-CORD plainly stamped on the bottom of all soles.

LIMA CORD SOLE & HEEL CO.
Lima, Ohio

GRO-CORD
NON-SKID
SOLES AND HEELS
"Cord tire wear in every pair"



Above Illustration Shows Cord Tire Cords Fused on End in Gro-Cord Soles and Heels.

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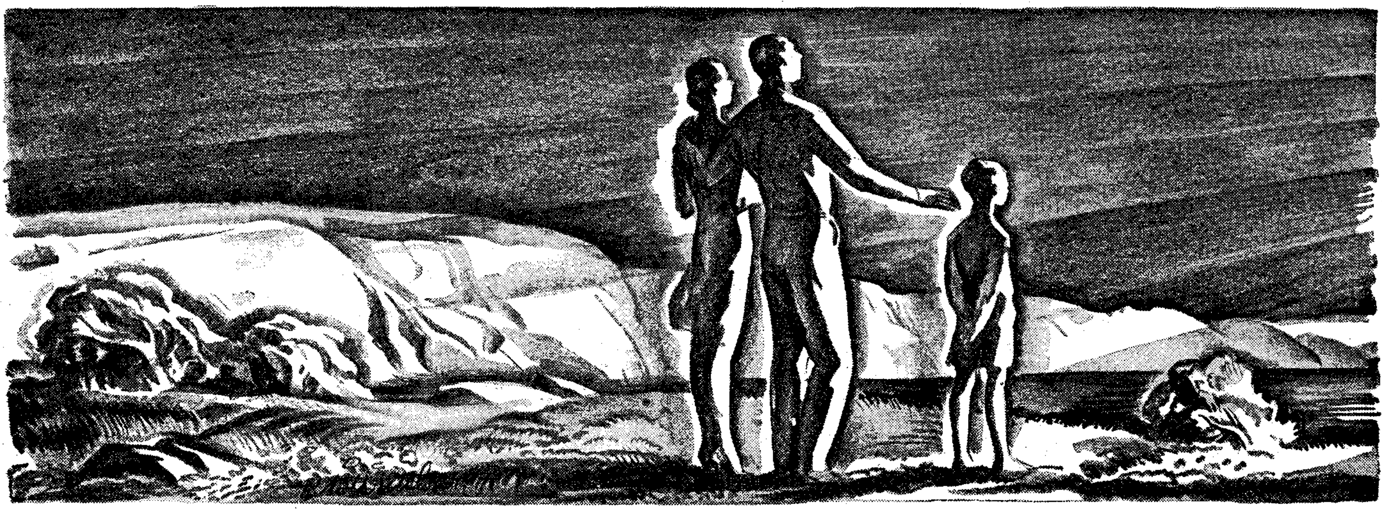
DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS



NOW in a familiar food . . .

Hiding from the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a famous health food.

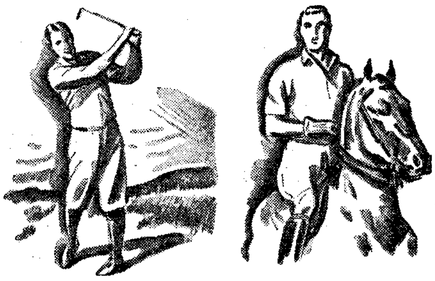
THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this!—a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!



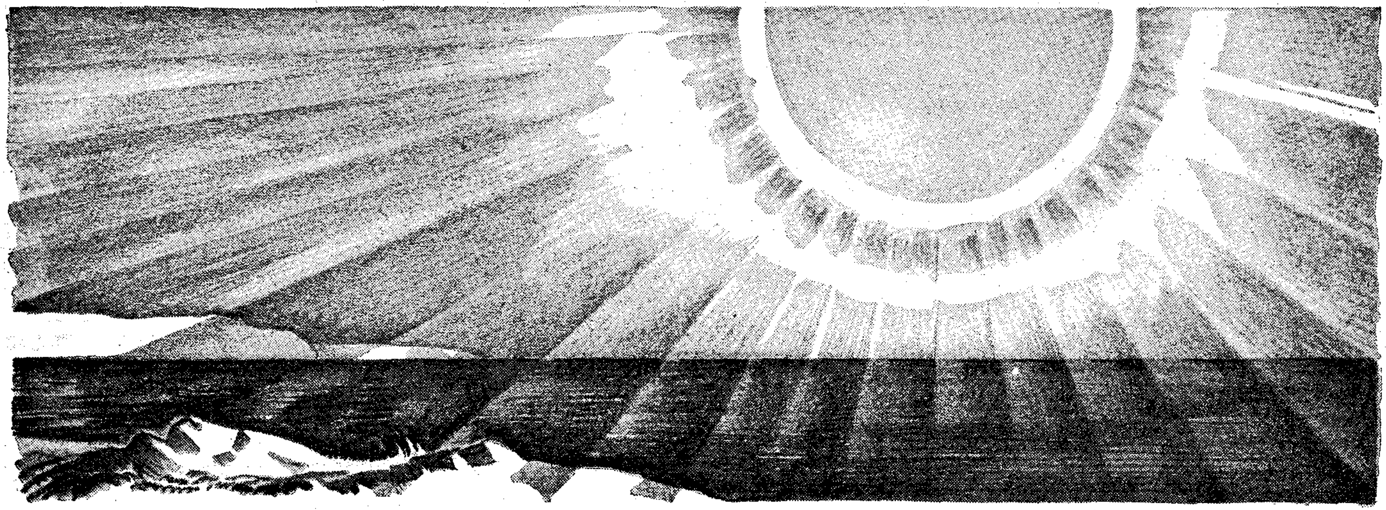
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus — elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight and strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

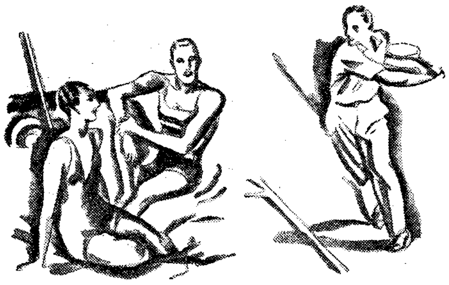
The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child against

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun



if we could get plenty of sunshine

rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat three cakes regularly every day, before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. C-136, 701 Washington Street, New York.

In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, of the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in America.

Many consider Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, as Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist.

Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY:

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones and sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

Dr. Delort: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

Dr. Neuberg: "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

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YEAST

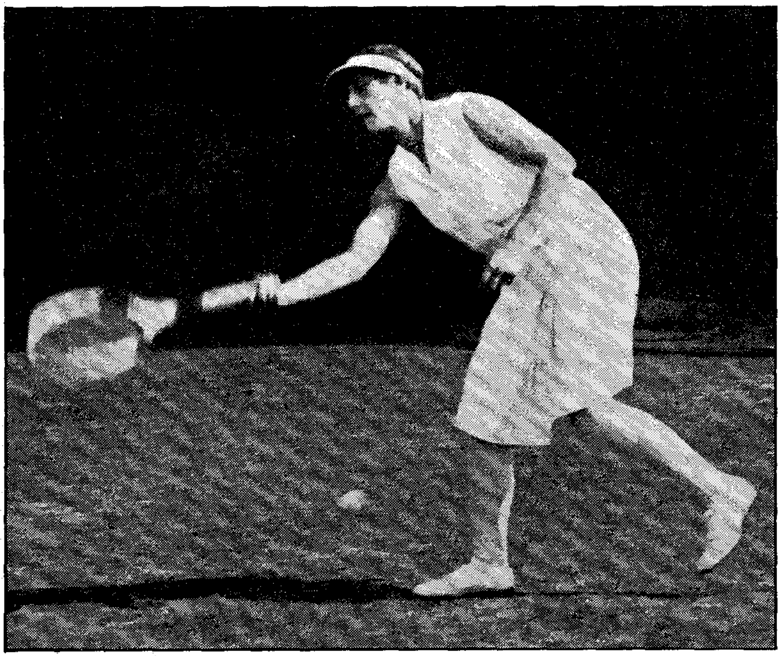
EAT THREE CAKES EVERY DAY
EAT PLAIN IN SMALL PIECES OR DISSOLVE IN WATER
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS FOR HEALTH

contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

HELEN WILLS AS THE "KILLER" OF THE COURTS

THE "QUEEN" HAD TO SCRAMBLE to keep her crown from toppling from her head. It was one thing to knock the cover from a ball that rose high well within the base-line. But the lion-hearted Englishwoman sent these balls sizzling over the net. They came with the velocity of bullets. They reached for the last inch of distance and constantly changed direction, Allison Danzig tells us in the New York *Times*. So it was that Helen Wills had to work harder than she had before during the tournament at Forest Hills, New York, to win the finals and become national woman tennis champion for the sixth time, winning permanent possession of the cup she had captured before, in 1927 and 1928. The score of 6—4, 6—2, by which she conquered Mrs. Phoebe Watson of England, does not tell all the story. Just as Betty Nuthall prest "Our Helen" close in the Wightman Cup matches, so Mrs. Watson prest her now. Nevertheless, Mr. Danzig tells us, in this final match, which presented better play than had been anticipated, "Miss Wills completed the most impressive march that has been staged through a championship tournament since Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen spread-eagled the field at Wimbledon in 1925 with the loss of only five games. The American girl did not quite equal that performance, for she dropt eight games in all. The fact that Mrs. Watson took six of the eight is evidence enough of the quality of the tennis that the champion faced." Reading on:



International Newsreel photograph

YES, EVEN THE CHAMPION CAN MISS ONE NOW AND THEN

And the camera has cleverly caught Miss Wills here at the very moment after the flying ball had shot past her baffled racket.

> It may seem incomprehensible to those who watched Miss Wills mow down her opponents in the previous rounds that her drive could play second fiddle to another's, but that was what it was doing. It was not speed that won the match for the champion, but superior control and greater lasting powers.
>
> The stroke analysis shows at a glance how Mrs. Watson was lacing the ball, and how Miss Wills was winning her points. In the two sets the Englishwoman scored fifteen placements to Miss Wills's six, probably the first time in years that any one has won more earned points than has the American champion, but Mrs. Watson gave away sixty-three points on nets and outs to her opponent's thirty-seven. These errors, together with Miss Wills's effective service, which was a big comfort to her, lost and won the match.
>
> Fatigue was responsible for a great many of those errors by Mrs. Watson—fatigue that set in as a result of the physical effort called for in the making of her terrific forehanders and in standing up against the forcing shots of Miss Wills—but they were also to be attributed to the fact that the Englishwoman was taking much greater chances than her opponent and playing continually for the lines.
>
> It is not often that any one has succeeded in forcing Miss Wills to assume a defensive rôle so squarely as Mrs. Watson did. For the greater part of the opening set, and at times in the second, the champion was doing no more than putting the ball in play, and it was an effort to do even that.
>
> With the ball coming back like lead into her backhand corner, Miss Wills could do little more than send up soft high returns that enabled her to recover position. It repeatedly happened that Mrs. Watson, after getting in a damaging blow that had the other fighting desperately to save herself, lost the point through her daring efforts to make a kill, while Miss Wills hung on and waited for the error.
>
> It must not be thought, tho, that the champion was playing merely a passive rôle. She was hitting out at times with terrific swipes, and forcing her opponent into error-making, but she wasn't getting the consistent length or pace on her strokes that did the other.

In earlier matches Miss Wills had won easily, playing with grim relentlessness, noted by most observers. Some of these decided that the "queen's" dignity had been ruffled by Miss Nuthall in the Wightman Cup matches, and that she was determined to teach a lesson to any other aspiring stars who might be tempted to commit lese-majesty. This leads W. O. McGeehan to these reflections in his sports column, "Down the Line," in *The Herald Tribune:*

> A great champion surely, yet there is something in the manner in which she plays the game that seems to typify the American attitude toward sport. There is a tense concentration in her every move, something that suggests the killer type of fighter.
>
> Somehow she does not seem to be enjoying the game itself. Without impugning the amateur standing of Miss Wills, it strikes me that hers is the professional attitude. She plays without change of expression. Not in any gesture does she seem to feel the joy of playing. Because of the immobility of her features they called her "Little Poker Face" when she first came to Forest Hills.
>
> Once in a while you hear from the tennis devotees treasonable expressions to the effect that they would like to see Miss Wills lose her championship. There were excitement and some jubilation when, in the Wightman Cup matches, she seemed to be prest by Miss Betty Nuthall, the smiling young English girl. I gather that it was the prospect of another such match that brought the crowds to Forest Hills for the women's national tournament.
>
> There is no reason for such unpopularity, if you can call it that. The fans in all lines of sport, amateur and professional, weary of champions of long standing, no matter how colorful or great they have been. More than once Babe Ruth has been read out of baseball, and in the manly art of modified murder there always are cheers for the new champion and very few tears for the champion who has passed.

Miss Wills is not "colorful," as they use the expression in the sports pages, Mr. McGeehan says, as he writes further:

> She is powerful, represt and imperturbable. She plays her game with a silent, deadly earnestness, concentrated on her work. That, of course, is the way to win games, but it does not please the galleries. Of course, there is no reason why an amateur athlete should try to please the galleries.
>
> Gene Tunney fought much in the manner in which Miss Helen

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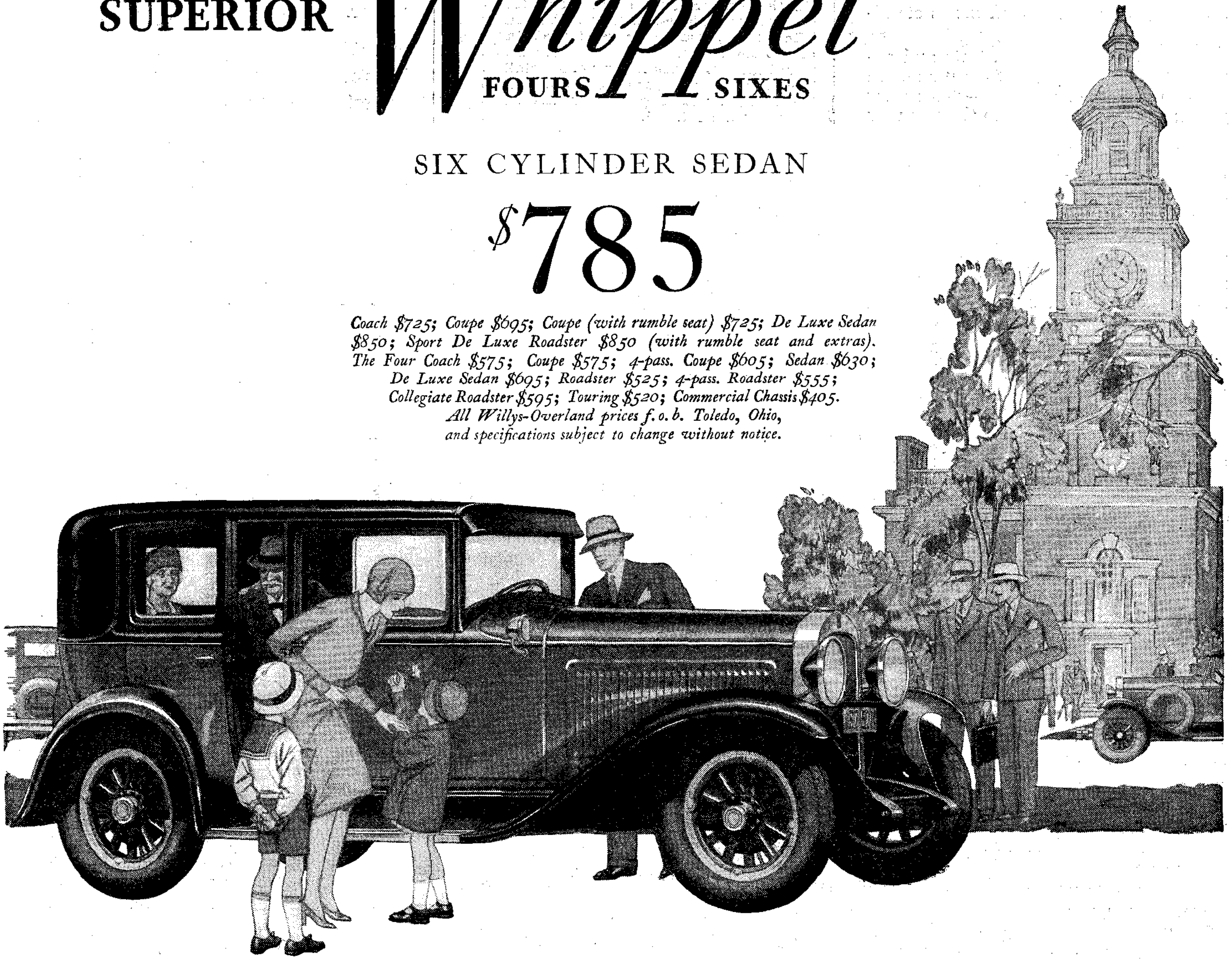

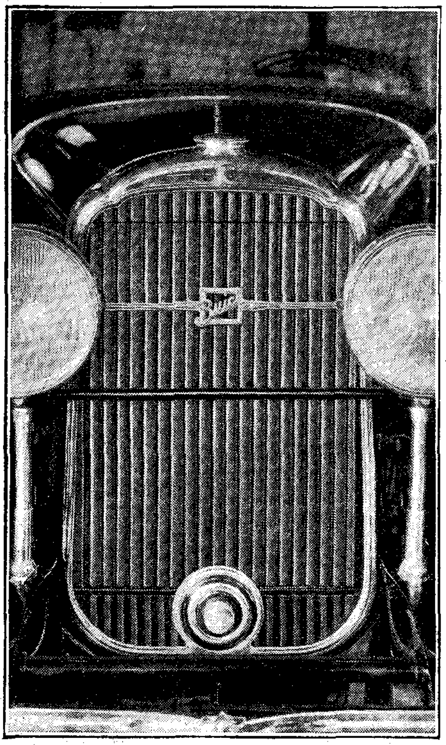

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Wills plays tennis—clear-eyed and with absolute concentration; but then Mr. Tunney was a very frank professional, with no particular zest for that game. For the galleries he had something like contempt, and the galleries felt that, too. He was playing to win and playing safe all the time, which was what he should have done, for it was a business and not a sport with him.

Mademoiselle Lenglen, whom Miss Wills could not beat or even force to extend herself, was a colorful creature on the courts, probably the most colorful of all the athletes. According to some expert figuring, the record of Mademoiselle Lenglen for games won in the courts of a year when she still was an amateur and at her peak was more impressive than the victories scored by Miss Wills this year from Europe to the United States. It is hard to say whether this is the greatest year for the Californian or not. Only time will tell that—time and the rise of some of the younger players.

Always there will be that argument regarding Miss Wills and Mademoiselle Lenglen which crops up concerning the less refined matter of the manly art of modified murder. "Could Miss Helen Wills at her best beat Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen at her best?" They will be quarreling over this around the tennis clubs, and, as in the case of the prize-fighters, they will come to no logical conclusion whatever. But the general notion of those who have seen her on her own courts will be that Mademoiselle Lenglen was the greater player.

But before the finals there had been perhaps even greater interest—when a bronzed, powerful Viking woman, grimly determined, and a fair, laughing English girl faced each other on their "battle-field," fighting for their sports lives. Four thousand spectators watched the terrific bombardment pounded out by the Viking so furiously that her younger opponent, unable to meet it, weakened and fell in defeat. And, altho, for various reasons, the hearts of many who watched were with Britain's warrior, they cheered the fighting Norsewoman, Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, tennis star and one time national woman champion. For it was one of the greatest victories of a sports career that most had thought came to a glorious climax three years ago, as Mr. Danzig tells us. On the same scene where she staged "her thrilling rally to victory from 0—4 in the third set of her final round match with Miss Elizabeth Ryan in 1926, Mrs. Molla Mallory, eight times national champion since 1915, defeated Miss Betty Nuthall of England in the most bewildering form reversal of the season." There was nothing half-way about this victory, Mr. Danzig tells us, continuing his graphic description:

> It was as clear cut as the score of 6—3, 6—3 indicates and it was exacted by the same fighting spirit that neither Miss Ryan in 1926 nor Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in 1921 could gainsay for all the superiority of their cudgels.
>
> With her features set in the grim lines

of an antagonist fighting a cause that every one else thought hopeless, Mrs. Mallory assumed the rôle of the aggressor and took her young opponent by storm from the very start. For thirty-eight minutes she did nothing but knock the cover off the ball and put up an exhibition of court covering that would put most of the younger generation of players to shame.

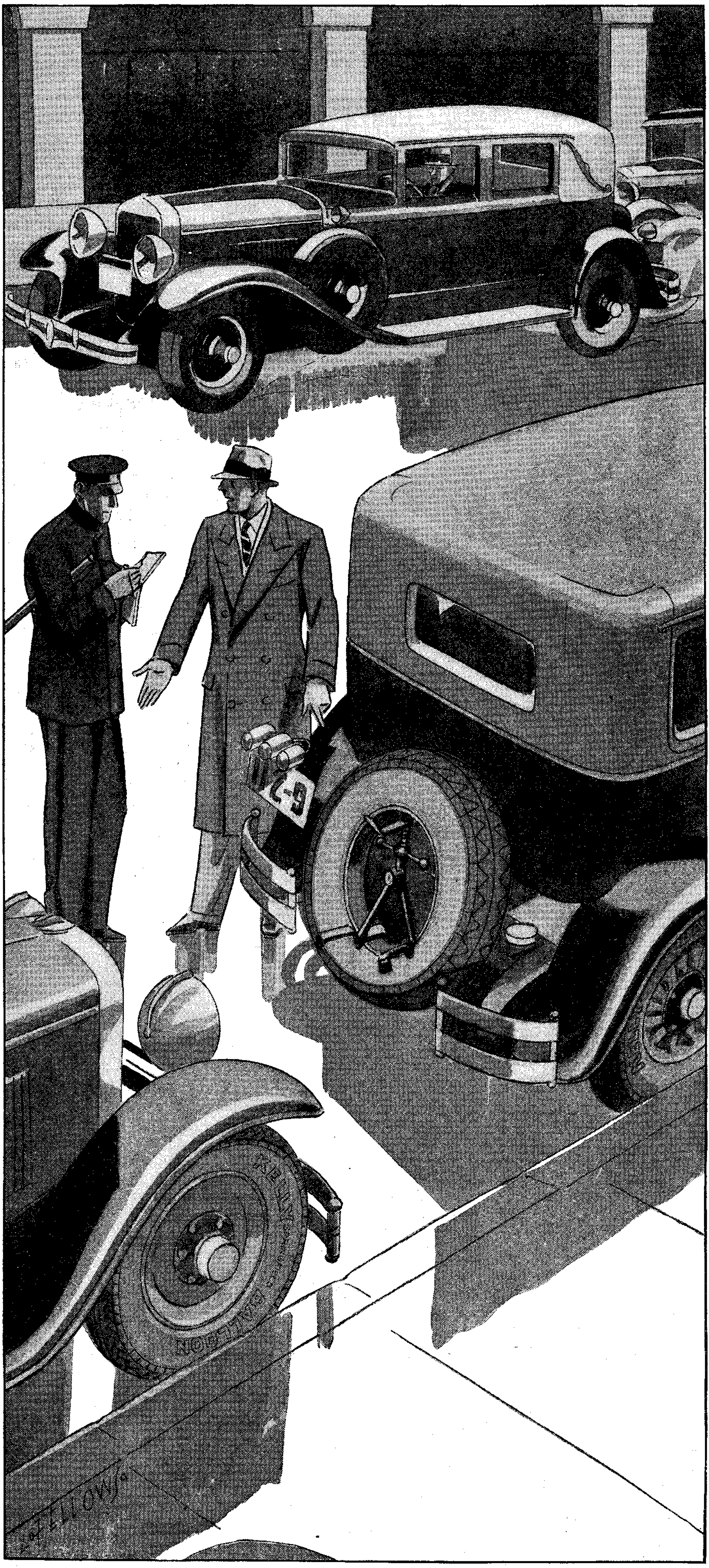
There was a bandage around the left knee of Mrs. Mallory, but in her zeal for the fray and her absorption in her task she never favored her knee or spared herself for a moment but stood to her guns unflinchingly and retrieved everything in sight until it seemed humanly impossible for her to keep up the pace. When the time comes when Mrs. Mallory hoists signals of distress on the court it will be the first time in her many years of championship play.

It was the former champion's stone-wall defense that brought about the defeat of the fair-faced young English girl more than anything else. Miss Nuthall was oversighting the baseline on her backhand at times, but she was also pocketing the ball in the ultimate corners from both wings with racing low drives that should have scored for her and would have against almost any other player but Mrs. Mallory.

The cumulative effect of having apparent winners come back at her with the regularity of a metronome was soon apparent in the mien of Miss Nuthall. It was not long until the usually light-hearted English girl was wearing a serious expression, while Mrs. Mallory, her confidence increasing steadily, could now afford the relaxation of a smile.

It was a house divided against itself that looked down upon the struggle, for there is no bigger favorite than Miss Nuthall and the volumes of applause that greeted her piercing thrusts testified to this fact. But even those who were left abject by her defeat found themselves joining in the enthusiastic demonstrations that were evoked by Mrs. Mallory's lion-hearted stand against youth, and when the national champion of fourteen years ago won the last nerve-racking rally after an exchange of almost a score of superb drives the Forest Hills Stadium fairly rocked with cheers.

Despite the cheers for Mrs. Mallory in her comeback, there was some disappointment over her success against the English star and favorite, "Bounding Betty." All had expected Miss Nuthall to meet Helen Wills in the semi-finals—and this upset meant that another instead would meet the champion. This forty-second annual national championship tennis tournament for women was one in which, oddly enough, interest centered in the semi-finals, rather than in the finals. For it was in this round that "Bounding Betty" and "Our Helen" were expected to meet. Tennis fans were on edge. In the recent Wightman Cup play, won by America, Miss Nuthall had given Miss Wills some of the stiffest competition of her career. So the predictions were something like this: If Helen and Betty meet in the semi-final round, whichever one wins can win the final round. And "Queen Helen" did. But that is getting ahead of the story. Going back to Miss Nuthall and Mrs. Mallory, we conclude, as does Herbert S. Allan in the New York *Evening Post*, that "if, as Shakespeare



"You say the tire was stolen while you were inside. What was it—another new tire like this one?"

"No, it had run about 6,000 miles but it was a Kelly-Springfield. I wouldn't have minded so much if they had *taken this one."*

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

says, 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends,' he must strike Betty Nuthall as a pretty cruel sort of practical joker." Continuing Mr. Allan's account:

> "Else," Betty probably is moaning to herself, "why should he reach back into the prewar era of tennis and resurrect Molla Mallory to prevent me from having another whack at Helen Wills?"
>
> The brunt of the joke, however, was on the West Side Tennis Club. In place of the Wills-Nuthall semi-final, which had been well ballyhooed in the newspapers since the likable English girl gave the champion such a hard fight in the Wightman Cup series, and which was expected to pay off a large chunk of the mortgage on the old homestead known officially as the Forest Hills Stadium, there was just another Wills-Mallory match.
>
> If that sounds like a slur on Mrs. Mallory, it is not so intended. The veteran Norwegian still is the most popular woman player in America, as was proved by the cheers that greeted her every time she won a point, but there is no use trying to blink the fact that Miss Nuthall would have been a greater drawing-card as Miss Wills's opponent.
>
> The British star raised the hope in many breasts that she would beat "Our Helen" and, even tho it probably was a false hope, it had keyed up tennis followers all over the country to a high pitch of anticipation. Everybody realized that Mrs. Mallory, despite her remarkable comeback, was not in Helen's class.

Here the writer pauses to give us a brief sketch of Mrs. Mallory's career:

> As Molla Bjurstedt, newly arrived from Norway, she captured her first championship in 1915 and defended it successfully in the next three annual title competitions, including the 1917 "patriotic tournament." In 1919 Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman broke the Norse woman's string, but as Mrs. Franklin I. Mallory, she came back the following season to start another three-year reign.
>
> In 1923 a seventeen-year-old girl wearing pig-tails came out of the West to wrest the crown from the champion, who even then was considered a veteran. Miss Wills probably would have held the title uninterruptedly to this day if she had not been incapacitated by appendicitis shortly before the 1926 renewal of the classic. Molla took it away from her that year, but Helen regained it in 1927 and still retains it.
>
> Even in the years when she failed to carry off the premier honors, Mrs. Mallory almost invariably was in the running until the closing stages of the championship. She was runner-up to Miss Wills in 1923 and 1924, a quarter-finalist in 1927, and a semi-finalist last year.

But Mrs. Mallory's reign as a contender was, as every one expected, short lived. Her throne, as Mr. Allan remarked, was of papier mâché. She came up against Miss Wills as a storm approached. The thunder boomed along the edges of Forest Hills, Donald Gibbs writes in the New York *World*. The wind howled, but 5,000 faithful tennis fans and one Irish terrier never noticed. They had heard the thunder of

Helen Wills's forehand. They had seen her service howl across a surprized court, as Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, eight times national champion, conqueror of Betty Nuthall, bowed in humility before the girl from Berkeley, 6—0, 6—0. Miss Wills had swept her previous matches with magnificent ease, and it was the same when she met the former ruler of women's tennis. As Fred Hawthorne tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> As was foredoomed, Miss Wills simply smothered Mrs. Mallory, and the match never had the semblance of a real contest. The former national champion could win only five points in the opening set. In the second she did better and gathered fifteen, yet none of these was an earned point, but all the result of the California girl's errors.
>
> Every time the players changed courts and Mrs. Mallory walked toward the baseline to start service or to receive, the gallery applauded her fervently. In the second set, when the old champion was several times within a point of winning a game on two different occasions, only to fail by the narrowest of margins, the crowd groaned in sympathy.
>
> And through it all the emotionless Helen Wills, her features an absolute mask of serene austerity, with never the flicker of a smile to lighten them, cut her older opponent down without even a pretense of mercy. It was almost as tho a man with a rapier were sending home his vital thrusts against a foeman unarmed.
>
> You may talk of the "killer" instinct; you might have observed it functioning perfectly on that verdant stretch of turf in the stadium enclosure. What smiles there were during this match adorned the lips of Mrs. Mallory. Knowing she was doomed to defeat before she went on the court, she, nevertheless, laughed at her own inability to withstand the furious cannonading from Miss Wills's racket.

And James R. Harrison adds these words in the New York *Morning Telegraph,* on the "killer" instinct and Miss Wills's popularity:

> It did not require the eye of an expert to detect that Miss Helen Wills's popularity is approximately as dead as the pennant chances of the Boston Red Sox.
>
> In their applause for the fair Helen the customers displayed all the warmth and animation of a deceased codfish.
>
> At the end of her match with Mrs. Watson, Little Poker Face drew applause such as guests confer on the young daughter of their hostess just after she has given a terrible imitation of Elsie Janis reciting "Gunga Din."
>
> The moral of the whole thing is that an artist can't high-hat his or her public forever and make them like it. Unless we misread her attitude grossly, the talented Helen has made it plain that the public is a lot of low, common folk whose plaudits do not matter at all.
>
> We know a lot of popular athletes who are a bit uptown toward the customers. They reason, quite logically, that the customers will be as quick to turn against their idols as they are to praise them; you're a hero to-day and a bum to-morrow.
>
> But Miss Wills, we fear, has overdone it; and hence it would not be overstating it to say that the tennis world is yearning impatiently for some new heroine to come forward and overpower the imperial Helen.

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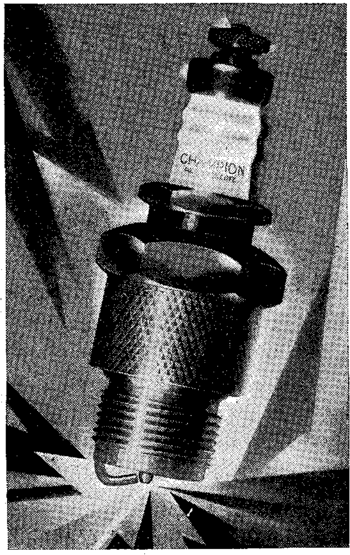

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BABE RUTH'S FIVE HUNDREDTH

CRACK! The bat connected with the ball, and the spinning spheroid went soaring out across the right field barrier in the Cleveland ball park, where the Indians were playing the Yankees. On and on sailed the ball until it landed clear outside the fence in Lexington Avenue. And round and round the bases ran the big, stout man until he was back at the home plate, probably the happiest individual in America, altho his team lost in the end. Babe Ruth had achieved one of his greatest ambitions. He had hit his 500th home-run, on a slow one from Willis Hudlin in the second. Out in Lexington Avenue stood another happy individual—Jake Geiser of New Philadelphia, Ohio. He had been on his way to the ball game between the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians and was a little late; and as a result he was in possession of the ball that had figured in this historic event, we learn from Ed Bang in the Cleveland *News*. A tired watcher in the bleachers might have sighed, stretched and said in boredom, "Just another home run." It was just another home run, but the bored spectator could not know what it meant to the Babe, according to Mr. Bang, who continues:

> It was the 500th time in the Bambino's major league career that he had catapulted a ball either out of a ball lot, or so far removed from the outfielders, as to be able to negotiate four bases. It was his thirtieth home run of the current campaign, but that itself didn't mean so much to Babe as to achieve the five-hundred mark, one which undoubtedly never again will be attained by a ball player in the big time, unless they change the rules so as to make circuit clouts easier.

The figure, 500, in this connection seems very impressive to the New York *Evening World*, which comments:

> It is to be bracketed with our skyscrapers, our universities, our millions of automobiles, as a symbol of American greatness. Bells should have been rung when this thing came to pass, and firecrackers set off, and traffic halted for one minute throughout the length and breadth of the land; in addition, Mr. Ruth should have had his picture taken with Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone, Charles A. Lindbergh, and Henry Ford. Is not he as eminent as they?
>
> If you crave a monument to his deeds, go up to the Harlem River, stand on its banks, and gaze at that mammoth structure known as the Yankee Stadium. In the golden hush of sunset, when the tumult and the shouting have died, it has the austere dignity, the quiet solemnity of a national bank, and for the same reason. Money speaks there in the low, modulated voice that is more eloquent than the shouts of a mob storming the Bastille.
>
> Home runs built it. This is no mere record about to be marked up in perishable chalk. It is the middle of an epoch.

The Baltimore *Evening Sun* is more romantic and finds positive good for mankind in Babe Ruth's favorite pastime, saying:

> Perhaps civilization hasn't been greatly advanced by the batting prowess of the Babe, but certainly, on the other hand, no harm has been done. And more good may have been accomplished than the hard-boiled utilitarian may imagine. Five hundred times varying thousands of baseball enthusiasts have been lifted out of this sordid, humdrum world on wings of exaltation. For five hundred moments all the pettiness of this life has been forgotten at the crack of a bat against a ball. There is no telling how many times manslaughter has been averted by that resounding wallop bringing peace and good-will into the hearts of fans up to that moment eying umpires with homicidal intent.
>
> At any rate, we are sure a certain gentleman of New Philadelphia, Ohio, will agree that Babe Ruth's life has not been lived in vain. Lady Luck dropt the ball Babe put over the Cleveland fence for that five-hundredth round trip in the New Philadelphian's hands, and Ruth has given him a nice, new baseball and twenty dollars for it.
>
> We venture to speak for the Babe's old home town in offering congratulations, and hoping he will continue to perform his mighty deeds for years yet to come.

But we are forgetting Jake Geiser, and that will not do because he is an important figure in the story. If this was a great day in Babe Ruth's life, it was just as great a day in Mr. Geiser's, if he is as much of a fan as we believe he is. So, returning to Mr. Bang and *The News* we read:

> Jake had driven here from New Philly intent on seeing a ball game in general, and Ruth drive one out of the lot in particular. He was wending his way toward the entrance on East Sixty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, when he saw a white object descending toward the pavement with lightning rapidity. His first thought was of a comet; and his second of Ruth.
>
> He saw the ball strike the Lexington Avenue brick pavement, bound high in the air, and then he made for it. After a couple of more bounces he recovered it and again started on his way to buy his ticket. Little did Mr. Geiser realize the sort of ball he had just pocketed, but it so happened that Mark Roth, traveling secretary of the Yankees, and Clay Folger, "old eagle eye" himself of the Dunn field police force, were on the alert for just such an occurrence, and they no sooner heard the cheers of the fans than they sensed that Ruth had uncorked his five-hundredth home run.
>
> So Folger hustled outside and spotted Mr. Geiser in the act of purchasing a ticket. He was invited to "come in on the ball"—a recovered ball driven out of the lot being an open sesame at any park. But Mr. Geiser didn't know anything about that and insisted on "laying it on the line," his coin for a ducat, you know. However, he was finally prevailed upon to not be so rash with his money and was not only escorted into the park but to the Yankee's dugout, where he was introduced to the Home-run Monarch. Ruth explained to Mr. Geiser just how much that ball meant in his treasure chest—his five-hundredth home run—and Mr. Geiser willingly turned it over to the Bambino, who in turn autographed a brand-new ball and wrapt it up in a $20 bill and handed it to New Philadelphia's most sought-after citizen.

HOW THE MOB FAWNS ON A CHAMP—THEN TURNS AND RENDS HIM

THE dilapidated individual edged his way into the crowd of friends who were talking with the champion. By dint of pushing he managed to reach the celebrity's side and tug at his cuff, and thus drew him to one side. And then the dilapidated individual delivered one of the oldest orations known to man. At the end of the passionate address, Grantland Rice tells us in *Collier's*, Jack Dempsey responded generously to the "touch" and handed the speaker $50, thereby "further reducing his share of the $4,000,000 his two leather-covered maulers had earned in the ring." But that, after all, "is only a small part of what the hero has to pay after he has attracted the attention of the public," says the writer, and he goes on to cite the case of Gene Tunney, "who still has the million he made in the ring." Reading on:

> Tunney had come closer to mastering his nervous system than any athlete from any game. On the night of his last Dempsey fight he read and slept until it was time to start for the ring. When he reached the turmoil of Soldier Field he found excitement at high heat over the report that Jimmy Bronson, his main adviser, was to be bumped off if he attempted to invade Dempsey's dressing-room and inspect his bandages. There were also wild rumors about the referee. "I've never seen a man as calm and undisturbed as Tunney was in all that racket," Bronson said a short while ago. "He was smiling, perfectly at ease, in no way disturbed or upset. He told me if I needed any help to send for him, and he would look after the trouble himself."
>
> I saw Tunney a short while after his last fight, the one with Tom Heeney. It was just before he was to be married. At this time he had announced his retirement, and apparently thought at last he had earned his share of peace and quiet. He had lost weight, and he looked worried and bothered. Life had become an endless flight from photographers and reporters, and a highly interested public. He had suddenly discovered that life for the public-made hero had no privacy left. Tunney was confident, however, that his trip to Europe would bring him the touch of private life he now looked for.
>
> There was a photographic riot in Rome, and, later on, he had to call again on the old one-two to the chin when a photographer in Spain insisted on too much of a close-up. After his visits with George Bernard Shaw there was the same public and press pursuit.
>
> I recall Christy Mathewson's feelings on this subject of crowd admiration. "It is all right on the ball field," he said, "but I still like to feel that I have certain rights as a private citizen."
>
> Matty might be talking to a group of friends, when any stranger who happened to come along seemed to feel that he had a right to interrupt abruptly by slapping the star pitcher on the back, and asking him a number of somewhat ridiculous questions. "I can stand just so much of this," Matty said one day, "and then I begin wishing I had brought a bat along. I still insist that I have the rights of any private citizen off the ball field, and that I am not public property."

EACH TIME
YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH
THIS WAY

...you guard The Danger Line

A NEW and modern hygiene is being practiced by thousands who realize this vital truth: *That merely brushing the teeth is not enough for adequate protection.*

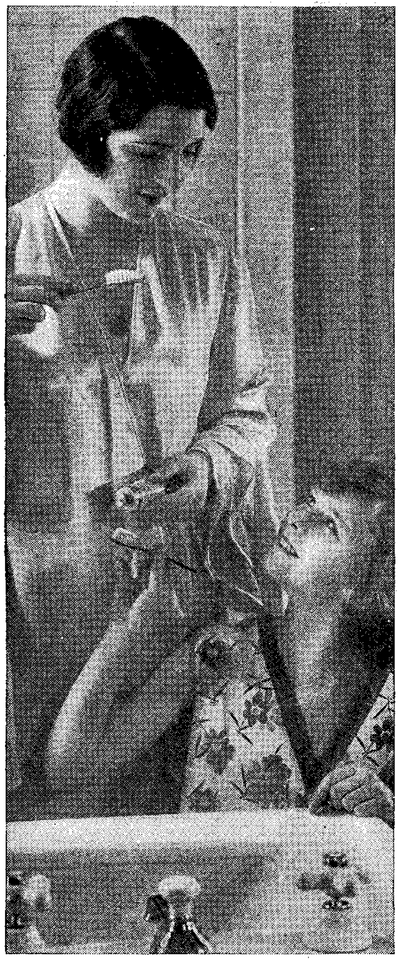
No tooth-brush can reach those out-of-the-way places—The Danger Line, where teeth and gums meet—the tiny pits and crevices about your teeth. As a result, food particles collect. They ferment. Acids form and pave the way for decay or diseases of the gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream was developed to specifically meet this condition. It contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—and Milk of Magnesia has long been known as a safe, effective antacid. Every time you brush your teeth with Squibb's, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia neutralize acids at The Danger Line.

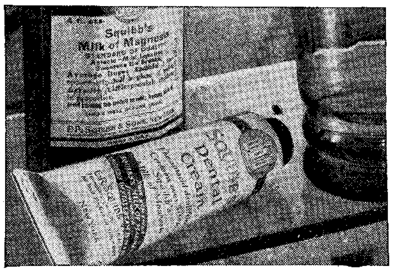
Is tooth decay dangerous? Physicians and dentists agree that many disorders, kidney troubles, rheumatism, neuritis, result from tooth decay. Tooth decay is caused by invisible germs that generate acid in remote places about the teeth. Squibb's Dental Cream containing Milk of Magnesia is a most effective material for neutralizing acid. It is safe to use in the mouth and will reach the remote crevices.

You'll appreciate the fine sense of security that comes with the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It polishes teeth beautifully. Contains no grit, no antiseptics. It is extraordinarily soothing and you can safely use it to brush the gums.

Protect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly and use Squibb's Dental Cream twice each day. At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.



... it's really a comforting thing to use Squibb's Dental Cream



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

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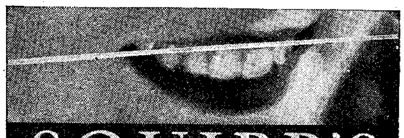
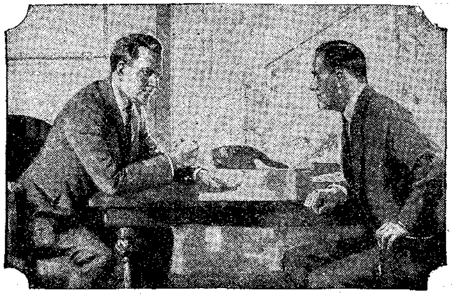


SQUIBB'S
dental cream



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CAMPBELL'S *Electric* Exerciser

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

WHEN NATURE THROWS US OVER

SHE has no more use for us after fifty, thinks Dr. Daniel J. McCarthy, professor of medical jurisprudence in the University of Pennsylvania. Before that age she helps us to live; her curative processes relieve us when we are ill. But in later life we have to fight her in order to survive. Our principal value from her point of view is not our brain work, but what we do to carry on the human race. When we have finished producing and rearing children, we might as well die—this is Mother Nature's opinion, as interpreted by Dr. McCarthy. As for our brains and the great progress we think we are making by their use, Dr. McCarthy sets no great store by either. The average Athenian in the golden age of Greece, he says, probably had a better brain than any of us. He did things by individual thinking, while we must rely on the cooperative work of many brains. He writes in an article contributed to the New York *American:*

The common assumption that we have made such great strides, particularly during the "machine age," in brain development, is not susceptible of proof.

We know that the brain cavity of man to-day is bigger than the brain cavity of pithecanthropus; we can prove nothing as regards relative brain power. Within the range of history we can make comparisons; and I would say that all the evidence indicates that the brain of the average Athenian in the golden age of Greece was a better brain than that of the average modern man.

For her own inscrutable purposes nature selects the physically vigorous and vital in peoples or individuals; and when vigor is gone she casts each aside.

It is during the first five years that the brain grows fastest; it grows ten times as fast then as during any later period of life. Physically, the first eighteen years or so of life are years of chemical changes, of building up.

The years between eighteen to twenty and forty-five to fifty are the years with which nature is most concerned. During those years the race is continued. The essential thing of life between those ages is the reproduction of the individual. That is nature's plan, and the instinct lies deep within us, tho not always recognized in a complex civilization.

The greatest luxury in the world is not money or wealth or goods. The greatest luxury in life is the having of children, guarding them, watching them grow, bringing them along until they can go alone.

The biggest and the greatest thing that man produces is not an electric light or an airplane or a book, but a child well balanced physically and mentally. He takes part in this as a god in real creation, but with his usual paranoia he disregards the woman, who is all important.

No; you can not prove that the human brain has grown in the last two thousand years. Even our best scientific minds are inferior to the brain of Aristotle; what they have in advantage over that pioneer in science is merely improved research facilities—and team-play.

HAY FEVER
Quick Relief!

Why suffer so much discomfort unnecessarily? Every now and then take a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop. Let it dissolve in your mouth; breathe the soothing menthol vapors into throat and nose. Instantly the tickling torture is soothed; the inflammation cooled; you are comfortable—Luden's Menthol Action gives quick relief.

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON TIRED, TENDER SMARTING PERSPIRING FEET
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Nor can you look forward into the future and predict a continued dominant position for any nation or people because of universal education, a growth of culture, or the development of a higher standard of comfort in living. On the contrary, history proves that nature is not interested in brains; and that culture and ease are followed by extinction.

Nature picks young, physically vigorous peoples for her experiments. To-day, Russia; a century and a half ago, the young United States. France has been considered the most cultured nation in Europe, and the most effeminate; but brains did not give her the strength to survive, as we have seen recently, and she weakens as have the higher culture nations of the past.

Our progress is, after all, Professor McCarthy believes, chiefly an advance in transportation and communication. Our "great discoveries" are not daring conceptions of a single Platonic brain. Many men helped Edison invent the electric light, and the same is true of other inventions. He goes on:

It is during the period between, say, twenty and fifty, that all the great creative feats are performed by men. And do not forget that whatever a man does, how far afield he goes, whatever he accumulates, during these years the urge is identical with the hunting instinct in more primitive peoples—the man is going out into the world to "bring home the bacon" to his woman and their young, and his greatest joy in his work is rooted in the deep-seated desire to provide well for them.

That is nature's plan. It is a biological plan; and during the reproductive years it is significant that the human body tends to throw off illnesses, to recover from injuries, to rebound toward normal health from any condition of maladjustment.

So long as the individual is of an age which fits him into the reproductive scheme, nature seems to take care of man, to have arranged the odds in his favor.

But when the age of forty-five or fifty is reached, nature has no further use for the individual. Teeth decay and are lost; abscesses form and send poisons to the kidneys or liver; small illnesses grow.

Nature, in short, has changed the odds; they are now against man's survival. The body goes through a process of breaking down—toward death. It would contribute to health and happiness—to the advancement of mental hygiene—if men and women recognized that this biological scheme is deeply interwoven into our instincts, and tones our lives in proportion as we run with or contrary to the natural plan.

After fifty a man's brain has become too inflexible, more contemplative, and it works with the materials and ideas and processes acquired before fifty.

If, for instance, a truly revolutionary conception is brought forward by a young scientist, men over fifty do not actually comprehend it in its entirety; they bluff at it, but they are literally incapable of following the younger brain.

Brains past fifty did not grasp the significance or implications of Freud's discoveries in pathological psychology or the flux of all matter in the new theory of the atom. Renan recognized this retrogression when he wrote, at the age of forty-five, saying, in effect:

"This is what I believe, now, when I am at the crest of my mental power. I may believe something else at sixty, but disregard that; it will not be my best thought."

Please Accept—

3 Nights' Restful Sleep

This New Way Doctors Are Advising

Not a Medicine, But a Swiss Food-Drink That Brings Sleep Utterly Without Drugs

JUST SEND COUPON BELOW

A Swiss food discovery that not only induces instant sleep but assures the restful sleep that brings you all-day energy tomorrow

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

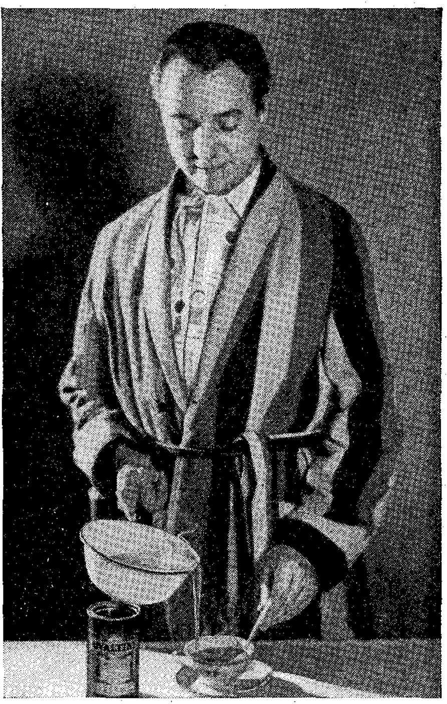
It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks



one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store today—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

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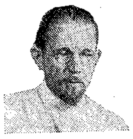
Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.



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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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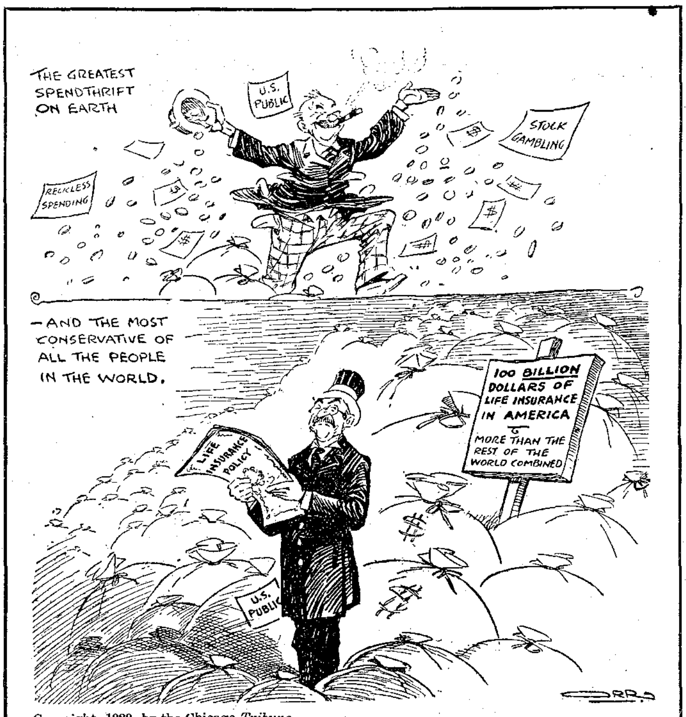
(*One package to a person*) 516-R-A

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

WE ARE INSURED FOR $100,000,000,000

AT LEAST, 65,000,000 OF US ARE, which is a trifle more than half of the entire population of the country, and this colossal total of life insurance in force is a matter both of amazement and congratulation to newspapers all over the country. For years the life-insurance companies have been working toward the hundred-billion-dollar goal. They predicted that it would be reached by the end of this year. But the unexpected increase in new life insurance during the first-half of 1929 enabled the Association of Life Insurance Presidents to announce that it was attained on July 26. Some editorial comment soars into the poetic, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* concluding an editorial with the declaration that life insurance "is a winged messenger of the heavenly cosmos bearing tidings of joy and faith and comforts to millions." Coming down to earth, the South Bend *Tribune* finds in the amazing growth of life insurance "a tribute to the solidity of American citizens," and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* further develops the same idea: "we spend freely, and that probably accounts for the fact that so many people are doing well; but we also lay something aside for a rainy day and for the protection of those who are deprived of the support of the bread-winner of the family." In the opinion of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "a nation with $100,000,000,000 worth of life insurance in force is a far-sighted nation, a money-wise nation, and a provident nation." And another line of comment to which we return farther on is represented by the St. Joseph *News-Press*, which notes that this hundred billion dollars, which by the way "doesn't include the fraternal protection," is a "heap of protection," and also "represents a heap of investments."


THE GREATEST SPENDTHRIFT ON EARTH
U.S. PUBLIC
STOCK GAMBLING
RECKLESS SPENDING
—AND THE MOST CONSERVATIVE OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.
100 BILLION DOLLARS OF LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA — MORE THAN THE REST OF THE WORLD COMBINED
LIFE INSURANCE POLICY
U.S. PUBLIC
ORR

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TWO VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN CITIZEN

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.

The $100,000,000,000 in outstanding life-insurance policies of legal-reserve companies is reported after a survey by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. The reports come from 44 companies, representing 85 per cent. of the legal-reserve life-insurance business transacted by American companies. It seems that the actual insurance reported by the 44 companies was $85,203,895,000 on July 31. Allowance is made for increase in the business of companies not reporting, so that by careful figuring the Association's accountants feel quite certain that the $100,000,000,000 mark was passed on July 26. Mr. George T. Wight, manager of the Association, thinks that the $200,000,000,000 mark may be passed by 1940. He goes on to say, in a statement to the press, here quoted from the New York *Times:*

> Thirteen years ago, when American life insurance was seventy-three years old, the total insurance in force amounted to $24,700,000,000. Thus it has more than quadrupled in less than thirteen years. But the most striking fact disclosed by the survey is that while it took 79 years for life insurance in United States companies to reach, in 1922, the first $50,000,000,000, the second $50,000,000,000 has now been achieved in a little more than six and a half years. This $100,000,000,000 life insurance in force is more than twice the outstanding life insurance of all other countries of the world combined, altho the United States has only one-sixteenth of the world's population.
>
> Even as recently as sixteen years ago it was not anticipated that the achievement of the $100,000,000,000 milestone by United States companies would be attained much before 1940, for the annual net accretions to the insurance in force, after allowance for maturities on account of deaths and endowments and for termination by lapses, averaged in those days about $1,275,000,000. During the latter part of the World War this annual net increase was somewhat accelerated, reaching $2,500,000,000. It was not until after the conclusion of the war that the present trend of huge annual accretions was made when the net increase in 1919 leapt to $6,000,000,000. While there have been fluctuations, the net accretion since that time has averaged $6,590,000,000 annually, and three times it has reached $8,000,000,000 or thereabouts.
>
> The economic and social ramifications of this $100,000,000,000 of life insurance in force are of great importance in the daily lives of our citizens. Guaranteeing economic independence to millions of individuals, and temporary financial relief to many more millions, contracts binding the aggregate payment of this amount are now in the hands of more than 65,000,000 policy-holders, who are representative of every walk of life.
>
> Despite this reassuring picture of economic security, when the situation is reviewed from another angle one does not get quite as great a thrill from the $100,000,000,000 insurance in force; that is, when we compare it with the national earned income. While there have been no recent definite official figures as to such income, economists generally agree that it is now close to $100,000,000,000 annually. So those purchasing life insurance have not on the average indemnified their families against death for much more than one year's earned income. In using this figure it is only fair to point out that small proportion of the $100,000,000,000 of life insurance in force is on the lives of persons outside the United States, mainly in Canada. On the other hand, there is some life insurance in the United States carried in Canadian companies.

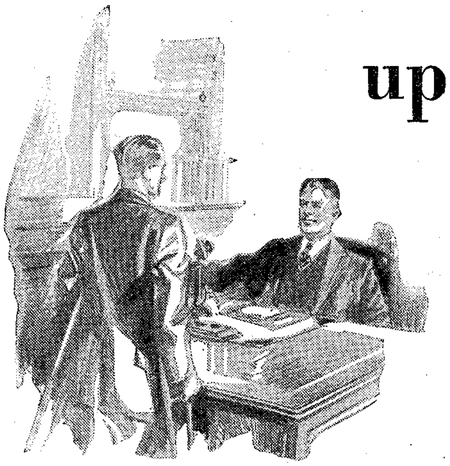
"New functions assumed by insurance companies have been responsible to a great extent for the modern rapid growth of life insurance," in the Providence *Journal's* opinion:

> Hundreds of thousands of policies are now so written as to provide old-age annuities, and another popular form is that which establishes endowments for the educational expenses of children. The growth of outstanding insurance has also been hastened by the issuance of large policies to men of wealth and of important industrial position. Modern insurance is not all for the protection of dependents. A great deal of it is designed to provide quick resources to avert the embarrassment to a business caused by the sudden death of a partner or the inconvenience to a family resulting from the slow settlement of an estate.

Between 9 and 10 per cent. of our 65,000,000 policy-holders, so the Boston *Herald* understands, "are included in the

"Now He Swings His Crutch . . .
up the road to independence"

Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., tells the story of his advice to a cripple . . . and what happened



"He came to my office in considerable excitement"

"SEVERAL years ago I was a bank officer in another city," said Mr. Burdge. "I used to buy my paper, every evening, from a newsboy whose stand was just outside the bank door. Angelo, we'll call him.

"Angelo is a cripple—the result of injuries received when just a child. One day, Angelo came into the bank, and to my desk, in considerable perplexity.

"He wanted to know what to do. He had saved up a thousand dollars, and he was being 'pestered to death' to put all the money he had into a 'marvelous opportunity' that would 'double his money' in a few months.

"I knew how Angelo must have worked to save that thousand. I told him why he simply could not expect safety if he put his money into anything so highly speculative. I showed him why, in his circumstances, he ought to put safety before every other consideration.

"Finally, Angelo decided to safeguard his $1000 by putting it into a thoroughly high grade security. Since that time, Angelo has saved and invested steadily; not only has he still got his thousand, but he has already saved two or three more, and is safely launched on an investing career. Angelo now swings his crutch up the road to independence."

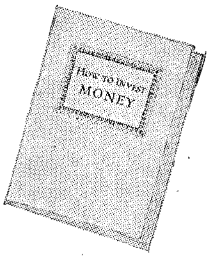
✣ ✣ ✣

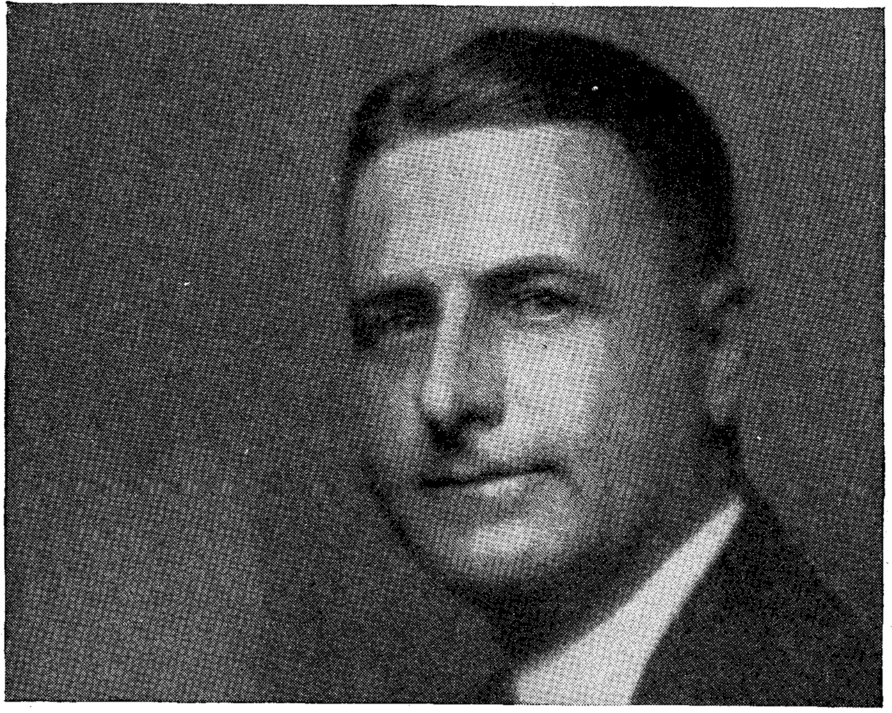
In an era of skyrocketing prices and widespread speculation, the mature and sober judgment of the banker can exert a tremendous influence on the safeguarding of the investment of literally millions of investors. Safety as the cardinal principle of investment was never so important. An average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his banker, or a high grade investment banker, before he decides what to buy.

Good yield, of course, is a highly important consideration, although a high per cent should never be permitted to outweigh the most rigid safeguarding of principal. For any investor who has several thousands to invest, the question of diversification enters—how to spread his investment over different types of securities.

Bankers throughout the country, in widely separated communities, choose from among Straus offerings, both for recommendation to their depositors and for their bank reserves. Among such bonds are seasoned securities from many different investment fields—railroad, municipal, industrial, real estate, public utility, and foreign bonds. From among bonds offered by S. W. Straus & Co., many thousands of investors have filled all their needs for twenty years and more.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet H-1012 or fill in the coupon below.





Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., formerly bank examiner for the State of Connecticut, is actively interested in the rapid industrial and commercial development of the prosperous district centering around Bristol.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, a copy of Booklet H-1012 "How to Invest Money."

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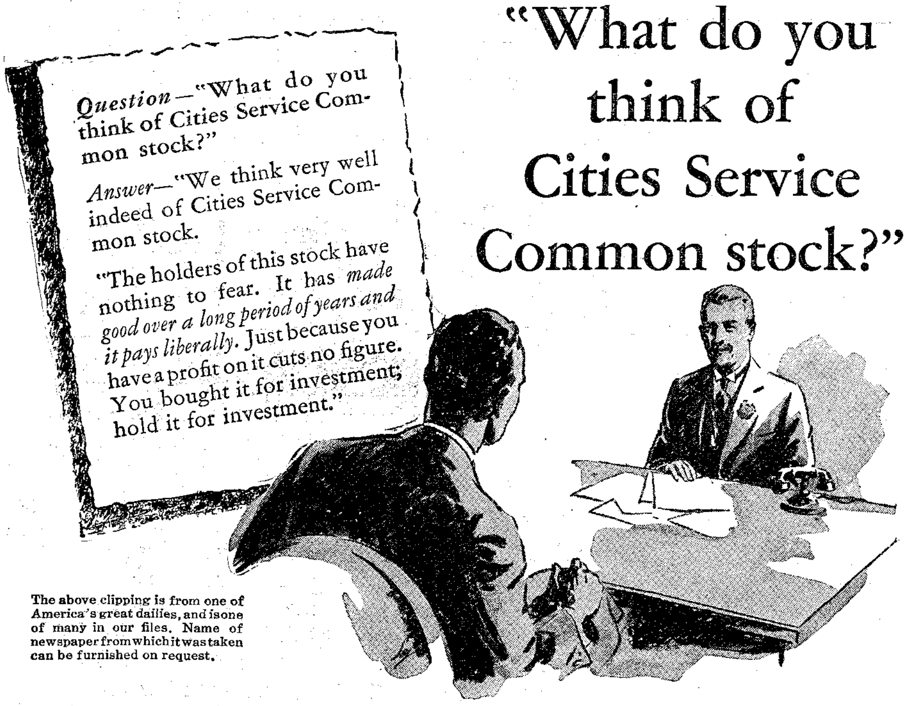

Question—"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

Answer—"We think very well indeed of Cities Service Common stock.

"The holders of this stock have nothing to fear. It has *made good over a long period of years and it pays liberally*. Just because you have a profit on it cuts no figure. You bought it for investment; hold it for investment."

The above clipping is from one of America's great dailies, and is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken can be furnished on request.

"What do you think of Cities Service Common stock?"

"It pays liberally . . . hold it for investment,"

answered this authority

WHEN an investment editor gives his opinion of the character of a security, he measures it first by its *management* and then by its record of *earnings*.

When management and earnings have successfully withstood the test of time—have been tried in good times and bad—then the appraiser of an investment security knows that he can give it his unqualified approval. He also knows that, even though the market value of the stock has increased, it is wiser to hold for investment than to sell for immediate profit.

Cities Service Company, as the editor quoted in the above clipping advised the man who made the inquiry, has had a long record of good earnings.

This is because more than one hundred diversified subsidiary companies in the Cities Service organization are sound enterprises, operating in growing communities, providing essential services—and with good management.

More than 450,000 investors own Cities Service securities, including banks, insurance companies, trust companies and other institutions, as well as a great army of individuals.

An investment in Cities Service securities protects you against the risk of putting all your eggs in one basket. Your dividends come from the earnings of more than 100 Cities Service subsidiaries spread over 35 states and doing a day-and-night business in modern necessities—in electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas, and petroleum products.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

Fiscal Agents for Cities Service Company

60 Wall Street New York

Branches in Principal Cities

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.
60 Wall St., New York
Send copy of booklet describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Common stock.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... [2399]

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

group-insurance plans by which large classes of employees are insured without health examination. Another 17 per cent. belongs under the head of industrial insurance wherein the insured pay their premiums at the rate even of 5 or 10 cents a week: many of the foreign population are in this class."

The sum of $100,000,000,000 is about nine times the estimated outstanding life insurance of Great Britain, observes the New York *Times* editorially, and—

> That the contrast is widening is shown by the American estimate of $18,618,000,000 in new policies written during 1928, as against less than $1,000,000,000 in the United Kingdom. Even allowing for our population of 120,000,000, as against Great Britain's 45,000,000, the difference is impressive.

Staggering as are the totals announced by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, it seems to the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly* that they are "eclipsed in real significance by the actual cash investments of the companies and by the disbursements made by them to the beneficiaries under the policies, since the $100,000,000,000 insurance in force is payable only at future dates and after the happening of a specified contingency." The actual cash investments in the legal reserves of the life-insurance companies at the close of 1928 amounted approximately to $16,000,000,000, we read on:

> These assets, properly so called, are more than double those of seven years ago and are carefully invested in all parts of the country in mortgages on farms, houses, apartments, and business structures; in Federal, State, county, and municipal bonds and in railroad, public utility, and other industrial securities, clearly a powerful influence in the financial structure of the country.
>
> The total amount paid by legal-reserve life companies last year in death claims, matured endowments, policy dividends, annuities, and other payments aggregated $1,700,000,000. Of this amount about $1,000,000,000 was paid to living policyholders, disproving absolutely the old idea that one had to die to get the benefit of life insurance.
>
> The social and economic value to the entire nation of an institution with such tremendous resources, such incentive to saving and such timely disbursements to add to national income argues that the brilliant past of life-insurance business will be only an index of its future development.

Thus these insurance corporations being the biggest holders of stocks and bonds in the country are really investment trusts, remarks the New York *Daily Investment News*, "even tho their investors pay by instalments in the form of premiums":

> It is especially true that most clergymen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and journalists find in the insurance policy their chief

certainty of making some provision for their dependents in case of death.

Dividends revert to them in the form of reduced premiums or increased insurance, with the increment added in case the policy reaches maturity during the life of the insured. This is usually substantial. As with a bank surplus, the accumulation is likely to earn more for the policy-holder when left in corporate control than it would if returned as fast as earned to the stockholder or the insured.

The insurance companies have, therefore, become huge reservoirs of wealth, unbreakable in a crisis, and constituting a national safeguard, financially speaking. They are able to absorb securities and feed the mortgage money market, and so stabilize almost any situation that may arise.

An honest method of granting loans on policies has replaced the shark system that prevailed before the Armstrong investigation, which is in itself an added benefaction.

The money the companies receive is real and hard earned. That it is now used to the general advantage is one of the vast improvements that followed what was considered at the time drastic legislation threatening to make insurance operations impossible. The result has been quite the opposite.

BANK FAILURES AND POSTAL SAVINGS

THE recent bank failures in New York City, it seems, have been frightening thousands of people of foreign extraction so that they have been withdrawing their money from banks paying as much as 4½ per cent. interest and depositing it as Postal Savings, paying only 2 per cent. According to a report in the New York *World*, the fright caused by the closing of the City Trust Company was made evident when 285,000 dollars more was deposited in Postal Savings than during May, while July showed an increase of $24,925 over June. A New York City post-office official is quoted as saying whenever a bank fails in a foreign district, there is an immediate influx of depositors to the Postal Savings. It would seem that New York is not the only place in the country where this is true. According to *The World:*

> The Postal Savings business showed an increase throughout the United States in July, according to figures made public at Washington. An increase of $4,394,426 over June, the greatest increase for any one month since December, 1918, has been accounted for.
>
> Washington officials who refer to the Postal Savings system as "a refuge for the timid," say recent bank failures throughout the country are responsible for the increases. Large increases were particularly noted in Florida and Passaic, New Jersey.

But this movement is not a subject for congratulation, says the New York *Journal of Commerce;* it is rather to be deplored:

> If we are to have a government-controlled savings system at all, it should be one that allows the depositor something at least approximating the returns that he could obtain from a conservatively run private institution. He should also have access to his savings without being subjected to the annoying restrictions that surround the Postal Savings system.

AIRPLANE TICKET
SAVES TIME
RAILWAY TICKETS TO ALL POINTS
Karl Godwin

You can *buy* time or you can *save* time by investing this way

A busy executive buying an airways ticket is really *buying* time, for he must pay extra for the hours saved by these fleet pullmans of the air. The pressure of modern life gives rise to many ways of saving time—some you pay for, others are yours for the *asking*. On your investments, for example, you can save hours merely by *asking* The National City Company to put you in touch with its world-wide investment service. Call our nearest branch office. One of our experienced investment advisors will be at the other end of the wire to study your needs, help you check over your present holdings, or suggest new purchases from our widely diversified lists of securities — all thoroughly investigated by our economic experts.

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES. INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES. INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

TOMORROW . . . where will you be . . and what will you have?

THIS is addressed to men who are "enjoying" prosperity—*but are not profiting by it.* Men who could invest at least $1200 a year in high-grade securities, if they determined to follow through such a program.

$67,977.15

It is mathematically certain that an investment of even $100 per month (with interest promptly reinvested) will amount to $67,977.15 in 25 years, if an average yield of 6% is obtained.

BUT—*the success of such a program hinges upon wise selection of investments.*

To the man who is determined to systematize his financial progress, this institution can contribute two important factors:

(1) Direct, personalized service of real aid in following a program of regular accumulation, and seasoned judgment that assures the *right* selection of securities.

(2) Broadly diversified offerings from which a balanced, profitable investment structure can be built up.

The coupon below, which will bring descriptive literature on unusually attractive current offerings, is the logical first step in such an investment program.

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Dept. 49: Please send me, without obligation, descriptive literature on attractive current offerings.

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SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write to-day.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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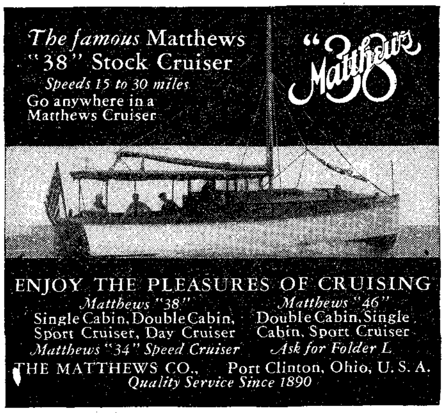
The famous Matthews "38" Stock Cruiser
Speeds 15 to 30 miles
Go anywhere in a Matthews Cruiser

"Matthews 38"

ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF CRUISING

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THE MATTHEWS CO., Port Clinton, Ohio, U. S. A.
Quality Service Since 1890

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

FOREIGN EXCHANGE MORE STABLE

ONE of the most notable of the after-war phenomena has been the wild fluctuation in foreign exchange rates. But last year foreign exchange steadied noticeably. This the writer of a bulletin of the New York investment house of Dominick and Dominick finds particularly encouraging, for it is a very good indication of national stability; "the adventurous and speculative period in foreign exchange rates has now apparently ended, with the consequently beneficial effect upon domestic industry and foreign trade." As we are reminded:

> No drastic fluctuation in exchange values took place in any important country in either hemisphere in 1928. The widest variation between highest and lowest of the continental gold exchanges was never as much as 1 per cent. Even in China the exchange remained largely free from the disturbance of war and political revolution.
>
> Several more currencies were officially stabilized. The year opened just after the stabilization of the Italian lira, and began with the introduction in Esthonia of a new currency on a gold basis; the Duchy of Luxemburg followed the plan of the Belgian stabilization in February; in April, Siam, and more importantly, Norway, returned to gold, thereby proving that the Scandinavian Currency Union was maintaining itself with better success than the Latin Monetary Union, which failed to survive the economic disorders of the war. Denmark, Sweden, and Norway are now all on the gold standard with their exchanges restored to parity.
>
> In May, Greece fixt a new parity for the drachma, and in June the crowning financial event of the year took place with the final legal valorization of the French franc at 3.9 cents. The record is completed by the new parity of the Bulgarian lev in November.
>
> Spain, Jugoslavia, Portugal, and Turkey now represent the principal European countries with a still unstabilized currency. Strictly speaking, Roumania also belongs in this class, but the announcement of the flotation of an international loan of $102,000,000 means that final stabilization can be only a very few weeks away. Jugoslavian negotiations for a stabilization loan have been continuing for some time, and altho they have not been completed, the dinar has maintained a *de facto* stability. Portugal received the approval of the League of Nations for a loan early in the year, but the Government has so far been unable to accept the conditions.
>
> In general, the Latin-American exchanges showed a similar degree of steadiness. With the one exception of Peru, these Latin currencies have remained at about the par value; and at the end of last year, at the recommendation of an American financial adviser, Peru decided to fix the value of the pound at the present quotation of $4. In Asia also there was very little currency disturbance in 1928, and the Turkish pound is the only currency that is very far from parity, being quoted at about 50 cents as compared with a par value of 439 cents. As has been stated, the quotations for the various Chinese currencies remained remarkably firm despite the general civic chaos prevailing in that country.

The following table is given showing the recent state of European exchange rates and their fluctuations during the past year:

EUROPEAN EXCHANGE RATES
(In cents of the American dollar)

	Parity	*Current*	*1928 Fluctuation** *High*	*Low*
Austrian schilling	14.07	14.05	14.09	14.06
Belgium belga	13.90	13.91	13.96	13.89
Bulgarian lev	.72	.72	.72	.71
Czechoslovakian crown	....	2.96	2.96	2.96
Denmark, krone	26.80	26.69	26.82	26.65
English pound	486.65	485.63	488.20	484.92
Finland, markka	2.52	2.52	2.52	2.52
French franc	3.92	3.91	3.93	3.90
German reichsmark	23.82	23.73	23.92	23.81
Greek drachma	1.30	1.29	1.32	1.28
Hungarian pengo	17.49	17.43	17.47	17.41
Italian lira	5.26	5.23	5.29	5.23
Netherlands, florin	40.20	40.06	40.34	40.09
Norway, krone	26.80	26.69	26.78	26.59
Polish zloty	11.22	11.19	11.24	11.19
Portuguese escudo	108.05	4.41	4.92	4.21
Roumanian leu	19.30	.60	.62	.60
Russian chervonetz	514.60	515.00	515.00	515.00
Spanish peseta	19.30	15.68	17.09	16.12
Swedish krona	26.80	26.75	26.87	26.72
Switzerland, franc	19.30	19.24	19.27	19.23
Turkish pound	439.65	....	51.68	50.08
Jugoslavian dinar	19.30	1.76	1.76	1.75

* By monthly averages.

$21,000,000,000 A YEAR FOR PLEASURE

ONE-QUARTER of the national income is spent for luxuries and amusements, says a writer in *The Magazine of Wall Street.* Taking his figures from an estimate made by Stuart Chase in his book, "Whither Mankind" (Longmans-Green & Co.), this writer, H. J. Knapp, discusses motion picture, phonograph, radio, candy, chewing gum, tobacco, ginger ale, and other "luxury" stocks as investments. He also quotes a table from the Chase book, which is reprinted at the end of this article. After reminding Americans of their extravagance in spending $21,045,000,000 each year for things that can not be classed as absolute necessities, Mr. Knapp goes on to say:

> The trend of America's expenditures for amusements and luxury items is very clearly upward, reflecting the steadily growing national income and rising standard of living. Net incomes of many companies catering to our love of entertainment and pleasure are gaining rapidly and the securities issued by some of these concerns have achieved recognition as genuine investments.
>
> Some thirty million Americans sit at ease every evening in overheated homes devoting rapt attention to the radio. Unless public taste changes in a manner wholly unexpected and unforeseen, more and more millions will be poured into the treasuries of makers of radio equipment.
>
> This prediction of prosperity for the radio business in general must not, of course, be taken as a blanket endorsement of all the securities issued by the many radio companies, for we all know how keen is the competition in this field and how many ambitious concerns have fallen, and will continue to fall, by the wayside. As in any other group and at any other time, a careful study of the past record and the future outlook for each company must be made before investment commitments are justified.
>
> Probably two-thirds of the American people attend the movies with a fair degree of regularity, and motion-picture films are among the major items in our export trade. Chains of "picture palaces," filled nightly to capacity, stretch from

coast to coast in every city in the land. The combined capital investment of the great companies supplying us with these luxurious theaters and the never-ending flow of new films would reach almost unbelievable sums.

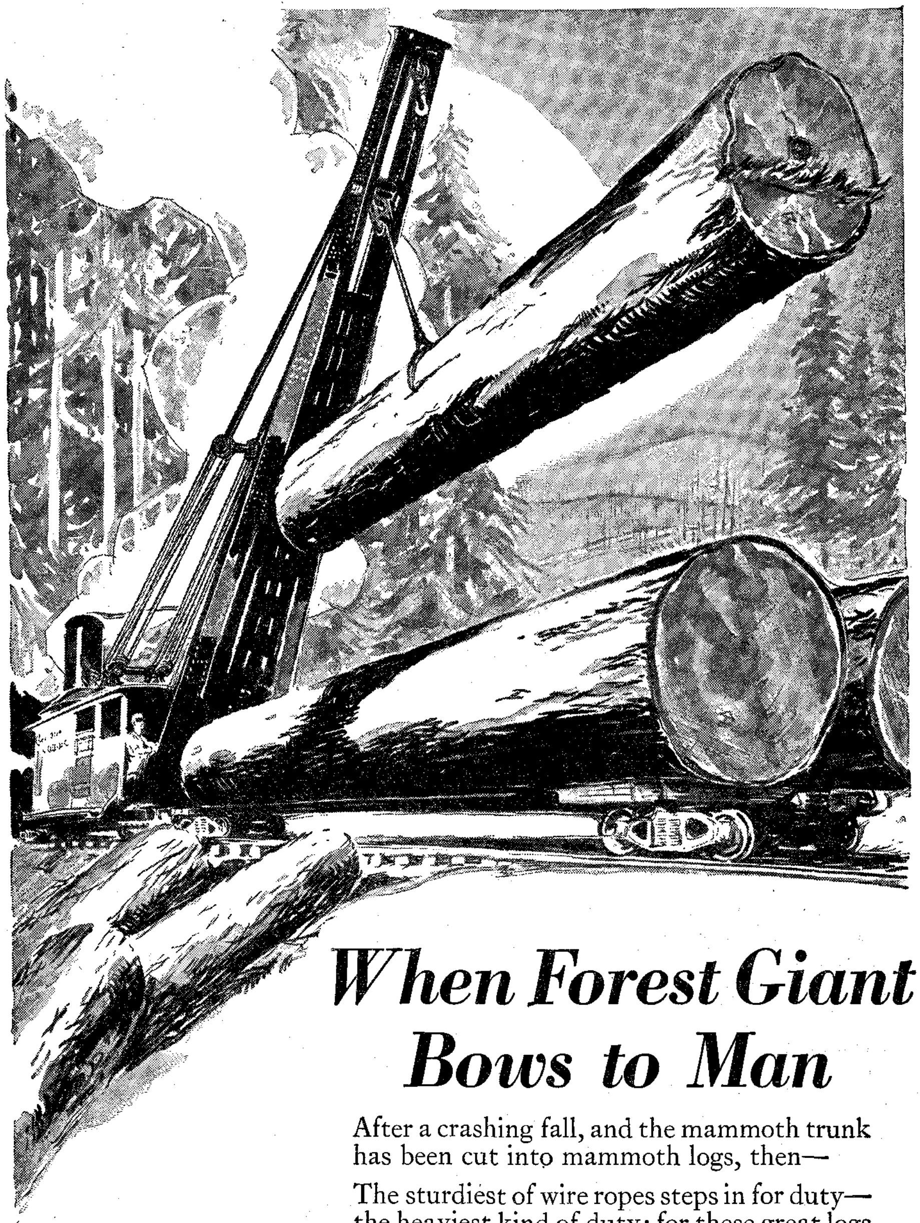
Nearly two thousand first-run motion-picture theaters in this country have now been equipped to exhibit "sound" pictures, and public interest appears to have been notably stimulated by synchronized sound accompaniment. The large-scale introduction of color films, and those with devices giving the illusion of depth to the pictures, is said to be well on the way.

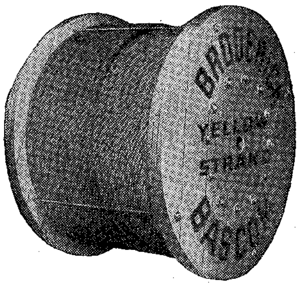
Evidently the great motion-picture industry is yet far from the zenith of its development, and the earning power of the few great companies, into the hands of which the business is rapidly becoming centralized, may be expected to show continued gains as the years pass. As a class, few securities appear more attractive for long-term holding than stocks of the giant motion-picture companies. But, as everywhere else in the investment field the merits of the particular issue under consideration must be carefully analyzed.

Enough has been said to show that not alone among the so-called basic industries are to be found companies with records of notable prosperity. So long as we Americans continue to increase our national income, and so long as we love to play, to be amused, and to provide ourselves with countless little luxuries of the types discust, there will be opportunities for making money by investment in the stocks of companies catering to our desires.

The writer then goes on to quote the estimates made in very round numbers by Stuart Chase, and published in his book, "Whither Mankind" (Longmans-Green):

Pleasure motoring (⅔ of total cost)	$5,000,000,000
Entertaining, visiting, night clubs, road houses—(food and service factor)	3,000,000,000
Candy, chewing-gum, hard and soft drinks—(in part only)	2,000,000,000
Vacations and travel (transportation element primarily)	2,000,000,000
Moving Pictures	1,500,000,000
Tobacco—(in part)	1,500,000,000
Collections, hobbies, pets	1,000,000,000
Newspapers, tabloids, light fiction (in part)	1,000,000,000
Radio	750,000,000
Shows, theaters, concerts, religious revivals, lectures, etc.	500,000,000
Gifts (in part)	500,000,000
Golf	500,000,000
Phonographs, Pianolas, etc.	250,000,000
Telephone—(pleasure factor only)	100,000,000
Social Clubs (upkeep factor only)	250,000,000
Children's toys	250,000,000
Indoor games—cards, billiards, pool, chess, etc.	100,000,000
Playgrounds, camping, hiking	100,000,000
Dancing, jazz palaces, etc.	100,000,000
Amusement parks	100,000,000
Processions, celebrations, pageants	50,000,000
Swimming and bathing beaches	50,000,000
Musical instruments (non-automatic)	50,000,000
Gambling	50,000,000
Horse-racing	50,000,000
Football	50,000,000
Baseball	50,000,000
Sports clothes	50,000,000
Flying, bicycling, etc. (pleasure factor)	25,000,000
Prize-fighting	15,000,000
Tennis and allied games	15,000,000
Yachting and boating	10,000,000
Field sports	10,000,000
Winter sports	10,000,000
Indoor sports—gymnasiums, basketball, bowling, etc.	10,000,000
Total	$21,045,000,000





When Forest Giant Bows to Man

After a crashing fall, and the mammoth trunk has been cut into mammoth logs, then—

The sturdiest of wire ropes steps in for duty—the heaviest kind of duty; for these great logs must be dragged in and loaded onto cars, expeditiously and with safety to logging crews.

Out where the giant Redwood, Spruce and Fir are "logged," one is impressed by the amount of wire rope with one strand painted yellow, the distinguishing mark of Yellow Strand Wire Rope.

This powerful rope is the great pride—the "pet"—of a company that has made nothing but wire rope for over half a century. Its wires are drawn abroad, in the celebrated Sheffield Steel district, from equally celebrated Swedish stock.

For greatest economy under severe conditions, always specify Yellow Strand.

B. & B. Aerial Wire Rope Tramways have features that are well worth investigating.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.
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Eastern Office and Warehouse: 68 Washington St., New York
Western Offices: Seattle and Portland, Ore.
Factories: St. Louis and Seattle

Yellow Strand
WIRE ROPE

N807

"Why Was I Fired?"

"I've worked my head off for them people!" exclaimed Jones to his wife. "Yet the very minute business gets slack, out I go!"

"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation, Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I simply must. He's willing enough and faithful, too. *But his English! You know how he talks, Bill.* Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself. After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

Don't Be a Job Hunter

And so, Jones, because he was careless in his use of English, like many another man and woman before him, not only fails to advance, but is ACTUALLY REDUCED TO A JOB-HUNTING STATE—a condition he might not have reached if he had spent a few minutes of his spare time every day in improving his speech by a little study.

Be a Master of Words

To-day you have your destiny in your own hands, because—whoever you are, and whatever your walk in life, the little book which we are offering you will OPEN YOUR EYES TO A NEW WORLD OF UNTOLD POWER AND ACHIEVEMENT—to use good English and to build a personality that charms.

Stepping Stone to Success

Here is the stepping-stone by which thousands have climbed to success. *Salesmen—doctors—lawyers—merchants—clergymen—teachers—clerks—business men and women* everywhere attribute their success to the advantage they derived from the study and application of Grenville Kleiser's unique course in English, endorsed by such distinguished people as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin S. Cobb, and thousands of others.

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Grenville Kleiser can teach you by mail, in your home, at your own convenience, the power and use of words. This is no ordinary, lengthy course to be studied laboriously. On the contrary, you will find it marvelously simple, clear and concise. A few minutes a day spent in studying this course will soon make your speech, your conversation, your writing, vastly more interesting and profitable.

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This instructive little book which we will give you FREE will show you how the Kleiser Personal Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency will enable you to win promotion and higher pay—use correct and forceful words—write convincing letters, sermons, advertisements, stories, articles—become an interesting talker, win power, success, and popularity.

Remember—it costs you nothing to investigate. Your signature on the coupon puts you under no obligation whatever. But a single day's delay may mean that you will forget, or the coupon be lost, and so deprive you of your opportunity. MAIL THE COUPON TO-DAY!—

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 21.—The Swiss aviators, Kaeser and Luescher, who started a westward transatlantic flight on August 19, are given up for lost.

Several persons are injured in a riot accompanying the burial of the first Jewish victim of the Arab raid on Jews at the famous Wailing Wall in Jerusalem on August 16.

August 23.—Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden rejects a compromise offer made at The Hague by representatives of the Allied Powers, in an endeavor to meet the British demand for a larger share of reparations under the Young plan.

Capt. Giuseppe Motta, of the Italian Schneider-cup aviation team, is killed in a test flight over Lake Garda.

The *Graf Zeppelin* leaves Kasumigaura, Japan, for Los Angeles.

Nine Jews and three Arabs are killed and 110 other persons are injured in another clash between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem.

General Blucher, Soviet commander at Chita, Siberia, issues orders to his soldiers to kill all White Russian Guards whenever possible.

August 24.—Dispatches from Jerusalem report that 30 Jews and 17 Arabs have been killed in the interracial riots of the last two days; more than 200 are reported injured.

Field Marshal Otto K. B. Liman Von Sanders, the German general who commanded the Turkish forces in the Gallipoli campaign, and who was defeated in the Palestine campaign by Lord Allenby, dies in Munich at the age of seventy-four.

August 25.—A small detachment of British soldiers reaches Jerusalem from Egypt, and armed Arabs attack a Jewish Rabbinical college at Hebron, twenty miles from Jerusalem, killing 50 Jews, including 12 American citizens, students at the college; the number of wounded is estimated at 57.

August 26.—Mr. Snowden rejects another Allied compromise offer at The Hague.

Eighteen war-ships with troops, tanks, and planes are dispatched to Palestine by the British Government.

More clashes between Arabs and Jews are reported from Jerusalem and other places in Palestine. Corrected reports give 70 dead at Hebron, including 15 Americans and 32 dead in Jerusalem.

The Canadian National's new oil electric locomotive makes its first run of 334 miles from Montreal to Toronto at an average speed of sixty miles an hour.

DOMESTIC

August 22.—Postmaster-General Brown notifies the United States Lines that the corporation's advertised financial position does not seem to warrant a $13,500,000 mail contract subsidy.

Percy R. Pyne, financier and philanthropist, dies at Bernardsville, New Jersey, at the age of seventy-two.

August 23.—Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh makes her first solo flight.

August 24.—The 1929 aeronautical exposition opens at Cleveland.

enry Ford buys the abandoned Vaucluse gold mines in Orange County, Virginia.

eremiah W. Jenks, economist, dies in New York at the age of seventy-three.

nited States Senator Lawrence D. Tyson, Democrat, of Tennessee, dies near Philadelphia, at the age of sixty-eight.

t is announced that 3,220,000 new automobiles were sold in 1928.

Helen Wills wins the American Women's Tennis Championship for the sixth time.

ugust 25.—Albert N. Stollwerck, candy manufacturer, dies at Cape May, New Jersey, at the age of sixty.

ugust 26.—Mrs. Louise McPhetridge Thaden wins the first women's cross-country derby, Santa Monica, California, to Cleveland; her elapsed time for the 2,350 miles was 20 hours, 19 minutes, 10 seconds.

The *Graf Zeppelin* reaches Los Angeles in its flight around the world.

President Hoover makes public a letter to Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon, suggesting that some 200,000,000 acres of Federal public lands be turned over to the States.

The trial of sixteen strikers of Gastonia, N. C., is resumed at Charlotte, N. C.

A new $1,000,000 bridge over Lake Champlain, connecting Crown Point, New York, and Chimney Point, Vermont, is formally opened.

Mr. Milquetoast's Mistake.—"Now," he asked, "is there any man in the audience vho would let his wife be slandered and ay nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet.

The lecturer glared at him. "Do you nean to say you would let your wife be landered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I hought you said slaughtered."—*Boston Transcript.*

Florida Household Hint.—A fairly good uality of "jackass brandy" can be made y using the following ingredients: One wildcat, two Gatling guns, one pint nuriatic acid, four rattlesnakes, three pounds of red pepper, seven railroad spikes, ne skunk, four bullfrogs, two pounds of ish scrap, and three ounces of smokeless unpowder. Stir well and set in shade to ool.—*Florida Times-Union.*

A Man's a Man for a' That.—One of ife's funniest mysteries is why a wife whose husband is about as pleasant as an arthquake to have around, will lie awake half the night worrying because she is afraid some other woman is going to walk off with him.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Saying It with Sighs.—The French official was the epitome of courtesy. When the *grande dame* appeared for a passport, he could not hurt her, despite a disfigurement, so he wrote:

Eyes—Dark, beautiful, tender, expressive (but one missing).—*Boston Transcript.*

Culinary Philosophy.—Blinks—"It's a waste of time to roast him for being so raw."

Jinks—"Yes, you can't expect anything else from a half-baked nut when he is stewed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

These Weather Strips

Give Still *Greater* Comfort, Warmth and Protection!

A zinc tongue fitting into a bronze channel . . . instead of into a wooden groove • • that's the secret of the efficiency of Higgin All-metal Weather strips, • • that's what enables Higgin Weather strips to save you 15% to 35% in fuel bills.

You get a perfect contact. Dust-proof. Air-tight. Cold-proof! Your sash may shrink or swell • • it makes no difference in the efficiency of Higgin Weather-strips for the flexible bronze insert strip hugging the zinc tongues takes up all play between window frame and sash.

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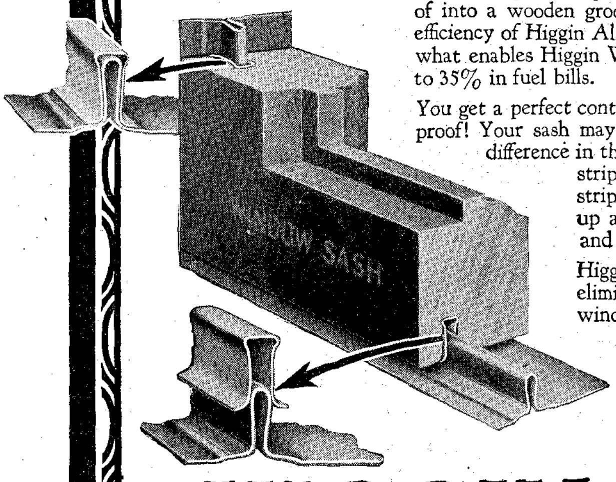

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Clinging Vine.—"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"Well, he has as much chance of going out alone as one of the Siamese twins would."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Rah-Rah Girls.—"Jack, have you ever loved before?"

"My dear girl, I'll be perfectly frank with you. I've been engaged so many times that my ex-fiancées have perfected an organization and adopted a yell."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Life's Darkest Moment.—An average husband's idea of a wall-eyed liar is a man who boasts he can carry an umbrella over his wife without getting any back-seat driving on how to do it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pick Your Victims.—"So you got a big fine for smashing up some one's car? I thought you said you had a friend at court who would fix things for you?"

"Just my luck. He was the fellow I ran into."—*Judge.*

Buried Eloquence.—The Mayor had just laid the foundation stone of a new wing for the hospital, and the spectators awaited his speech.

"What can I do?" cried the harassed Mayor to his wife. "I've laid the stone on top of it."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Down but Not Out.—"The way for you to straighten out your financial difficulties is to live within your means for a while, until you get square."

"Within our means? I should say not! We may be poor, but we're not as badly off as all that."—*Montreal Star.*

Might Serve It with a Summons.—A salesman sold an elderly negro farmer a tractor. Some time after the machine was delivered, the salesman called on his customer for pay.

"Can you pay me for that tractor, Uncle Jim?" he asked.

"Pay fo' de tractor!" he asked in astonishment. "Why, man, yo' done tole me dat in free weeks de tractor would pay fo' hisself."—*Canning Trade.*

Slight Detour.—The little girl was crying. Her mother, to distract her thoughts, called:

"Oh, come here, darling—come here and look at the airplane."

The little girl ran to the window and stared up at the airplane till it disappeared. Then she got out her little wet handkerchief again.

"Mama, what was I crying about?" she asked.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Taxi! The Morgue.—Landlady—"And how do you feel now?"

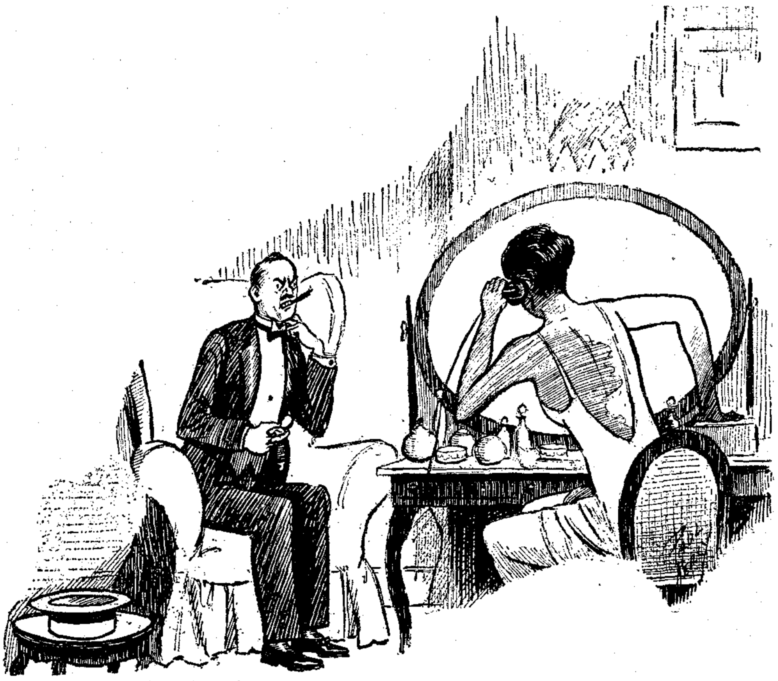
Lodger—"Just terrible. I feel as if I was going to die."

Landlady—"Well, you can't die here; this is the living-room."

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

No Reflection on Rastus.—Boss—"Ye're late this morning, Rastus!"

Rastus—"Well, sah, when Ah looked in de glass dis mornin' Ah couldn't see meself there, so Ah thought Ah'd gone to work. It was only some time afterwards dat Ah discovered dat de glass had dropt out ob de frame!"—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*



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"Hello, drug-store? As quickly as possible, another bottle of gipsy tan!"

—*Life.*

Excess Baggage.—"What happened to you, my poor fellow?"

"My girl threw me down a flower."

"But surely that couldn't have made such a wreck of you?"

"Yes, it could. She forgot to detach the window-box."—*Dublin Opinion.*

Try These on Your Saxophone.—I saw six long slim slick saplings for sale.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six silky shakes.

Sadie Setherway saw Sandy Snookums soaped and shaving.

Sheila saw a shot silk sash shop full of shot silk sashes when the sun shone on the shop!—*Schenectady Union.*

Went Swimming on Poipuss.—An American lit'ry lady reports this as truth. She had been stopping at a seacoast town in Britain, and one day, returning from a walk, said to her landlady:

"Do you know what I saw while I was walking on the beach just now? Two porpoises!"

"Lawks, no? 'Ow did they ever get down on the beach away from the poorhouse?"—*Boston Transcript.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Call the Cops.—

Eat!——EAST SIDE CAFE——Drink!

You'll be surprized at the quality of cooking and vice you get here.—*Ad in an Alabama paper.*

Emulating the Cat.—

Kentuckian Held
For Slaying Boy,
Who May Recover

—*Nashville Banner.*

Whack the Dish-pan with a Spoon.—A Newark youth who graduates this spring from college is about to become, according to a proud parent, one of the aluminum.—*Newark News.*

The Compleat Angler.—

Fish Confers with
Hoover on Waterways

—*Head-lines in the New York Times.*

Slush, Get Your Rubbers.—For 24 Hours Ending 7 P. M. Tuesday. Temperature. shrdlu hrdlu shrdlu shrdluhhrdlushh.—*Weather report in the Omaha World-Herald.*

Star Boarder.—Wanted—By Christian gentleman, board in young or middle-aged Christian widow's home where there's no other boarders preferred.—*Ad in the Washington Star, a yellowed clipping of uncertain age.*

Semi-Occasional Joy.—Send Mother a gift of hardly ever-blooming rose bushes.—*Ad in the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.*

Severe Traffic Remedy.—

EYES REMOVED
FROM SPEEDERS

—*Head-lines in the Los Angeles Times.*

Pass the Telescope—

FILM HEAD BOOSTS
SIX ACTORS AND
ACTRESSES TO STARS

—*Idaho Falls paper.*

Call the Police.—Around the great metropolitan telephone exchanges at quitting time flurry many types once heralded as Stage Door Johns. They await hopefully the casual pickup among switchboard beauties as they debauch to the street.—*New York American.*

Brand Snatched from the Burning.—"Notice: I hereby notify a certain family on Ferguson Creek to quit sending men to my place to buy liquor as I have quit the business and they are able to take care of the customers themselves."—*Ad in a Pikeville (Ky.) paper.*